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The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

OCTOBER 1 1928

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SCHUBERT AND MELODIC DESIGN

BY RUTLAND BOUGHTON

The complete breakdown of the so-called 'modern movement' in the arts is causing many musicians to reconsider and revalue the music which has been established as 'good' for many years. That reconsideration lends greater significance to the rather artificial nature of centenary revivalism, which almost inevitably brings about a certain number of second-rate resurrections; for even the great masters were not 'great' all the time. It would be very easy to choose a dozen futile songs by Schubert, and decide to scrap his sentimentalities with the brittle ware of modern activity. Even in his best work there is often a passing reminder of his worst. Nevertheless Schubert has prevailed; he has exerted a more than personal power, in that without his work we could not have had the songs of Brahms and Strauss, to name but two of his debtors; and it may be worth while to try to understand something of the nature of that power. However, to look back on a thing is a very different matter from a first acquaintance with it.

We look back on Schubert to-day with our minds oppressed or amused, as the case may be, with a modern dissolution which is asserted by theories the more passionately because it has failed of æsthetic justification.

I am never quite sure whether modern music is rehearsed. In some extravagant cases it would scarcely seem to matter what notes were played; so we cannot know whether the music has gained a vogue because it hides the defects of inefficient performers (the sort of artist who swanked himself into authority in the war years), or whether its votaries really are efficient and have spent precious hours of practice correcting their notational mistakes in Bartók, Stravinsky, and other such variation of parent for the same ugly child. Judging by what I hear from my friends who play in symphony orchestras it would appear that modern composers are often well satisfied with notes other than those they write. But supposing our executive artists to be men of musical integrity who have not failed to practise their modern music with such assiduity that the correct notes are played, then it must be child's play for them when they revert to the real masters; and the greater ease with which they play the older works will have good or bad results according to the

measure of their oppression or aloofness during the period of cacophony. They may have got into the habit of playing the modern stuff hopelessly because they have been obliged by economic circumstances; if so, their musical hearts will probably be to some extent strained in the effort to piece the rotten joinery of the jig-saw jazz, and they will be unable to disclose the tender phrases of Schubert, who will find them out even more surely than does Beethoven with his firmer grip on the feelings. On the other hand, they may feel towards Schubert as we feel towards the rain after a time of drought. The heats may not have been unpleasant in their early stages, but life soon got prickly and dusty, and we welcomed the rain because there was real life and sweet growth in it, even if it made the fields slushy in places.

Schubert's contemporaries presumably looked upon Handel and Haydn as the great masters, upon Mozart as an amazing prodigy (divine or delightfully wicked?), and upon Beethoven as an artist of dangerous power. To those contemporaries Schubert must have seemed a curious mixture—in some respects a reactionary peasant, in others a follower of the doubtful courses indicated by Beethoven. To us, harking back to his simple, bald, and sometimes redundant style, his vitality and survival offer an interesting problem.

Up to and including the time of Bach the art of music consisted in the blending of two distinct expressions corresponding to the æsthetic standards called by Nietzsche Dionysian and Apollonian. There were the simple and immediately appealing forms derived from folk-art and the intricate intellectual forms of polyphony. Bach was the crest of a great double wave wherein folk-music and musical art were mingled; in his music we can see the perfect poise of the momentary pause before the wave broke to be re-formed in homophony.

Now the homophonic composers were concerned chiefly with harmony as the musical element which offered most scope to their style. Some musicians may perhaps regard that as incorrect in the case of Mozart, whom we have been taught to regard as a master of melody. As a matter of fact, it is more correct in regard to Mozart than to Beethoven, but I think it applies to both. Our conceptions of artistic form have been confused in music as in all the arts by the artificialities of the Renaissance. People talk of the superior formative influences of Italian art as compared with the German, just as they talk of the clean lines of Palladian architecture and the confusion of Gothic. But the Palladian architect could afford to be clean in his lines, because they were all decided for him beforehand in a complete knowledge of the purpose of his building. His art was the product of a stationary, and therefore a hopeless, conception of civilisation. The Gothic builders of the finest time never knew what

chapel or outbuilding would be wanted next, or what enlargement of the main structure, to meet the growing and practical needs of the common service; their art was the product of a growing civilisation which had for its goal nothing less than the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. A similar conceptual opposition will be found in all the arts as they grew and were subverted from the original purpose of their growth; the same effort for vital expression and the same subsequent hopeless enchainment will be found in 12th-13th century architecture, 14th-15th century painting, 15th-16th century literature, and 17th-18th century music.

So, if we scrutinise the so-called marvellous melodic powers of Mozart we shall find that they amount to less than is generally believed. His instrumental music will be found to consist, as to thematic material, of an extraordinary amount of trivial decoration and padding (scale-passages and arpeggios), achieved with such masterly arrangement that they hold our attention in spite of the fact that they are often empty of musical purport—empty, that is to say, of the musical logic which can be traced in the melodic line of Bach by means of statement, repetition, and counter-statement, and above all by an evolution of the melodic line so prolonged that it often exhausts our capacity to take it in until we have given to it much study and reflection. Such study would at once expose the comparatively superficial nature of Mozart's art. Later composers also are fain of statement, repetition, and counter-statement. They are the easiest bricks for our handling, and Mozart is the best exemplar of such formal art; but it is not necessarily a melodic art. His scraps of melody are often mere chips of childish thought. His instrumental works are generally based on an assembly of short-breathed themes in melodic terms. That is why he had to pad out his forms with so large a quantity of scale, arpeggio, and exquisite decoration. He does it with such cunning that our interest is held long enough for happiness to be evoked; so Mozart is worshipped by musicians of all times, and called by Bernard Shaw 'the master for masters.' But we have only to compare Mozart's music with Bach's to realise what a mistake Shaw made in his description, unless he meant that the business of a master was to say as little as possible with the utmost assurance and fascination of style, and so spellbind his audience.

Perhaps some devoted lover of Mozart exclaims: 'What? Mozart no composer of wonderful melodies? What about "Voi che sapete," "Dove sono," and a hundred more?' Exactly. What about them? Are they the standards of melody by which we judge all other tunes from the 'Londonderry Air' to Isolde's Death Song? Or do we perhaps judge melody from a simple folk-song standard?

Or have we perhaps not considered what melody really is?

Laymen apparently understand by melody 'Sweet music; musical arrangement of words; arrangement of single notes in musically expressive succession; principal part in harmonized music, air' (Oxford Dictionary).

Parry's article in 'Grove' naturally supports the third definition given, and then shows how melody has been influenced by rhythm and harmony. Let us then accept the definition upon which layman and musical craftsman are agreed, that melody is an 'arrangement of single notes in musically expressive succession.'

Now there are very few themes (I can think of none) in Mozart's instrumental works at once so well-arranged and *musically* expressive as the various themes in a good folk-song; and as *musical* expression some of his opera arias are positively bad. I have emphasised one word in the previous sentence. What do we mean by 'musical expression'? Do we not mean a music that is clear and complete, so far as it goes, in outline *and* emotion? By an expressive theme do we not mean a melodic unit which is definite and complete in shape *and* emotional statement? By an expressive tune do we not mean an arrangement of such units in a relationship which is both definite and exhaustive in form *and* feeling?

The outline of melody is the first thing; a phrase which does not at once propose itself as a thing of distinctive shape cannot be said to be musically expressive. Nor will a series of phrases, however well shaped in themselves, be musically expressive unless their relationship is established formally. The more obvious the relationship the more immediately acceptable the tune; the more vital the relationship the more enduring the tune. But a tune, and even a single phrase, may have a fair outline and yet be wanting as musical expression if it is not emotionally convincing.

Emotion is so implicit in musical sound that it is hard to conceive a phrase, much less a tune, which does not carry something of feeling with it; and, in fact, emotionless music is only successfully achieved by the destruction of all that has been regarded as specifically musical during periods of artistic growth. But however deeply embedded in music may be its original emotional impulse, there is a good deal of difference between the 'Londonderry Air,' for instance, and the sort of made-up melody which theorists propose for harmonization by students. Emotion is often present in the latter only by force of association—because all the music we have ever heard has had an emotional aspect, and it is hard to hear any musical sound without some quickening of the heart; but the waves of feeling which rise to an increasing climax and final ebb in the 'Londonderry Air' prove the presence of a vital impulse which affords a final test of good melody in extended form.

Such a tune is good in outline, and good in expression as well.

That sort of combination we do not find to the same extent in Mozart, whose works are generally inferior—the instrumental works in expression, the vocal works in design.

Consider the first subject of the Finale in the G minor Symphony—the example so aptly chosen by Parry because of its likeness to the opening of Beethoven's first Pianoforte Sonata. In matters of rhythm and symmetry Mozart's music is as vital and perfect as it could well be, and it is 'worked out' with the ingenious joy of a master craftsman; but it carries nothing of expression to equal the emotional power which is carried by a Bach Fugue, or by the opening bars of the Beethoven Sonata. The quality of the Mozart movement lies less in its expressiveness than in its rhythmic energy and in the adjustment of its sections. In the matter of emotional appeal there is something obviously missing from the Mozart which is present both in the 'Londonderry Air' and in the Beethoven piece, though in the matter of formal achievement any equal number of bars in the Symphony will be as well knit as the folk-song, and probably superior to the Sonata. If, instead of the Finale of the G minor Symphony, we compare the slow movement, the expressiveness is certainly increased, but even then does not reach the intensity of the folk-song or of an average Beethoven slow movement; and the expressiveness which is natural to the Mozart slow movement is partly smothered by the decorations without which the piece could not be endured to its end because of its melodic deficiency. And this, it must be recalled, is actually one of Mozart's most expressive slow movements.

If the instrumental music of Mozart is deficient in expressiveness, his vocal music is equally deficient in melodic design.

Good melodic outline consists of one or more phrases which, by means of repetition, development, contrast, and, above all, by links of inter-relationship, make an effect of living unity, giving a sense of growth rather than of plan, rising as a wave rises, reaching a crest, and falling away easily to its end. The 'Londonderry Air' is one of the finest examples of such a melody. Its rhythm is so well ordered that it could be analysed as eight varied statements of the same theme, or, following the plan favoured by musical theorists, we may discover in it five distinct phrases subtly varied and inter-related:

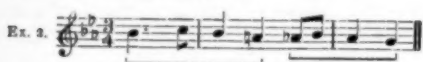


B and C are related to A, D and E to A and B, and the final statement of A is a kind of summary of all the phrases. Or consider a simpler tune-form, made up of one phrase with one interpolation. It is the melodic form best suited to the expression of a clear and direct emotional idea. When this formula (AABA) is used we are very near the aboriginal spring of song, for the presence of the B is merely to enable the chief phrase to be repeated without becoming monotonous. It is the interpolation of the B-phrase which differentiates this tune-form from the endless repetitions of savage song. But when a composer has anything direct and important enough to say within that form it has a power possessed by no other. Among folk-songs are many examples, one of the simplest being 'The Keys of Canterbury' (Songs from Somerset: Cecil Sharp). Beethoven used the same form for the slow movement of his third Pianoforte Trio, for the main tune in the choral section of his last Symphony, and elsewhere.

When the form ABAB (or more commonly in British folk-music ABBA) is used, the two phrases will naturally be of more equal value, and the possibilities of melodic growth much enlarged. Examples are the opening of Purcell's 'What shall I do?' from 'Dioclesian,' the chief chorale in the 'St. Matthew' Passion, and the first section of the slow movement from Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 13. The great advantage of this form seems to be that by means of the double repetition a broad theme is securely established, and it is then possible to develop it freely or introduce episodic matter without easily losing hold of the original idea.

In higher types of melody repetitions will often take a sequential form, or be varied or extended. Compare for sequential repetition Isolde's 'Death Song,' for variation the first duet in Bach's 'Peasant' Cantata, and for extension the opening of Elgar's first Symphony, and the slow movement of the 'Kreutzer' Sonata. Higher types will, moreover, introduce a larger number of phrases, but I think it may be taken for granted that an increase in the number will be associated, as in the 'Londonderry Air,' with links of inter-relationship unless the melody is

that of a song with several verses, in which case a tune of much looser build becomes possible, the song getting its musical unity in the repetitions caused by the sequence of verses. We shall find many such examples among Schubert's songs in strophic form. In the best examples of such free melodies there will be little suggestions of inter-relationship like the sequential fragment in the first song of Beethoven's cycle, 'An die ferne Geliebte':



or the related scraps in 'The Ballinure Ballad' from Herbert Hughes's collection of Irish Country Songs:



Loose melodic construction may be tolerated only when there is to be considerable repetition of the whole tune; otherwise some formula must be established to hold the ear of the listener. The words may do something to hold attention; however, we are not now considering music as a mere reinforcement or colouring of verse, but as a medium for creative design. More to the point is the fact that the phrases of a rambling melody may to some extent be rivetted by means of a persistent figure in the accompaniment. Schubert freely availed himself of that unifying factor also; but to discuss it properly would take us beyond the scope of the present article, which is to consider the nature of pure melodic design so that we may appreciate Schubert's significance in the history of music, coming as he did at a time when melodic values had been overlaid with superficial decoration of Renaissance artifice on the one hand, and on the other by the almost occult discoveries of Beethoven in the emotional values of even the simplest harmony in association with rhythm and divested of obvious melody.

Not to labour the melodic deficiencies of Mozart (whose life-long power as an exquisite decorator and later power near akin to that of Beethoven are indisputable), let us just examine one song of his generally held to be a beautiful melody. In 'Voi che sapete' there are twenty-one separate phrases, of which (omitting the *Da Capo*) only five are repeated with or without variation, none being inter-related. This means

that no fewer than sixteen phrases are introduced and afterwards ignored. The *Da Capo* rounds off the piece, it is true, and reduces the number of derelict phrases to twelve. As the musical expression of the saucy boy who sings the song it is perfect; as musical design it is as inferior to the 'Londonderry Air' as were the instrumental pieces in emotional expressiveness. Mozart is the great master he has always been felt to be, but the roots of his greatness were not primarily melodic. His natural genius was to give clear and light-hearted unity to a mass of charming detail by setting it out with consummate skill, adding enough harmonic solidity to give a moderate sense of depth. Later on his detail grew less charming and more beautiful—last of all grave and intense; but that was the full-grown and disillusioned Mozart who cannot be said to have fulfilled his maturity. The fulfilment was left for Beethoven. Mozart grew out of his artificial world—indeed he was thrown out by those who first pampered and then neglected him—and he reached the point where Italian superficiality had to be rejected because he had gained a deeper understanding of the value of art; but he never got near enough to the facts to understand that what we know as the Renaissance was an imposition in both meanings of the word. He never reached the point where he felt the need to express himself in a tune as clear and common as those which Beethoven was presently to use. Hence his failure as a song-writer. His opera arias, artificial with Renaissance ornament, make their charming and abominable effect. His songs are a longing for the innocence of childhood rather than an expression of it. Blake could sing Songs of Innocence because he had not been seduced by an artificial world; but when Mozart should have been singing his 'Little lamb, Who made thee?' he was being placed by his father in the worst possible conditions that he might become a mere money-making machine. So the simple song-form which is the natural origin of all that is most expressive in music became at once rouged and powdered with false sentiment and with trivial charm. His best-known song, 'The first violet,' is nearer in feeling to a Bond Street perfumery than to a Herefordshire lane.

Beethoven had not the same evil to contend with. For him, as for Mozart, song was not at first the chief medium for music; but his singing sense was not entirely spoiled, though, alas! he never learned to relate it to the limitations of the human instrument. 'Adelaide' is beautiful enough in its affected way, but in the 'Distant Beloved' song-cycle Beethoven is already very near to the cyclical form established by Schubert. Beethoven's life was spent in ploughing his way deep into the original mother earth which had been neglected during the period from Bach to Mozart. Starting as Mozart did, accepting as the main job of a

composer the assembly and arrangement of thematic details to be bound up together by rhythm and made solid by harmony, it was not long before he reverted to the main principles of Bach's greatness—the principles of growth and expression as distinct from those of arrangement and decoration. The reversion is distinctly felt in the first Pianoforte Sonata. It is a musical reaction much like the literary reaction to Saxon English after an age of Johnsonese, such as 'The Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge exemplifies; or the realistic reaction in painting of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The second subject in the Finale of the Beethoven Sonata presages a return to natural melody after the long subservience to those ideals which found their final musical degradation in the coloratura of the Italian aria.

Even Spitta, in his 'Life of Bach,' advanced the idea that the fertile German nature learned a sense of form from the Italians. Nothing of the sort; there was clearer and finer form in German song than ever came out of Italy. What was learned from Renaissance Italy was the art of saying nothing, or a bad thing, charmingly. The artificial structure of the sonata endured the pretty things Mozart put upon it, but when Beethoven tried violently to make it a vehicle of true feeling it went to pieces. Very early in Beethoven's music we feel the pressure of his moods within the constraints of the arbitrary art-forms; he introduces real tunes more and more frequently, until in the Choral Symphony he fits words with a tune that might have been picked up in the street. He clearly felt that melodic form must once again become dominant in music. Its highest developments would naturally be in polyphony, and for that also Beethoven was preparing himself.

Schubert, man of peasant stock, took up the story just at the right moment for the song. His earliest attempts were, as might be expected, extra-ambitious efforts in the more formal manner of Mozart and early Beethoven. The earliest Schubert song we possess is a long-winded affair in various keys and rhythms; the music follows the words, but never asserts its own power of formal definition. Mozart had used a little trick to save the form of his songs when he was unable to use the orthodox *Da Capo*; he introduced at the end a little phrase from near the beginning, and so preserved a slight sense of structural virtue. Schubert at first artlessly ignored all tricks; his earliest songs were the more rambling and tedious, especially as many of them were long scenas and ballads of the kind popularised later by Lœwe. The natural Schubert of the three great song-cycles was at first oppressed by the instrumental and formal art which Beethoven had undermined but not exploded. Even when Schubert had discovered the weakness of his long-drawn ballads he did not find any means

of giving them unity; and that is one of the chief causes of his failure in opera, for he was by no means destitute of musico-dramatic power, as many a great song testifies. The fact is that he was thinking in instrumental terms. So soon as his third song he pulled his material together somewhat by reverting towards the end to the most characteristic music near the beginning, but it was not a song-form that resulted—it was essentially an instrumental form in which harmony and accompanimental figure were more important than melodic expression.

Of course these early efforts were not wasted. In their weakness he learned how to win strength. He learned the paramount importance of the voice, which Beethoven had disdained—probably because of the ridiculous habits singers had acquired under Italian influences. Schubert avoided that mistake, while he learned from the greater master how to invent and apply effective instrumental formulas in his accompaniments, so to unite voice and pianoforte that the general melodic design might be carried on by either part, as needed by the dramatic idea, or (more frequently) in consideration for the bellows-capacity of the vocal organ.

As early as Schubert's fifth song the original strophic form was re-asserted—in a sort of half-ashamed way, it is true—young German manhood paying court to the Italian theatral lady, and trying to impress her with his complete knowledge of the world. Apparently the lady wasn't impressed, and in the next song all attempts at high-falutin' emotional effect are abandoned, and the strophic form so thoroughly accepted that no pains are taken to write out the different verses and accommodate their natural variations of verbal rhythm.

In this song—'Klaglied,' to words of Rochlitz—the interest is almost entirely concentrated in the vocal line; so Schubert inevitably reverts to a natural melodic form. Here is the tune:



C picks up the salient notes of B; D is related to C, E to B, and F to A. The introductory and concluding bars for pianoforte are related to A and B.

The accompaniment is an ordinary waltz rhythm, but it is saved from commonplace by touches of genius. This little song of two pages ushers in the real Schubert, and is worth all the pretentious things which had preceded it—Hagar's *Klage* with its seventeen pages, 'Eine Leichenphantasie' with its eighteen pages—bloated and bewildering echoes of Mozart at his worst, childishly talkative, and strained with Italian affectations. But we must all be chattering children and affected adolescents for a time, and the marvel is that Schubert arrived at so lovely and economical a conception of song when he was but a boy of fifteen. Its significance was apparently lost on musicians. Even Schubert's biographer, Hellborn, having patted his little boy on the back for the earlier attempts, describes as 'a slight and commonplace work' this song in which the composer really finds himself.

Once on the right road Schubert never lost it, though he often diverged in his efforts to find a larger world, and for the sake of dramatic experiment. The five songs of the year 1813 are short, only one of them in any way pretentious, all but that one based upon the idea of melodic form, and that one felt to be unsatisfactory even by the composer, inasmuch as he tried to make a better job of it a year later. Two of the 1813 songs are still alive, or would be if they were sung. 'Todtengräberlied' has both the form and idiom of a folk-song. 'Verklärung' is more loosely made, being overweighted with recitative, but its melodic sections are the more economical in their limitations (AAAABBBAAA BBAA). The accompaniments are of the simplest kind.

This may fairly be regarded as a real reaction, not only from the artificial perfection of Mozart but also from the emotional intensity as developed instrumentally by Beethoven, and it is not the business of any composer to ignore valuable details contributed by his predecessors, if he can master them; but Schubert was only a boy still. The wonder was that he developed so quickly; and if I seem to linger unduly upon the early songs it is just because his growth was rapid and is proved in those very songs. He produced one of his masterpieces a year later. The early songs are deficient so far as the pianoforte parts are concerned, but he had first to re-assert the greater importance of the vocal line, which Beethoven had swamped in his reaction against the Italian vocal ideal.

When voices are used at all it must be possible to hear the words, or listeners will strain their attention and be disappointed, however good the music. That certain fact is æsthetic sign enough that song-composers must

make the vocal line the first object of their care. But that is not to say that the accompaniments are to descend to the triviality of guitar thrumming, or even to the thin suggestiveness of the lute part in, for example, the songs of Dowland. Given a vocal line as good as the composer can make it, the more significant the pianoforte part the better, up to a certain point. An accompaniment may be too dull or too dominant, and in Schubert's early songs the accompaniment is sometimes too thin.

Not, of course, in the big dramatic songs. They are really studies for the kind of musical drama which was only realised by Wagner, who owes more to the lesser master than is generally realised. But while Schubert has the dramatic spirit right enough, and though in his simpler forms he could shake himself free of Italian artificiality, in his larger songs and stage works he was burdened by the Italian opera tradition. All he could do with the mass of narrative in big songs was to get through it as quickly as possible with the help of recitative. Schiller's 'Der Taucher'—the one unsatisfactory song of 1813—is a good example of such failure.

Narrative is barely endurable in ordinary verse; extended and maltreated by music it becomes unendurable. For narrative to be endurable in verse it must have very special qualities—powerful commonplaceness lighted by frequent passages of transcendent glory (Homer)*, or when it gives an expectation of naughtiness (Don Juan), or when sensuous beauty and melodrama are combined, as in Masefield's longer poems. Music has nothing to add to such expressions, which are complete in themselves.

Schubert eventually became sufficiently aware of music's inability to make a certain length of song effective, and his biggest successful songs are those in which narrative is reduced to a minimum and the dramatic element offers room for emotional development, as in the 'Erl-King.' He was essentially a composer of *music*, and when he had not to deal with verse which left something of emotional fullness or dramatic idea unexpressed he became dull and mushy. However, the year 1814 was to find for him the kind of song-form which exactly suited him, by offering a broad sweep of dramatic suggestion filled with some striking detail.

'Don Gayseros,' a cycle of three songs in which a lady is wooed by a devil, is not a great work of art, but it has the innocent and delicious ardour which seems exactly right for a boy of seventeen. The first of the three is very much of an experiment; it consists of two folkish tunes used in alternation through a circle of nine major keys. The second has a similar flavour, but proves a more real capacity for melodic growth by the interlinking of its phrases:

* I have no Greek, but Arthur Way's fine translation is good enough for a man who does not know what he is missing.



B related to A, D related to A and B, E related to C, F to E, and so on. It is a real counterpart in music of the Gothic spirit in architecture, both in the popular quality of the tunes and in the natural evolution of its form. The third song is interesting in yet another way. It opens with a recitative which is practically a *tempo*, akin to the Arioso of Bach and the declamation of Wagner; then follows a short, simple tune, and finally another tune in close relation to the music of the recitative. This economy of form seems to show that Schubert had practically acquired the sense of melodic design which was to avail him in his subsequent work. The pianoforte part is comparatively undeveloped, but there also are slight touches which make all the difference between life and death in the smaller forms of art. We may therefore pass over the songs which intervene between 'Don Gayseros' and Schubert's first perfect song, 'Gretchen am Spinnrade.'

No wonder that his masters said they had nothing to teach him! One biographer remarks, 'It is probable his only teacher was Beethoven'—and that is certainly true in some respects, for when reduced to the simplest terms of statement a good Schubert song is a Gothic development of folk-song with a pianoforte part derived from the emotional suggestions instrumentally indicated by Beethoven; sometimes, however, akin to the visual realism of Bach, as for example in 'The Trout,' where the figure of accompaniment is suggested by the *look* of the fish in the water. In 'Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel' the realism is, as with Beethoven, generally aural, derived from the *sound* of the machine. However, we are not concerned here with all the details which combine to make the pianoforte-song a self-standing work of art, though it is impossible to withhold some expression of wonder that the boy of seventeen was so far developed psychologically that 'Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel' is not only a perfect song but a perfect example of dramatic art also.

(To be concluded.)

AFTER PLAYING SCHUBERT'S PIANOFORTE SONATAS

BY ERIK BREWERTON

A French critic, M. Lasserre, in a study of Meyerbeer has concluded that he is fundamentally lacking in natural freshness and sincerity. It is precisely and predominantly these qualities that Schubert's pianoforte music displays. The richness and expressiveness of much of his chamber and orchestral music is, indeed, generally absent when he writes for the pianoforte, as are the thorough-going earnestness of Beethoven, the witchery of Chopin, and the romantic exuberance of Schumann; but the constant freshness and sincerity are sufficient of themselves to endow this music with genuine life. Its freshness is particularly evident in its idyllic outlook, so that it rather disarms criticism, having too smiling and indulgent an air to promote the controversies and speculations dear to the critic. If the intellect is not challenged, neither are the emotions deeply stirred. A walk in spring need present no breathless landscapes to the eye, deliver no memorable messages to the mind. It is enough that Nature working on her generous scale with new life, new colour, and new sound, imparts on such occasions an indefinable sense of well-being which no sense of familiarity can stale. Easy-going, seldom concentrated, nearer to reverie than to thought, averse from passion as this music is, the breath of an eternal Spring has fanned it. And the generous scale on which Nature works is to be found too. Schubert is not confined to the economies of Grieg, a composer with whom he has some details in common. The faults of the Sonatas are certainly not due to a poverty of musical ideas; rather is he careless in the outlay of riches to which there never seems to be an approaching end.

His Pianoforte Sonatas, however, count for little either with pianists or the public. Beethoven, and the subsequent development of pianoforte music on more and more characteristic lines, have been too much for them. If it is their merit that they often suggest Beethoven, as in the Adagio of the Sonata in C minor and in the Scherzos, it is also their misfortune. The temperament of Schubert was certainly all too human to keep him in 18th-century leading strings. Like Beethoven's, his spirit was democratic, bold, and unconventional. But, unlike Beethoven, he made no attempt in his Sonatas, except perhaps in the first movement of that in A minor (Op. 42), to modify the form in the interests of expression. He was near enough to the classical tradition to feel quite at home with a form of composition which later romantic composers found irksome, and he remained at home. For after studying his music in general, one cannot but feel that this conservatism is at variance with the true character of the man; in short, he should have followed Beethoven's example and modified

the form, or, alternatively, he should have remained faithful to Mozart and modified his ideas. The youth of Schubert, his amazing rapidity in composition, and his lack of great pianistic knowledge and ability will, no doubt, help to explain this apparent inconsistency. Thanks to Beethoven, the Pianoforte Sonata, like the Symphony, became an experiment in the grand style, the first movement particularly asserting itself more and more in determining the character of the whole work. There is little of this in Schubert. His first movements, generally marked 'moderato,' cannot rival those of his own two great Symphonies and Pianoforte Trios. Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Grieg found a more congenial sphere in a lyrical style of composition which Schubert himself foreshadowed in his *Impromptus* and *Moments Musicaux*. Pianists cannot be entirely blamed therefore if, as good evolutionists, they confine themselves to what is on the strict line of development, and continue to play the F minor Moment Musical or the A flat Impromptu from Op. 142, whilst they neglect every one of eleven Sonatas.

Those, however, who are not afraid of digressions and are able, through a certain frivolity in their natures, to put Beethoven out of mind for a season, may find the contrast of Schubert's Sonatas positively refreshing, presenting, as they do, an engaging alternative which, moreover, may not have received its due share of recognition. The contrast with Beethoven is evident in many ways. The melodic character of Schubert's subjects, the absence of strong contrast between them, the short development section, the preference in the second movement for an Andante rather than for an Adagio (of the latter there is only one example), the fondness for four movements, the inclination towards three-time and compound time as against common-time—in all these points a contrast with Beethoven is most marked. Especially in the nature of their themes may the difference between their characters be traced. How strikingly succinct and rhythmical are Beethoven's, and how much superior in force and interest their development! But how sharp and dry are the first subjects of his earlier Sonatas compared with the warmth and geniality of these from Schubert!

Ex. 1 (a). *Moderato*. Sonata in A minor, Op. 42. &c.

(b) *Allegro moderato*. Sonata in A major, Op. 120. &c.

(c) *Molto moderato*. Sonata in B flat major, Op. Posth. &c.

The nature of such subjects as that of Ex. 2 in particular is unsuited to development, and the limitations of Schubert's pianistic accomplishment and the rapidity of his writing are responsible for a monotony of figuration and lack of grace. Some passages hardly look like original pianoforte music, but resemble a reduction from another medium. Such writing as the following might be effective on the orchestra, and a similar starkness is, indeed, to be found in the C major Symphony, but on the pianoforte it is strangely out of place:

Ex. 2. *Allegro giusto*. Sonata in A minor, Op. 143, 1st movement. &c.

Though the sonority of these Sonatas compared with that of Mozart's and Haydn's is considerable, their texture is loosely-knit and does not repay much study. The beautiful subjects of the Andantes are sometimes too floridly elaborated; triplet figures are too much in evidence in the accompaniments; octaves often intrude, sometimes, as in the Coda of the last movement of the A minor Sonata (Op. 143), in an awkward and ineffective manner; and the balance of tone is disturbed by too great a separation between the hands, the right hand wandering away in single notes into a high treble, and making a poor show against chords in the left. Schubert's first movements lack strength, but against this must be credited the fact that the last, so often the weak spot in Sonatas, are strong and happy. The Rondo is more native to his blood. The popular style of his melody is more in keeping with the phrases of this form, so reminiscent of song and dance:

Ex. 3 (a). *Allegro moderato*. Sonata in D, Op. 53, last movement. &c.

(B) *Allegro.* Sonata in A major, Op. 120, last movement.

The Scherzos, too, the most Beethovenish part of Schubert's Sonatas, are excellent. Full of vigour and humour, they would, if the conventions allowed, make admirable solos combined in certain cases with the preceding Andantes.

The pianist of these days may be excused an inflated pride in an inheritance of music so abundant and varied. The rapid extension of pianoforte technique, however, a natural consequence of composers for the pianoforte having been, with the exception of Schubert, fine players themselves, has its dangers. Craftsmanship is a manifestation of taste, and helps to create it. The power of the modern pianoforte, with the infectious energy expended by highly-trained performers, makes a nice taste in pianoforte music almost impossible nowadays. It is not necessary to go to the later Romantics for an illustration; the last movement of the 'Waldstein' Sonata will serve to make one hesitate to ascribe to music what may be largely *tour de force*. Such a movement Schubert could never have written. Whatever lack of finish, whatever excess of irrepressible semiquavers occur, there is no suggestion that he ever wrote deliberately for effect. A little naïve exuberance may be noted in the decorations of his Andantes, but there is an entire absence of forced emotion. He never attempts to heap Pelion on Ossa. That Schubert had a genius for the pianoforte is proved by the beauty of the accompaniments to his songs, but his lack of virtuosity as compared with the powers of other pianoforte composers, whilst it detracts from the interest of the expert, has certain compensating advantages. For it is a point gained that no one will play this music out of any other desire but the love for it; and the heart has no need of perfection. We come here to the crux of a problem, which, as regards music, Schubert illustrates very pointedly. When the judgment is inhibited by the affections what are we to say? Are we to acquiesce? 'L'affection éclairée,' says a genial French philosopher of the last century, and in a treatment of art from a sociological point of view he maintains that the judgment of the professional critic is to be distrusted precisely because in the pride of his authority he grows unsociable and thereby damages his claim to give an opinion. According to this standpoint the best opinion is the most charitable. Thus, to sing or play for the sake of effect, for self-gratification of any kind, for any other reason in fact than that of sympathy

(which implies self-forgetfulness), becomes a futility. Just as no one plays Schubert except out of sympathy with his spirit (the fashions of centenaries perhaps excepted), so the whole tone of his music proclaims an extraordinary emancipation from self in the composer, an impression which the external evidence of his life and habits substantiates. The sustained steadiness and sweep of his style suggest those inexhaustible forces of Nature into which, pantheist as he was, he saw himself absorbed after death. His strength is not that more usual spectacle of the alien in the universe stung to action by the obstacles and perplexities in his way. Even in his biggest inspirations the confidence is too great to allow stress and striving to dominate for a moment.

Not even in the settings of romantic poems by Goethe and Heine does he give way, does he lose control. Schubert's message is optimistic, and, strange to say, appears perfectly reasonable at the same time. He makes us feel, bourgeois as we are, that we can talk poetry for the rest of our lives without raising our voices. This sense of elevation is the cause of what some would call the uncritical and monotonous eulogies of writers on Schubert—Grove, E. Duncan, Bourgault-Ducoudray. His serenity, his healing power are such that once they are felt he cannot be discussed critically as an artist; the word becomes slightly inapplicable. For a life devoted to art is so easily involved in the unnatural and unreasonable that it has been compared to living in a theatre. Artistic pursuits produce a weariness of the spirit, a thinning of the sympathies, and a nervous excitability which are evident enough without a resort to Tolstoi's excessive diatribes. If a composer releases us from the possibility of these disappointments and artificialities we cannot, for the sake of æsthetic scruples, afford to neglect him. Once Schubert's claim on these grounds is recognised, it is irrelevant to criticise him. He must be performed. He must be taken in deep draughts. The same dozen songs must be increased to a greater fraction of the six hundred. As regards his pianoforte music, a jolly little Marche Militaire corrupted by Tausig or a Moment Musical complicated by Godowsky are no longer adequate. Neither does it appear from a gramophone record of the well-known Impromptu in A flat, from Op. 90, made by Rachmaninov (wherein Allegretto becomes Presto and the plentiful *pp*'s swell almost into *ff*'s), that the most brilliant pianists are necessarily fit to perform this music. Only the musical public by its reiterated demands and discriminating appreciation can incorporate music, which could hardly occupy a more obscure position in this country, into a permanent place in the pianist's repertoire. It is the advantage of centenaries that they serve to confirm existing opinions or to correct them.

THE MIDDLE-CLASSICAL SCHUBERT

BY ERIC BLOM

That Schubert was the true child of his time and environment, and therefore, time and environment being the early 19th-century Vienna, one of the first romantics, is a truism. What has not so often been pointed out as to become tiresome is the fact that he was also, and in a more intimate sense, the true child of his class. Among the great masters he is pre-eminently the middle-class composer, not only because he belonged to the burghessy, but because his art represents the burghessy as it had never been represented in music before. Earlier composers had written for the well-to-do citizen classes, notably those of Elizabethan England, where those classes cultivated music as assiduously as they patronised the drama. But though the Elizabethan artists to some extent adjusted their art to the robust tastes of the industrious—Shakespeare himself is rugged and crudely vital compared with the courtly poets of the Italian Renaissance—they were not obliged to write otherwise for the people than for the Court, for the simple reason that Court and people were then almost wholly at one as to the kind of entertainment they enjoyed.

Not so in Schubert's time. The burghessy looked but shyly on at the amusements of Court and aristocracy when it was vouchsafed a glimpse of them at all, and for the rest it was left to find its homely art where it could. Middle-class Vienna had its own mediocre poets and its own amiable painters to sentimentalise over its mild domestic love affairs and trim garden idylls. Its own musician was Schubert. No masters before him had deigned to acknowledge that they belonged body and soul to the citizens, though they may have condescended occasionally to please them, as Mozart condescended with 'The Magic Flute.' Most composers were hangers-on to the great. Bach, indeed, wrote for the middle-class church-goers, but they could not have felt that this universal genius, whose art moved them to wondering awe, was altogether one of themselves. Beethoven snapped his fingers at majesty and nobility, but his broad humanitarian outlook would not let him become intimate with the middle class alone after he had spurned the upper. That is why his overwhelming greatness could not dislodge Schubert, his contemporary and co-citizen, from the affections of his own set. Beethoven's music blew stormily across the world; Schubert's was for long quietly confined to Vienna. It had the homely and rather complacent note of people who were comfortably pleased with themselves and desired to know nothing beyond their sphere. Only once or twice did Beethoven hit upon this tone of smug blandness—in the Bagatelles, for instance. In Schubert it is everywhere. A gentle, confidential familiarity is the most characteristic and persistent distinction of his work.

That Schubert could be neither courtly like Haydn and Mozart nor heroic like Beethoven was natural in his circumstances. He was the son of a poor schoolmaster with no prospects in the great social world; on the other hand there was no call for heroic denials at any time of his life, hard as it was. He belonged to a class that bore joys soberly and decorously and put up with sorrow in a meek spirit and not without a certain enjoyment so long as it came in a tolerably picturesque form. There was not over-much tenacity in these easily contented souls, and when the need for resistance came, no violent rebellion. Generally there was compromise. Schubert submitted for longer than was quite admirable to the disheartening drudgery of schoolmastering, and when at last he revolted, the sacrifice of his pittance was no great one, and friends were at once found willing to help him.

A lack of fibre in Schubert may be frankly acknowledged if we agree that faults as well as virtues make the attraction of people for whom we care. Energy certainly is not his strong point, nor truculence a defect of his art. Any attempt of his at a heroic style rings a false note of empty bombast. Even great tragedy he can scarcely attempt without becoming merely stagey. It is in the expression of intimate sorrow due to negative rather than positive causes, the sadness of the might-have-been, that he becomes infinitely touching and lovable. We may not admire the journeyman miller who withdraws at first sight of a rival, or the jilted lover of the 'Winterreise' who cannot be bothered to pick up his hat when the wind has blown it off; all the same, Schubert knows how to make them sympathetic to us with the insidiously pleading loveliness of his music. But sorrow with him, when all is said, is only the reverse side of happiness, no palpable reality in itself. On the other side there is always well-being, comfort, good-nature, the innocent tipping and flirting which fills the life of the respectably unenterprising burghess and would exasperate the adventurer; for Schubert the minor key is inconclusive and unsatisfying, and will turn into the major on the provocation of the least smile or sunbeam.

Just as there is this want of toughness that cuts Schubert off from those out-classed by daring or misfortune, so also he misses the elegance of the high-born. He is impatient of formality and needlessly circuitous in his use of form. Above all, he is the typical pedestrian of music, the man in the street used to neither horse nor carriage. His quick movements more often amble than race, and his Andantes do not so much walk as go for walks. He loiters with the delicious leisure of the Viennese citizen who still has within walking reach an unexciting but charming countryside. The Finale of the 'Trout' Quintet and the first movement of the Octet are characteristic of that

unhurried rambling among pastures already just a little urban that shows us Schubert on his most endearing side. It is also the side which more than anything stamps him as a distinctive personality in music.

Sometimes on his strolls he will stand and talk to people. It may be aimless chatter or it may be something straight from the heart that he says; in either case he will pleasantly relax the regular gait of his walking measure. Four-square patterns will grow loose and the poetical metre will give way to the freer attitude of prose, though seldom losing touch with the stuff of poetry. In the songs this subtle breaking of the metre is especially noteworthy. I do not at the moment refer to any breaking of the rhythm, though the irruption of recitative, as in 'Der Neugierige' or at the close of 'Erlkönig,' can be very seizing; what I mean is the temporary extension or contraction of the metrical periods while the musical flow continues unbroken. In two of the most adorable songs, 'Fischerweise' and 'Das Lied im Grünen,' the unprepared hearer, who expects that the music will go jogging pleasantly on to the end, must catch his breath with delight when suddenly the voice breaks away in a wider curve from the steady accompaniment.

Schubert thus ambled and lingered around not only the gently agreeable things with which existence at Vienna teemed in those days—the cheerful burbling of the brook in the earlier songs of 'Die schöne Müllerin' is the very essence of Schubertian contentment; he could even be sorrowful, reflective, or tragic without fretfulness. In the 'Todtengräberweise' the leisurely pace that was a new musical something between the set classical *allegro* and *andante* becomes mysteriously poignant in spite of its apparent easefulness; in 'Gefrorne Thränen' and 'Ihr Bild' an aching woe is conveyed under a calm surface. But the dominant emotion in Schubert is joy, his readiest expression cheerfulness. His was an age weary of tragedy. The world—and the Vienna that was the world to Schubert—was but newly delivered from the menace of Napoleon which had been a terrible reality to Beethoven. It was avid of pleasure, but above all of tranquillity, of joy without excitement. The *Biedermeier* period was setting in, a time of effusive versifying, letter-writing, and diary-keeping, a companionable wine-bibbing and harmlessly philandering time, a time of dancing *Valses nobles et sentimentales*. Friendship and boon-companionship were essential—more important perhaps than love-making, for if true love was not to be had, flirtation would do; and if that failed, then some imagined frustration of the heart would keep it in a blissfully passive misery. We do not know that Schubert was ever in love. There is no evidence that the unhappy infatuation with the young Countess Esterhazy is more than a pretty fabrication, either of Schubert's

own imagination or that of his friends. All we know for certain about a sentimental entanglement is to be gleaned from a reference to a pretty chambermaid in one of the letters he wrote from Zseliz in 1818. What, then, becomes of the *anziehender, bewusster Stern* at which he merely hints to his friend, the painter Moritz von Schwind, in a letter written during the second Hungarian sojourn in 1824? What even of the pessimistic poem that followed, a typical product of a time at which a little wretchedness was but the spice in a general flavour of good cheer?

(To be continued.)

'THE ANGEL OF FIRE': PROKOFIEV'S NEW OPERA

BY LEONID SABANEEV

Hardly anyone can doubt that Prokofiev is a man of enormous musical gifts, that he possesses an inexhaustible wealth of musical forms, that he 'breathes music.' In this respect, so far as I personally am concerned, there has never been any obstacle to a thorough admiration of his talent; it has been withheld for other, profounder, almost psychological reasons. Prokofiev conceals within himself an ever-vigilant, indefatigable sarcasm, a Mephistophelian mockery and derision of everything, and particularly of his own creative work. He seems afraid or ashamed to be tender, profound, sensitive, to be altogether himself. Like a boy possessed by 'false shame,' he blushes for his noble qualities, and for some reason prefers to obscure them by less worthy revelations. Hence he is generally regarded as turbulent and unbridled, as a musical 'barbarian,' as the composer of a continuous 'scherzo.' Unfortunately, there is a considerable amount of truth in this view, but happily it by no means covers the whole Prokofiev. In him there is—and sometimes it is very strongly expressed—both depth and sincerity of feeling, and a special tenderness which, perhaps on account of the rarity and timidity of its appearance, seems particularly dear and precious.

It may very well be that in an impoverished musical world Prokofiev is now unrivalled in the extent of his talent and the vigour of his creative imagination. But the power of the world, the hypnotic effect of modernism upon him, are reflected in this false shame of the romantic, the fear to seem too good (psychologically)—for such things are nowadays naïve and provincial. Nevertheless to his and our happiness a great deal of provincialism has remained in this composer; the city has not bleached out of him the elementary quality implanted in him and his talent, which it is difficult, nay, even indecent, to compare with the elementariness of Stravinsky—theatrical and artificial from beginning to end. Between them there is the same relation as between a

natural waterfall and an artificial cascade forming one of the attractions of some Luna Park.

'The Angel of Fire' is an opera on a subject by Valery Bryusov, the poet-stylist, written some time ago in the ancient epic, almost epistolary, manner. With Bryusov, as with a typical 'formalist' poet, all the charm and meaning of this work consists in its style of the later Middle Ages, reproduced with a masterly hand in the Russian language, which never knew a mediæval period.

My surprise will, therefore, be understood, as well as a certain fear for the result, when I learned that this literary composition, whose life is entirely in its language and style, was the canvas for—an opera! It is clear that the composer entered upon his task in a fit of original literary innocence, and knew neither what he was creating nor with what material he was working. But, again happily for him and ourselves, Prokofiev is not a very profound and clever composer, not a Wagner nor even a Moussorgsky; rather is he artless, like Mozart, who could write enchanting music to such incredible nonsense as 'Così fan tutte.' Prokofiev accepted the cold and glittering experiment of Bryusov, the academician, with its stylistic virtuosity, simply as a subject for 'an opera with Satanic episodes,' and created music which bears approximately the same relation to Bryusov's design as Mozart's 'Don Juan' to Byron's poem, or Gounod's 'Faust' to Goethe's.

On the whole, all this proves to have been for the best. My acquaintance with the details of the music of 'The Angel of Fire' had to be made through the medium of the pianoforte score, a profounder and more intimate knowledge of it being obtained from the performance of the first Act at a Kussewitzky concert. Rarely is it given to me in these days to derive pleasure (to say nothing of a sort of enthusiasm) from listening to contemporary music, but I am bound to state—and I do so in all sincerity—that my impressions on this occasion can only be compared with the most powerful I have experienced in the course of my musical life—the first hearing of Scriabin's Symphonies and Stravinsky's 'Petrushka.' It is genuine, new, and at the same time good music.

Prokofiev does not follow the age and its changing fashion. He is true to himself and to his own style, when once he has found it. But when for some reason or other he abandons his false shame and does not desire to appear shallow and ridiculous, or to gibe at himself, then he can, I am convinced, create things worthy to be regarded as works of genius. 'The Angel of Fire' is one of Prokofiev's comparatively few serious compositions—serious, not in the usual meaning of the term, but in a more profound and intimate sense. In this work he allows himself to express his real sentiments concerning the world and music; the Mephistophelian

mockery of himself and of the best qualities of his inner ego disappears. And his creative work is speedily illumined by a light of unprecedented power. I think that it is a temporary illumination, and, knowing Prokofiev's spiritual lineaments, it seems to me that it will forthwith hide itself once more within its shell of ridicule and roughness, behind which I may be permitted to surmise that a colossal timidity and modesty are concealed. In listening to and studying his compositions, and especially 'The Angel of Fire,' I am often reminded of his literary double—also a Sergei—the poet Esenin, a man of genius who perished prematurely in the unequal struggle between his tender soul, with its merely superficial layer of coarseness, and the hostile revolutionary world.

Prokofiev is the Esenin of music, the same profoundly Russian, gentle, bashful man who, perhaps intentionally, drapes his extreme modesty in the garments of raillery and coarseness. It is a sort of original mimicry, the instinct which impels a sensitive soul to protect itself from the excessive roughness of the world; and this soul arrays itself in the simulacra of the rudeness of barbarism, in terrifying costumes, whose purpose is self-defence. That is what I read behind the sounds—fantastic, thick, and heavy as the mediæval vaults—of the scene from 'The Angel of Fire' played by Kussewitzky at his concert. This music is full of a wild inspiration, of an unbridled and unusually comprehensive imagination, which can be likened only to Wagner's and Moussorgsky's fantastic outbursts. After such sounds as these, which, in the words of a Russian poet, 'explode chaos,' Scriabin is a punctilious gentleman, at home in the drawing-room. It was revealed to me for the first time (better late than never; I should have been happy to have found that I had been greatly mistaken in my earlier estimates of him) that Prokofiev is an essentially profound composer, but he fears this profundity, mistrusts its influence over him, and therefore eschews it.

The fantasy of 'The Angel of Fire' is cyclopean and monumental. It breathes the spirit, not the sounds, of the distressing Middle Ages. And the orchestral colouring is grey, strong, sombre, like the colour of ancient ruins. One feels that behind this terrible exterior this man, like Beethoven—who was similarly stern and harsh in his treatment—is possessed of the profoundest tenderness, of which he makes no use. 'The Angel of Fire' is, perhaps, Prokofiev's best and most serious work; in any case there is plenty of proof that its central value lies in the music, in the composer's fantasy, and that in this case it is not a question of an ingenious approach to the subject. Prokofiev does not have recourse to any of the special artifices used in writing music; he is neither an atonalist nor a polytonalist, and in general takes no theory to his heart. He is an exorcist, after

the style of those who figure in his opera, and in justice to him I must state that to a musician who has not yet lost the faculty of enthusiasm, who can still discriminate between organic tonal imagination and the mere piling-up of notes, the magic force of the music in this scene presents itself with ineffable power. This fantasy terrifies and intimidates, and I cannot point to any passages in musical literature approaching or rivalling these pages of genuine tonal horror (not the horror produced by tones, which, unfortunately, is very often encountered nowadays!).

In a recent conversation with me Prokofiev said that at the age of thirty-five every composer repeats his past. It is very pleasant to be able to state that the composer's irony was for this once wide of the mark. 'The Angel of Fire' has nothing in common with Prokofiev's past except its organic development. From a boy full of vigour, and therefore insolent and preferring jest and sarcasm to serious contemplation, he is converted by a gradual, perhaps painful and hence more profound and valuable, process, into a mature man, into an artist with a monumental, even a grandiose style. I have a presentiment and a suspicion that Prokofiev himself, as one of the types of 'unconscious,' entirely intuitive creators, neither understands the significance of his evolution nor is aware of its individual stages. Possibly he will find, as has already happened once, that these remarks of mine are not in conformity with his creative work, that with him everything is 'simpler.' On one occasion, in the course of conversation with a musician, he denied that psychologically he was of the breed of Dostoevsky, and that his creative work was tragical and broken-down by pain. It may very well be that, like many composers, he understands himself least of all, or perhaps it is an intentional dissimulation of himself and his comprehension. All this is of no essential consequence. For me personally it is far more important that I have at last discovered the real Prokofiev, at whom one can and must marvel, who is in some way commensurable with such giants as Moussorgsky, to whom he is even in certain respects very closely akin. Nowadays when so much of the music produced is bloodless, dry, rationally constructed, apart from any of the resources of inspiration, one somehow wants to offer a particularly cordial welcome to *this* music, which comes to us again, as in bygone times, from certain mysterious realms, where it has arisen by ways unknown to anyone, and least of all to its composer. I do not know whether Prokofiev is gratified or annoyed by the fact that he is reviving a vigorous romanticism, uniquely essential in the musical world.

There are spots even on the sun, and so much the more may we expect to find them on Prokofiev's opera. The most serious blemish is the position of the singers. I have no clear

idea as to how they fare in the other Acts, but in the scene performed by Kussewitzky they were definitely and irrevocably smothered by the too dense and too powerful orchestra. Through a purely technical negligence on the part of the composer the voices are continually hemmed-in by the orchestral sonorities. The orchestra of Wagner or Strauss is louder and more powerful, and yet it does not drown the singers as does the comparatively modest, but too dense and viscous, orchestra of Prokofiev. The listeners' annoyance was increased by the fact that for a comparatively long time, on a background of really gifted music, the open mouths of the vocalists could be *seen* (and they were very fine artists—Nina Koschitz, Braminov, and Raisov); then the mouths closed and simultaneously the orchestra muted their instruments and played softly for a very long while without any singing at all. To say the least, it is an unsuccessful lay-out of the material. Perhaps the composer reckoned on a hidden orchestra, and it might then have been possible to approximate the conditions of a concert performance to those of the 'sunken' orchestra of Bayreuth. Whether the conductor or the composer was the more guilty has not been explained, but the blame falls on both.

It is difficult to refrain from hoping that this opera may see daylight as soon as possible; only then can a definite judgment be pronounced upon it.

(Translated by S. W. Pring.)

SCHUBERT, LANNER, STRAUSS,

AND THE WALTZ

BY E. VAN DER STRAETEN

Schubert was an elementary magnetic force, the synthetic expression of his time and people; both are mirrored in his music, because his music is the truthful expression of himself. His personal magnetism was felt consciously, or unconsciously, by all who came into contact with him. Thus, in spite of his great modesty and reserve, he became the central figure of a circle of friends which for brilliance of talent has rarely been equalled in the annals of history. Eminent poets, painters, musicians, actors and actresses, members of the aristocracy, Government officials, and the intelligentsia of the merchant and citizen classes, all belonged to or were in some way connected with this circle.

Mentally oppressed by a despotic Government, they sought their pleasures and relaxations chiefly in the privacy of their homes, and, as it has ever been with young people, one of their favourite amusements was dancing. Their musical and literary evenings, held at various houses of their friends, to which they had given the name of 'Schubertiades,' often finished with the favourite 'Würstelball,' so called from the *Würstel* (little sausages) which were served as refreshment in those frugal days when the whole country was more or less reduced to a state of poverty; but nothing could daunt the spirit of the Viennese, and

the love of dancing was innate in the people. All Vienna danced; all Austria danced. Already at the beginning of the 13th century they had their 'violet festival' on the Kahlenberg (a hill with a magnificent view over Vienna and the surrounding country), of which the last Minnesinger and crusader, Neidhart von Reuenthal (whose mutilated effigy may still be seen, resting on his tomb, by the side of St. Steven's Cathedral), sings:

Reimt aus die Schemel und die Stühle,
Heisst die Schragen fürder tragen,
Heut woll'n wir Tanzen werden Müde.

(Clear out all the stools and eke the chairs,
The trestles let be farther carried,
To-day we'll dance unto exhaustion.)

They danced the ancient rounds, &c., but the dance tunes of the 17th century contain already the germs of the waltz. There is the story of the 'liebe Augustin,' a disreputable strolling bagpiper, who, in those terrible days of the great plague, in 1683, when he was lying drunk in a gutter, was picked up by the attendants of a passing plague-cart, who thought him dead, threw him on the top of a pile of plague victims, and shot him with these into a plague pit in the outskirts of the town. The next morning, when he had slept off the effects of his intoxication, he scrambled out of the pit and returned, dancing through the streets of the town to the tune of his still familiar song, 'Oh du lieber Augustin, Alles ist hin' ('O my dear Augustin, everything's gone!')—known in England as the melody of 'Buy a broom,' and to-day revived as the Frothblowers' Anthem. Another dance-song belonging to that time is the still well-known 'Grandfather dance' ('Und als der Grossvater die Grossmutter nahm'—'When grandfather married grandmother'). The 'Bradertanz' ('Prater-dance,' from the famous park at Vienna), from a Leipsic tablature MS., 'Pertite ex Vienna,' of 1681, showed already the characteristic waltz-like rhythm of the later folk-dance.

An important element in the evolution of the waltz was supplied by the musicians from the Austrian Alps, the Styrians, and the fiddlers from Linz. They formed quartets generally composed of two violins, a guitar, and a bass, sometimes with a clarinet instead of the second violin. These quartets played on the boats sailing down the Danube, and when they arrived at Vienna they went from one beer- or wine-house to another, where they were joyfully welcomed by the people, who danced to their dreamy, charming Ländler (Styriennes) and rewarded them so liberally that many of them settled there permanently. The Viennese temperament, however, was too vivacious for slow-time dances, and from an amalgamation of the Styrienne, the 'Teutsche' or 'Deutsche Tanz' (German dance), and the 'Languaus,' emerged eventually the waltz. The Languaus (long-out) was a round dance in which the dancers whirled up and down the whole length of the ball-room until they had to stop from sheer exhaustion. A Languaus danced at the end of the second Act of Martin y Solar's 'Una cosa rara' on November 17, 1786, was vociferously acclaimed and became very popular. It was a direct precursor of the waltz, but marked in the score *Andante con moto*, whereas the Languaus danced by the people was in quick time.

Although the dance tunes of the Bratelsgeiger (roast-beef fiddlers), as the wine and beer-house musicians were facetiously called, were mostly only crude productions, Schubert was quick to recognise in them the true expression of the mind of the people. He saw in them the possibility of expressing the feelings awakened by the contemplation of the hills and forests and all the beauty of Nature which permeated his whole being. He lifted the simple folk-dance, which in its rugged, natural simplicity appealed to him more than the somewhat antiquated Minuet, the child of the artificial rococo period, to a higher level. His 'Deutsche' and waltzes became musical miniatures of high artistic value. His first set of waltzes, Op. 9, composed in 1816-17, included the famous Trauer- or Sehnsuchtswalzer ('Waltz of mourning,' or of longing, a title given to it by the publishers, to Schubert's great annoyance). For a time it was circulated in MS. copies, undergoing various changes in the process, and passed as Beethoven's composition until Anselm Hüttenbrenner obtained from Schubert an authentic copy in 1818.

All the early folk-dances were of the simplest binary form, consisting of two eight-bar sentences, each of which was repeated. Schubert extended the form, gave it a richer harmonic treatment, and often anticipated effects of Lanner and Strauss. See, for instance, his beautiful waltzes, Op. 96. Brahms, Kiel, and other German writers adhere in their waltzes more or less to the form which Schubert gave to that dance. Weber in his 'Aufforderung zum Tanz' develops from it the larger art form which was afterwards followed by Chopin, Rubinstein, Raff, &c.

J. N. Hummel is said to have been the first to string together several waltzes, adding a *coda*. He did this with nine waltzes, which he thus welded together for the opening, in 1810, of the 'Apollo Saal,' that fairy palace patronised by the Imperial family, with five large halls, three winter gardens, thirty-one rooms, thirteen kitchens, &c., which failed in 1839, was degraded to a candle factory, and burnt down in 1876.

Schubert himself never danced, but when at the Schubertiades his friends wanted to do so, 'dear Bertel' (one of his nicknames) needed but little coaxing before he sat down to the pianoforte, and good-naturedly played Deutsche, waltzes, écosaises, &c., until the perspiration ran off his forehead, and his tired, stumpy fingers refused to obey the dictates of his ever active mind. Most of the dances played on such occasions were the children born of the moment; if one or the other pleased him he would play it again, and afterwards write it down. In this way originated the Atzenbrugg dances, and many other precious gems that reflect a chromatic scale of every mood of which the human soul is capable. Yet how few are there who know them even now!

Schubert was typically Viennese; the dance was in his blood, and his heart responded to its rhythms. One can imagine how delighted he must have been when, sitting in the company of his friends at the 'Rebhuhn' (the 'Partridge'), in the Goldschmied Gasse, he heard a young fiddler, with his little band, play melodious waltzes that stood on a much higher level than any he had heard before from these wine-house musicians, and which proved their author to be a true tone-poet.

This young man was Joseph Lanner; he felt honoured and delighted by the applause of the great master, who henceforth often used to visit the 'Rebhuhn' with his friends on purpose to hear Lanner play. One day, in 1822, Franz Lachner, who had recently come to Vienna, met Schubert and Lanner, when the latter, who had never seen Lachner before, began to speak of the successful organist who had just been appointed at the Protestant church. Schubert introduced him, adding, 'Yes, yes, the little Franz's have really got something in their little heads!' ('Ja, ja, die Franzln haben doch was im Köpfchen'). Lanner, too, had something in his head, for he and a youth of about eighteen, who played the viola in his quartet (or quintet, as it may then already have been) were to become classics of the waltz.

Lanner was born April, 1801, the son of a glovemaking, in the suburb of St. Ulrich, now Mechtaristengasse 5, not far from Ferd. Raimund's (famous actor-playwright) birthplace. At the age of twelve he played in the little band of Pamer, a typical devil-may-care Viennese wine-house musician, a highly-gifted composer of dance tunes, many of which became very popular. Unfortunately he was addicted to alcohol and betting. The intolerable conditions which his dissolute habits created in the band caused Lanner to leave it, and with a few musical friends he instituted chamber music evenings at his parental home, where, among others, some of his earliest compositions were performed.

His great ambition, however, was to have a band of his own, and a beginning was made early in 1819 with a trio formed by himself as leader and the Bohemian brothers Drahanek, one a violinist, the other a guitarist, at a coffee-house in the Leopoldstadt suburb. The success was phenomenal. His dance tunes were so perfectly expressive of the Viennese mentality that they were rapturously applauded, and soon there followed engagements from wine-houses in the town, including the 'Rebhuhn.' At this period they were joined by Johann Strauss, who also had been in Pamer's band and left it, and at the younger Drahanek's recommendation became their viola-player.

Johann was the son of Franz Strauss, the host of a little beer-house, 'Zum guten Hirten' ('At the good Shepherd'), in the Floss Gasse, Leopoldstadt, where he was born, March 14, 1804. Linzer fiddlers and Viennese 'Bratelgeiger' entertained the guests there in a delightful atmosphere of conviviality which drew to the place poets, writers, and musicians like Castelli, Deinhardstein, Wenzel, Müller, and many others, who figure prominently also in Schubert's life. In this atmosphere little Johann's undoubted musical talent was fostered. The father, on account of financial embarrassment, committed suicide, and the mother soon after married again. She did not encourage Johann's musical propensity, and apprenticed him to a bookbinder, but his love of music and independence of character soon asserted themselves, and he ran away. Polischansky, a musician and frequenter at the 'guten Hirten,' found him wandering about in the town, took him home, and gave him lessons on the violin. His progress was so rapid that he was soon able to join Pamer's band, and at the age of fifteen he

realised his ardent desire to play with Lanner, whom he idolised.

The dreamy, fair-haired and blue-eyed, gentle and sympathetic Lanner, and the impetuous, vivacious, and ambitious, black-eyed and black curly-headed Strauss—they called him 'nigger-head' ('Mohrenkopf'), attracted each other like the positive and negative poles of an electric current. They soon became such close friends that they went to live together in a modest little room in the Windmühle (No. 18), sharing their joys and sorrows as well as their clothes and—if there was any—their money, in the same happy bohemian fashion in which Schubert lived with Schober, Schwind, Mayrhofer, and others of his many friends. A violoncello was then added to their quartet, and the popularity of Lanner's quintet became so great that he enlarged it to a string orchestra, which on May 1, 1824, made its debut at the first coffee-house in the Prater with immense success.

He found himself soon so much in request that he enlarged his orchestra still further. Thus he was able to fill, if necessary, two engagements at the same time by dividing his orchestra, placing part of it under the leadership of Strauss. Lanner's compositions had by that time found a ready market, and Diabelli and Haslinger competed for the rights of publication. Strauss also began to show great talent for composition, and becoming ambitious to have a band of his own, he eventually asked Lanner to release him from his engagement. This led to a gradual estrangement between the two friends, which came to a climax on September 1, 1825. On that day the orchestra was playing at the 'Bock' on the Wieden, the suburb where both Schubert and Schwind lived at that time. A heated altercation ensued between Lanner and Strauss, in which the musicians as well as the audience took sides, and it ended in a general scrimmage, with considerable damage to the room.

The two young leaders parted, each going his own way. Lanner, the more feeling of the two, expressed his grief in the so-called 'Trennungswalzer,' which describes under three headings the events of that evening and the fourth part is a *plaint*. Strauss was already married, and his son Johann, who was to surpass even his father, was born on October 25, 1825. Lanner married in 1828. The wedding feast was given at the 'Bock,' and while the friends of Lanner were toasting the bride and bridegroom Strauss entered the room to offer his congratulations. The friends embraced in deep emotion, and a complete reconciliation took place, but so far as their artistic pursuits were concerned their ways continued to run apart.

Strauss had an orchestra of fourteen players. His waltzes had met with immense success, engagements were coming in from all parts, and publishers were eager to produce his compositions. The artistic rivalry between the two 'waltz kings' proved a great stimulant in the evolution of the popular music of Vienna. Few of their followers have equalled them; none have surpassed them in their particular branch, except the younger Johann Strauss. Lanner was the better melodist, revelling in broad cantilena. The best of Lanner's compositions are like an echo of Schubert, and many great musicians took pleasure in them. Mendelssohn, in a letter to Ferdinand David, says,

'... the printed piece of music is "Die Werber" ("The Suitors"), by Lanner. I wish you would study it.'

Strauss's music was of a more effervescent nature, with strongly marked rhythms and real orchestral finesse. His son Johann shows the same characteristics, and expanded the form to larger dimensions, especially in his introductions. An example of this is afforded by his 'Blue Danube' waltz, which Brahms admired so much that he wrote the opening bars in Strauss's album, and underneath the words, 'Leider nicht von mir [Unfortunately not by me], Johannes Brahms.'

SCHUMANN'S 'WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE' CYCLE: A REFLECTION

BY LIONEL R. MCCOLVIN

Schumann's cycle, 'Woman's Love and Life,' raises a curious little problem in aesthetics; and not a few worthy critics, because they have not recognised the existence of this problem, have felt compelled to utter mild sneers about a work which deserves better from them. Now that six of these songs have been recorded,* however, we have a partial solution of the problem which has interesting implications.

The difficulty lies in the words. Unlike many poems, these do mean something; they are sensible and coherent. *But*—they say things which wouldn't be said, though they might be thought. We have here the passionate, almost gushing, utterances of a young woman very much in love. And, say the critics, no sensible woman would say things like this. They accuse the poet and composer of presenting either an overstrung, over-romantic, immodest girl, or an unreal, impossible, and consequently inartistic, picture. In brief, they would probably dismiss the subject with some such remark as, 'No decent girl would shout about her lover in that way.'

And of course she wouldn't.

She might, however, *think* of him in these terms. A particularly communicative girl might even write like this to an ideal confidante—a most intimate friend, a sister.

The problem is this, then: *Have we to assume that a song implies a singer?*—that the speech of a musical work *need* have any counterpart in actual life? We might say, 'No,' remarking that there are thousands of songs which express ideas and thoughts that no one in real life would dream of expressing. That ready answer would not face the difficulty, however, since it would refer mostly to those songs which are meaningless or stupid. And this Schumann cycle is neither. Its ideas are not meaningless, but exceedingly lucid, not stupid but altogether genuine and logical.

They bear the stamp of reality as thoughts, but not as spoken utterances.

But unfortunately, before we can hear the song some one has got to sing it! The presence of a fleshly mortal to give reality to the song at the same time—in this case—makes it unreal.

Read the words alone. Chamisso, who wrote them, was not only a poet of merit; he was one who thought and felt. He himself had suffered much and understood much before these poems

were set down. His famous 'Shadowless Man,' though we may read it simply as a weird tale, is a philosophical document into which he has put much of his own being. Sit down and read the poems, forgetting the songs, and you will say, 'This man knows a good deal about human nature, and here he has given us an intimate glimpse into the workings of the mind of a woman—of a certain type of woman, admittedly, but not an exceptional or abnormal one.'

That is exactly what he has done. *He hasn't written a series of recitations.*

Schumann's share is very similar. He, impressed by the truth of the poems, sought to heighten their reality. To an unusual extent Schumann was interested in the psychological aspect of song, rather than the purely vocal. He turned to the song, thinking not of the singer, but of its suitability as a medium for the expression of his thoughts. This is shown in several ways—by the fact that he wrote most of his songs during the one period when he was most concerned with love, and that love is their principal theme, by the absolute spontaneity of his songs—upon which Grove, Dannreuther, Niecks, and others specially comment.

Now, to return to this cycle: if a composer deliberately wrote songs, *with a singer in mind*, to words which should not be sung, he would be guilty of an artistic fault—though, perhaps, a slight one. I would suggest, however, that Schumann did not write these songs with a singer in mind, but simply with the idea of intensifying the words by music—the real aim, of course, of all good songs, though generally this aim is accompanied by the desire to create also vocal and musical beauty and expressiveness.

But if Schumann was not guilty, we make him guilty every time these songs are sung!

Here we come to the place of the gramophone. Do we find here yet another to add to its many benefits? The critic of mechanical reproduction often objects that it takes away the personal element. Here, however, it may be that this is a positive advantage. If we attend a recital we cannot forget that a singer is singing these songs, saying these things aloud to us. With the records it is not impossible to forget the singer. We forget the accompanist who, as it happens, is here nearly as important. We do not think of a real living man in evening dress; rather are we conscious that we are hearing an interpretation of the pianoforte music. Why should we not similarly think of the interpretation of the vocal part?—regarding both, as it were, as disembodied musical expression.

If this is accomplished we can easily come to regard these songs as the expression of *thoughts*, and not as the inartistic utterances of unutterable words. The problem of the cycle is thus solved. We are able to enjoy, without any artistic qualms, one of the finest and most intimate song-cycles in existence.

Dr. Harold Darke asks us to state, in reply to many inquiries, that a recent operation prevents him from giving his usual autumn series of Bach recitals at St. Michael's, Cornhill. He hopes to be able to do so a little later.

* By Emmy Bettendorf (Parlophone).

NEW LIGHT ON LATE TUDOR
COMPOSERS

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXXVIII.—WILLIAM BATHE

To the credit of a brilliant young Irish amateur musician, William Bathe, of Dublin, must be accorded the first printed English work on musical theory, viz., 'A Brief Introduction to the Art of Musick,' in 1584, thirteen years before the appearance of Morley's 'Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke' (1597). Mr. Henry Davey fully admits Bathe's wonderful powers as a theorist, and says that his book 'is remarkable in its perception of the octave, instead of the hexachord, as the foundation of the scale, and for its allusions to the use of accidentals.' It may be added that not only did Bathe designate *Measures* as 'Bars' (in which Morley followed him), but he also adumbrates the modern scale. His biography is well-known on the Continent, but English writers have not yet done justice to him.

Born in Drumcondra Castle, near Dublin, on Easter Sunday, April 2, 1564, the son of John Bathe, an Irish judge, and Eleanor Preston, daughter of Janico Preston, Viscount of Gormanston, William Bathe was brought up in a cultured atmosphere. As a boy he showed great proficiency on the harp, but was also of a literary turn of mind. In 1582 he was sent to Oxford University, where he studied for several years, and in 1584 published his first theoretical work on music, dedicated to his grand-uncle, the Earl of Kildare. In this work, printed in London 'by Abel Jeffes, dwelling in Sermon Lane near Pauls Chain,' he describes himself as 'student at Oxenford.' He lays down rules that may be said to have been a short cut to musical knowledge, and devised a system whereby a child could learn in a month or less to sing at sight.

In October, 1584, Bathe was presented to Queen Elizabeth by Sir John Perrott, Viceroy of Ireland, and he delighted the Queen by his marvellous skill in playing on all kinds of musical instruments. The State Papers furnish proofs of the Queen's interest in this Irish student of Oxford, and he got livery of his Irish estates on September 24, 1590, his father having died on July 18, 1586. He presented Elizabeth with a harp of his own make, and also taught the Queen mnemonics.

Bathe followed up his first work with another more elaborate treatise in 1590, but not published until 1600. This was entitled: 'A Briefe Introduction to the Skill of Song; concerning the Practise, set forth by William Bathe, Gentleman.' In this work are set down 'ten sundry ways of two parts in one upon the plaine song, also, a Table newly added of the comparisons of Cleves, how one followeth another for the Naming of Notes; with other necessary examples, to further the learner.' This book was printed by Thomas Este, and might well be reprinted, for it contains much sound theory on voice cultivation and the art of singing at sight. He gives the following synopsis entitled, 'Ante Rules of Song':

1. *To prepare for Naming the Notes:* Practise to sunder the Vowels and Consonants, distinctly pronouncing them according to the manner of the place.

2. *To prepare for Quantitie:* Practise to have the breath long to continue, and the tongue at liberty to run.

3. *To prepare for Time:* Practise in striking to keep a just proportion of one stroke to another.

4. *To prepare for Tune:* Practise to have your voice clear, which when thou hast done, learn the rules following:

'The skill of song doth consist in four things—Naming, Quantitie, Time, Tune.'

While in London, from 1588 to 1591, Bathe was no doubt acquainted with Byrd, Morley, Campion, Rossiter, Dowland, and other Elizabethan composers; but he had long determined to devote himself to religion, and so, having returned to Dublin, and having made over his inheritance to his brother, John, he set sail for Flanders in November, 1591. A letter from Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy of Ireland, to Burghley, dated December 2, 1591, is the last we hear of Bathe as a musician: 'It has transpired that one William Bathe, a gentleman of the Pale, dwelling near Dublin, one known to your lordship for his skill in music, and for his late device of the new Harp which he presented to her Majesty, who has lately gone to Spain, did at his departure leave a cypher with William Nugent whereby to carry on a correspondence on matters of State.'

From 1592 to 1595 Bathe studied in Flanders, and in the latter year, on August 6, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Tournai, being soon after ordained Priest, previous to which he taught at St. Omer's, where there were a large number of English youths being prepared for Douai, Rome, and Spain. In May, 1601, he was selected to accompany Father Mansoni, S.J. (Apostolic Nuncio), to Ireland, but on reaching the Court of Spain it was announced that peace had been concluded between Spain and England, rendering the embassy unnecessary. Father Bathe remained at Valladolid from 1602 to 1604, and at the latter date was made Spiritual Director of the Irish College at Lisbon.

In 1606 Father Bathe was appointed Spiritual Director of the Irish College, Salamanca, and laboured for some years at his best-known work, 'Janua Linguarum,' published in 1611, designed to facilitate the study of languages, just as his 'Brief Introduction to the Skill of Song' was meant to be a royal road for the learning of singing. This work (in Latin and English) appeared four years later, in London, and an English translation entitled 'The Messe of Tongues' (Latin, French, English, and Spanish) was published in London in 1617—imitated and developed by Comenius in 1631.

In June, 1614, Father Bathe, S.J., was summoned to the Court of Spain, at Madrid, to give the Spiritual Exercises, but was taken suddenly ill, and died on June 17. He sowed, but others reaped; his 'Brief Introduction' was utilised by Morley, while his 'Janua Linguarum'—translated into twelve languages—won fame for Comenius.

We have received the itinerary of the German Singers (who visited England in 1926 under the title 'Märkische Spielgemeinde'). The tour opens on September 27 at Southampton (Central Hall), and includes visits to twenty-four provincial centres, widely spread. The Singers will be heard in London on October 24 (Royal College of Music, lunch hour; and Southwark Cathedral, evening) and October 25 (St. Martin-in-the-Fields, lunch hour). Inquiries of Mr. R. Nunn May, National Union of Students, 3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL

BY HARVEY GRACE

This year's Festival at Gloucester has been so copiously reported in the chief daily and weekly newspapers over the whole country that a monthly journal may well avoid some parts of the ground that have been already covered. It will be more useful to discuss the event in a general way, giving special consideration to the principal new works, and to certain aspects of the Festival that reveal themselves fully only in retrospect.

First, it must be said that the all-round success was such as to earn the warmest praise for everybody concerned. The melancholy circumstances under which the preparations for the Festival began, and the difficulties that must inevitably have surrounded them, are too well-known to need restatement. To Mr. S. W. Underwood, who, on Sir Herbert Brewer's death, stepped into the gap and trained the chorus until Mr. Sumsion's return from America, at midsummer, must go high praise. He handed over to the conductor-in-chief a body of singers that was generally held to be well above the average in all-round excellence. Only those who have had long experience in choir-training are able to estimate fully the value and difficulty of the work done in the early stages of preparing so exacting a programme.

An ordeal of a different kind fell to Mr. Sumsion. Young, and unknown to the musical world outside the area of the Three Cities, he must have had his anxieties and trepidations. Even to an old hand the work of the conductor-in-chief at a Three Choirs Festival is a severe strain—mental, nervous, and physical. Whatever Mr. Sumsion felt, however, he hid so successfully that so far as demeanour went, he might have been directing the Festival from boyhood. He was, in fact, an immediate success, above all in the important matter of inspiring confidence. His manner was quiet and unobtrusive—there was even a likeable touch of diffidence—and his beat generally firm and clear. One felt that his quiet efficiency, and his evident hold on the choir, were the best of guarantees for the future of Gloucester's share of the Festival.

That the townsfolk should make much of him was natural and pleasing. His level head will, no doubt, save him from taking too seriously such demonstrations as the prolonged applause at the Friday concert in the Shire Hall after a thoroughly bad performance of a 'Brandenburg' Concerto—applause so prolonged that the orchestra had to rise and bow, whereas they should have apologised.

The occurrence was one of several which raise the question of inequality of performance during the week. More on this topic later. It is mentioned here because it has to do with Mr. Sumsion's future as a conductor—which, be it remembered, is also in a large measure the future of the Gloucester Festival. A conductor is the least 'born' of all interpretative musicians. Some highly successful conductors are entirely 'made,' and perhaps the most successful of all are those who are one part born and nine made. The making calls for an environment and a wealth of opportunity that can hardly exist in a country Cathedral city. Certainly there are local orchestras, but valuable as they may be in the training of a conductor, the only really satisfactory preparation

for the conducting of a first-class orchestra is frequent experience in directing such a body. Amateur players may develop a conductor's patience, and prove his ability to cover weaknesses and make the best of things. But a conductor at a Three Choirs Festival has a first-class professional orchestra at his command, and negative work is replaced by positive. Instead of slaving for months to obtain B2 results from C3 players in moderately difficult music, he has to deal with A1 players and to obtain in a few hours A1 results in exacting music of widely varying types.

Recent years have seen the Festival programmes including a growing amount of modern orchestral music. As a result, the task of the conductor-in-chief has so greatly increased in difficulty and scope as to demand consideration on the part of the executive. Nobody is likely to deny that the present system asks too much of any musician, however gifted and adaptable he may be—and here let it be said that the way in which the three Cathedral organists concerned have risen to the occasion has long been a matter of admiring comment. But need the ordeal be so severe? Is it necessary to limit their opportunities of conducting a professional orchestra to one week and a few odd rehearsals in three years? Surely the strain would be less, and the conducting better than it is, if the work were shared annually. Each Cathedral organist would then have the advantage of regular yearly experience of conducting under Festival conditions. Even that is little enough, seeing how much complex and unfamiliar music the programmes now contain. But it would be just three times better than the present arrangement, under which a conductor puts in a week of hectic struggle, and then says good-bye to first-class orchestral experience for three years.

So drastic a suggestion is made with diffidence. It will not, I am sure, be misunderstood by the conductors, and the executive has, during recent years, shown such readiness to depart from use and wont in other ways that I am not without hope that they may at least admit that there is something to be said for it.

The two major novelties—Honegger's 'King David' and Kodály's 'Psalmus Hungaricus'—justified their inclusion, the latter especially. Moreover, they gave us some of the best singing and playing of the week. Mr. Sumsion showed his mettle in the former, and the best witness to the excellent results was to be found in the changed attitude of most people towards Honegger's work. The rehearsals had left doubtful or antagonistic even those of us who had heard 'King David' before, and who had the advantage of scores. After the performance the Ayes clearly had it. There were reservations, of course. Honegger is far from being a first-grade composer, and 'King David' is a hopeless jumble of styles. But for once in a way the parts are greater than the whole. Such pages as (for example) the solo, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' in which the voice has an entirely commonplace diatonic melody which struggles along between chromatic lines that don't fit, are simply puerile. There is too much of this employment of cacophony for its own sake; it suggests the unnecessary discomfort of a progress over broken bottles. But there are real flashes in music of the descriptive sort. The

long passage illustrating the incantation of the Witch of Endor is astounding, and the orchestration of the passage concerning the destruction of Jerusalem is so realistic that even with no clue to its programme, one would, I think, be apprehensive of broken windows and flying debris. The Hebrews and Philistines Marches are duly barbaric, and the short scene of the Camp of Saul at night is a fine bit of tone-painting. The jumble of styles spoken of above lies chiefly in the chorus part, which draws on Bach, Handel, Lutheran chorale, Genevan Psalm-tune, and a few other oddly mixed sources.

The part of the Narrator was taken by Mr. Basil Maine with complete success. He rang the changes between plain narration, declamation, and lyric fervour very skilfully. He was drowned in the culmination of the Incantation scene, but even his gradual submergence was not without its effect. Certainly nothing was more striking than his interjections at the back of the orchestral tissue. It was not his fault if we felt that in giving the story to a Narrator the composer had merely dodged a problem instead of solving it.

'King David,' then, was a success in spite of its faults, because these faults did not include the unforgivable one of insincerity. It may be argued, of course, that only a composer knows whether he is sincere; the answer is that only the listener knows whether his work *sounds* sincere. There can be little doubt that most of the Gloucester audience felt that Honegger had been genuinely seized by the Old Testament story, and had expressed it in terms of music as genuinely as in him lay. Distinguished work was done by the soloists—Elsie Suddaby, Margaret Balfour, and Frank Titterton.

Kodály's Psalm was almost as fiercely dissonant as 'King David.' It had the merit, however, of consistency and design, and every harshness was in the picture. The composer conducted an excellent performance. The choir overcame the considerable difficulties with that little bit to spare that makes all the difference. The trebles and altos deserve a special mark for their trying four-part wordless passage. Mr. Steuart Wilson was exactly the right choice for the solo part. The work made a very real impression.

Granville Bantock's 'The Burden of Babylon' had only a partial success. Its form was probably to blame. It consists of a long stretch for unaccompanied double choir and solo quartet, sandwiched between elaborate fanfares for brass and drums. The unaccompanied singing, being largely of the block chordal type, became monotonous; and its frequent and difficult changes of key made for uncertain intonation—which, of course, was mercilessly exposed when the instruments re-entered. Moreover, the economic side cannot be ignored in these days. A choral society (or its treasurer) will do some hard thinking before embarking on a work which, though unaccompanied, yet entails the heavy expense of a large force of brass and percussion. The 'Burden' proved to be a miscalculation, with some splendid moments.

Ethel Smyth's Mass in D was a quasi-novelty. It aroused admiration, respect, and astonishment rather than affection. To obtain from it the full measure of surprise one has to think of it, not as

having been written by a woman (Dame Ethel objects to that circumstance being considered at all) but as the product of any English composer whatever in the eighteen-nineties. It is easy to point to faults—its length, its over-indebtedness to Beethoven and in a lesser degree to Verdi, its too sustained strenuousness. But the Mass remains an indisputably vital piece of work that, having at long last obtained a measure of recognition, deserves to receive much more. Its performance was not wholly good, owing probably to the fact that Dame Ethel's conducting is many degrees below her composing.

(It is an odd thing that composers who would never dream of attempting to sing the solo part in one of their own works do not hesitate to take up the far more responsible task of conducting it. On second thoughts it is not odd: the soloist would break down, whereas the orchestra may be counted on to keep going, no matter what a conductor does.)

The small-scale novelties comprised a Motet by Basil Harwood, 'Ye choirs of New Jerusalem,' an impressive treatment for choir, orchestra, and organ of an ancient plainsong tune; a short choral work written by Sir Herbert Brewer for this year's Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, 'God within'; a group of songs by Herbert Howells, 'In Green Ways,' attractively written and deftly orchestrated, and well sung by Joan Elwes; and an orchestral work, 'The Call of the Woods,' by J. W. G. Hathaway. This was specially written for the occasion and conducted, in the composer's absence, by W. H. Reed. It proved to be a well-sounding essay, deriving a good deal from some familiar models. Dr. Hathaway's wood, in fact, is rather too obviously a *Wald*.

Among the more or less familiar chief works the best performances were of 'Gerontius' and 'The Kingdom,' directed by the composer, Verdi's 'Requiem,' and Holst's 'Two Psalms.' Elgar's Violoncello Concerto was the chief work in the Wednesday Shire Hall concert, with Beatrice Harrison as soloist. There is no more delightful feature at these Festivals than the sight of Elgar directing a few of his finest works under the ideal conditions afforded by noble architecture (the reference is not to the Shire Hall!) and moving about freely among the public—a prophet, for once in a way, honoured in his own country and among his own people.

Having spoken of the best performances, duty must be done and reference made to some bad ones. Bach's 'O Light Everlasting,' on the Wednesday morning, marked the first fall from grace. It was for the most part dull, the florid passages lacked grip and vitality, and the tempi were not well considered. Parry's 'Voces Clamantium' began the Thursday badly. The leads were not well taken up, there was some poor tuning, especially by the basses, and again the tempo was erratic. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the excellent performances of the exciting novelties had been obtained at the expense of Bach and Parry and, on the Friday, of Handel; for 'The Messiah,' despite some fine moments, sounded perfunctory as a whole. No doubt choir and conductor alike were tired. But fatigue is like fear—a natural disability which can be touched to fine issues if we can screw ourselves up to the extra pinch of endurance, as we should

to the sticking point of courage. Frankly, I thought Mr. Sumsion failed us here, especially when I recalled the very live singing of 'The Messiah' at Hereford last year.

The worst performance of the week was that of the Bach Concerto mentioned above. I have heard casual work from the London Symphony Orchestra on similar occasions, but they touched bottom here, especially in the slow movement—one of Bach's loveliest.

This brings us back to the question of inequality of standard. So intensive and comprehensive a week of music-making cannot remain at the peak throughout; but the inequalities should be less marked than they were at Gloucester. A wise man once said that there is no bad beer; some beers are merely less good than others. Similarly we ought to be able to review a Three Choirs Festival and say there were no bad performances, but that all were not equally good. This matter is far more important to-day than formerly. More and more every year the Festivals attract musicians from a distance. The motor car has thrown it open to all parts of Britain, and this year saw many visitors from Scotland; some came even from America and the Continent. From being a semi-local affair the Three Choirs meeting has become of national importance, and may soon become even international. This development is all to the good, but it brings with it responsibilities that must be faced. At present both orchestra and conductor-in-chief are overworked. Relief might easily be obtained without loss to the scheme as a whole—rather with gain. There is room in the Cathedral programmes for more a *cappella* work. There was practically none at Gloucester. It is, in fact, a reproach to the Festivals that they have paid so little heed to the revival of the Tudor and Elizabethan school of polyphonic writers. A few examples of Byrd, Weelkes, or Gibbons would provide welcome relief, would ease the strain on the orchestra, and would develop the taste and musicianship of the district. And not for the first time one felt that the Friday evening orchestral concert was a bad anti-climax. If a second Shire Hall concert is felt to be necessary, it should take the form of a really first-rate chamber concert or mixed solo recital. A tired orchestra merely going through a programme largely composed of chestnuts is of no use to anybody. And here may be permitted a grumble concerning the two new works heard at the Shire Hall. Both were played on the Friday, and at the end of a long and dilatory programme. I personally knew five critics who were staying the night in order to send a notice to their papers. Three had arranged to telegraph, and one had even booked a long-distance telephone call in order to get a notice in the Saturday papers. But the new works were heard at so late an hour that nothing could be done.

Without a doubt the week's programme is too congested; certain changes in our musical life make it desirable to lighten the cargo. In the early days of the Festivals—until a few years ago, in fact—the Three Choirs patrons depended on the annual music-making for the bulk of their musical experiences. So much was this the case that critics who attacked the Festivals about ten years ago did so mainly on the ground

of this concentration of the musical life of a large district into one week of the year. The argument was unsound, of course, because it did not take into account the many months of preparation on the part of hundreds of choral singers. A Three Choirs member of long experience probably has a bigger and better *répertoire* than any other choralist in the country. It must be admitted, however, that the great bulk of the hearers *did* look to the Festivals for their chief opportunity; and there was much to be said for making the most of the annual week by giving them full measure, pressed down and running over. To-day those same listeners can hear the best of music, excellently performed, on every day of the week by touching a switch or turning a handle. This being so, a Festival, be it Three Choirs, Leeds, or Haslemere, should now concentrate less on quantity of music than on quality of performance. It is true that huge audiences attend these gargantuan feasts, and probably they will continue to do so. But complaints are frequent, nevertheless, and it is clear that the cutting of one concert, and a slight shortening of the rest of the programmes, would ensure a less jaded audience and a fresher orchestra and choir, and would lighten the rehearsals sufficiently to allow 'The Messiah' and 'Elijah' to receive something more than the mere run-through that seems to be their present allowance.

As to 'Elijah,' one felt that a few short spells devoted specially to the words would have turned a good performance into a thrilling one. There is no apparent reason why these really admirable choral singers should not be as vivid and dramatic in their rôle as Horace Stevens is in the title-part. It would be difficult to name an important work in which the choral part has so large a proportion of intensely significant phrases, many of them sung in unison or synchronously. The Three Choirs singers are as note-perfect as Mr. Stevens. Why should they not cast aside their copies and become similarly possessed with their part? They will do this, willy-nilly, when they approach their task—as all singing should be approached—through the words rather than through the music.

There are two things about singing that astonish—or should astonish—listeners. First, that any work with a poor text should ever be performed; second, that choirs are able to sing a fine text without being obviously moved by it. No solo singer worth his salt can maintain an appearance of indifference to the magic of words. This singular power of detachment seems to be reserved for chorals. When they shed it—how rarely this happens!—they become the most electrifying of musical mediums. The glories of an orchestra are pale beside those of a body whose musical appeal is driven home by the irresistible power of splendid words. Is there a finer text than that of 'Elijah'?

Before leaving Mendelssohn's oratorio let the significant fact be stated that it drew the largest audience of the week, and that it was the only work that showed an increased attendance compared with the last Festival. This being so, we can hardly expect it to be shelved yet awhile. Nor should it be. At Gloucester it showed itself to be still a fine and vital work, in spite of the choir's failure to realise that it is also an intensely dramatic one.

Remaining points must be summarised.

Discussion of the solo singers is impossible; even a list of names would become a lengthy catalogue. It is enough to say, poster-wise, that they included the Bulk of Britain's Best. Of much good—even distinguished—work there stick in the memory most the exquisite singing of Dorothy Silk in the Evening Scene in 'The Kingdom,' the impassioned utterances of Steuart Wilson in the Kodály Psalm, and (as usual) the vivid characterisation of Horace Stevens in 'Elijah.'

In the midst of such strenuous concertising the daily Evensong, sung by the three Cathedral choirs combined, was an oasis—welcomed, it was good to see, by large congregations. The singing reached a very high standard, but it was disappointing to find persisting here some conventions that are being discarded in other Cathedrals and in many parish churches. Is it necessary to accompany every note sung by the choir, even unto the uttermost Amen? And is it not generally agreed that the prayers after the anthem should be read, not intoned? The services would have gained much from a little use of the natural voice, some unaccompanied singing, and a larger proportion of fine music in the place of some that was merely ordinary. This complaint applies also to the opening Festival service, which needed either a fine setting of the Canticles or an imposing anthem. The chanting was of the cast-iron Anglican type that pays little regard to the verbal rhythm. So good a body of singers ought to be able to achieve good chanting with very little rehearsal. The point is of considerable importance, because the Festival service is largely attended by country clergy and church choir members. They ought to hear an object-lesson instead of the stereotyped methods that they themselves are being urged to give up. It may or may not be important to sing 'King David'; it is certainly necessary to take some pains with his Psalms. Moreover, there is still a body of ecclesiastical opinion that is strongly opposed to the Three Choirs Festival, as was shown by an article in the *Church Times* recently. If the choice of music, or its performance, during the week's services conveys any suggestion that the purely church-music side of the Festival is being neglected in favour of the more exciting concerts, the case of the opposition is strengthened.

Some excellent organ-playing was heard from day to day, the bulk of it from Mr. A. J. Pritchard, the Gloucester assistant. Sir Ivor Atkins and Dr. Percy Hull did valuable work of a difficulty and importance that can never be fully realised by the audience in general. The interpolation of a Handel Organ Concerto at one of the morning concerts, with Dr. Hull as soloist, was a successful step in the direction of variety and relief. It should be followed up. There are not a few fine modern works for organ and orchestra that ought to be heard under these ideal conditions.

The sale of tickets beat the previous best by a score or so, but the collections fell off somewhat.

Socially, the Festival was as enjoyable as ever. Where so much warm-hearted hospitality was shown, one hesitates to single out an example, but this side of the affair owes so much to Mr. C. Lee Williams that his name can hardly be kept out. As usual, he and his son kept open house at College Green, and the happy family feeling that pervaded the Festival was due very largely to his hospitality,

and not less to his constant care, shown in a hundred little ways, for the comfort and happiness of visitors.

With last month's meeting, then, the Gloucester Festival began a new epoch, looking back with gratitude and affection to its late conductor as it stepped forward under his successor. That its future is safe with Mr. Sumsion nobody doubts—certainly not the present writer, who has ventured on a few criticisms and suggestions because such a juncture as the present seems to be the right time to make them. Having done what he conceives to be his duty, he returns thanks for a week so enjoyable that he is already looking forward to packing his bag for Worcester.

Occasional Notes

Until a recent article by 'Feste' drew our attention to the fact, we were unaware of the wide vogue of the mouth-organ. The July issue of the *Berliner Tageblatt Monthly Edition* contains a good deal of information concerning this humble instrument, and, having found it to be of interest, we pass some of it on to our readers.

Germany is the chief maker of mouth-organs. Here are a few of what Mr. Polly would call 'staggering statistics': The two chief makers employ six thousand workmen. In addition, there are many smaller concerns, and in Saxony the home manufacture of mouth-organs by 'cottage-workers' keeps nine thousand busy. The combined mouth-organ and accordion industry is the second largest department of musical-instrument manufacture in Germany. The average export is about fifty millions of mouth-organs and one million of accordions. What becomes of this immense output? Apparently America is the chief outside customer:

'The first case of mouth-organs sent to the U.S.A. in the sixties marked the beginning of the great development of the Trossingen mouth-organ industry. The quickly enthused Americans (who still possess the rare gift of approaching a new idea without prejudice) displayed an unexpected interest in the little mouth-organ, and within a few years the instrument was thoroughly at home in even the remotest tracts of the dollar land. The demand rose at such an extraordinary rate that the supply remained inadequate for many years in spite of the constant enlargements of the factories. It is pleasant to note that Americans have been unswervingly faithful friends of the mouth-organ to this day. Of the 50.5 million mouth-organs exported by the German harmonica industry in 1927 no less than twenty-two millions, or, roundly, 43 per cent., went to the United States.'

Apparently 'Feste,' like most musicians, under-rates the musical possibilities of the instrument. On the other hand, it is likely that the *Berliner Tageblatt* over-rates them:

'Originally a mere toy—and a torment to sensitive ears—it became a solo instrument of the highest order, and is now, in the true sense of the term, on everybody's lips. Even the

attitude of musical authorities towards the mouth-organ has undergone a radical change. A well-known music educationist in the Rhineland declared a short while ago at a meeting of music teachers, that it would be better if the whole people could play the mouth-organ than for the so-called élite to listen to the Ninth Symphony and pass out unaffected and indifferent. The last phase in the development of the mouth-organ has been its incorporation in orchestral music. After the war people suddenly discovered that the mouth-organ, owing to its cheapness and ease of manipulation, is the only instrument for the broad masses for the display of musical talent. It was also recognised that it is an excellent medium for musical instruction, capable of introducing the young quicker into the realm of music than any other instrument.'

Discussing the far-flung empire of the mouth-organ, the journal quotes an authority who becomes dithyrambic:

'The mountaineer in the German highlands whiles away his time on cool summer nights with his mouth-harp. To the taciturn Breton fisherman the little instrument is a faithful friend and companion throughout his hard life on the expanses of the Northern seas. The lazzarone of Naples in its company heeds not the scorching heat of his skies in his *dolce far niente*. The natives of Africa have been its most devoted admirers for the last thirty years. It is as familiar in the pampas of South America as in the enchanted world of India and China. To the sheep-farmer of Australia it is as indispensable as to the workers on the illimitable cotton-fields of the Mississippi basin.'

Going back for a moment to those 'cottage-workers,' we note that in the Klingenthal district there is a population of twenty thousand dependent on the industry. Tourists in these parts (we read) 'may hear the noise of tuning proceeding from nearly every house'—sufficient warning to the musical tourist in search of quiet. We shall make a wide detour in order to dodge Klingenthal!

The *Tageblatt* gives pictures of school classes and orchestras of mouth-organists. There are, we read, three thousand of such bands in Germany, and several thousands in America. Are there any in England?

An article on Württemberg's share of this truly national industry gives an account of the origin of the instrument a hundred years ago. (The centenary was celebrated in 1927 with an immense 'Hoch.') We quote from the *Tageblatt*, partly in order to show the excellent idiomatic English of the journal. (In order to appreciate this *Tageblatt* achievement, consisting of twenty-four large pages, we have to imagine—if we can—a London newspaper bringing out a similar monthly edition in fluent German):

'The rise of the Württemberg mouth-organ industry from the most primitive beginnings to an industry of world renown impresses one like a story from the Arabian fairy-tales. The founder and pioneer of the industry was a very young journeyman clothmaker, named Christian Messner, who after much laborious time-wasting experimental work carried out in the pigeon-loft

of his father's house succeeded in 1827, with the faithful help of the schoolmaster of the village, in producing the first workable mouth-organ. Why he used the pigeon-loft for his workshop is explained by the fact that his father, a very austere craft master of the old stamp, had little use for trickery of any sort, and looked with unconcealed disdain upon what he considered the silly time-wasting humbug of his offspring. Young Messner, however, was as thick-skulled as his progenitor, and fled from the domain of his always-grousing father to take refuge in the peaceful habitat of the pigeons. It was there that he made the lucky hit. As soon as he found that his mouth-harps took the fancy of the people, he chucked his job as a clothmaker and devoted all his time and energy to the more remunerative production of mouth-organs. The products of his industry he sold at country fairs and inns and to enterprising hawkers in the South of Germany.'

The *Tageblatt* contains equally enthusiastic articles on German pianoforte, harmonium, violin-strings, and organ manufacture. We end by quoting a delightfully naïve sentence from the organ article:

'From the plainest village church to the St. Peter Cathedral of Rome the notes of Walcker organs swell forth in praise of the Lord, and bear witness also of the indefatigable work of this firm of organ-builders.'

In his review of Dr. Sanford Terry's new biography of Bach in the *Sunday Times*, Mr. Ernest Newman says: '... apparently he [Dr. Terry] has in preparation what will be the first complete edition of Bach's four-part chorales.' It is only fair to point out that one of the most valuable editorial tasks fulfilled by the late H. Elliot Button was a volume issued by Novello's in 1923, entitled 'Chorales harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach, collected and arranged in melodic order.' It contained over two hundred chorales—all that are known to have been arranged in four parts by Bach. In many instances several harmonizations are given—some tunes have no fewer than nine versions—the total number of items being about four hundred. The text may be relied on, as Mr. Button collated all the available versions, and the whole collection was scrupulously compared with the versions in the volumes of the Bachgesellschaft. This fine and scholarly work was the first complete English edition. In addition to the usual indexes is one of Mr. Button's own invention—an ingenious affair by means of which the reader who knows whether a given chorale begins on a strong or weak accent, and whether its tonality is major or minor, may find it at a glance.

This Note is aimed at choirs, especially those who take part in competition festivals. Messrs. Novello will publish in mid-October a Primer entitled 'A Handbook for Choralists: Studies in Sight-Singing, Technique, and Expression,' by Harvey Grace. The work is the outcome of Mr. Grace's experiences as a choral adjudicator, and will include a number of short graded exercises for sight-singing and general

purposes, specially written by well-known judges—E. C. Bairstow, Harold Darke, T. F. Dunhill, Julius Harrison, Geoffrey Shaw—together with a number of Canons by Beethoven, of great interest and value as studies. The book will form one of Novello's Primer Series, and will cost 1s. 6d.

In our August number we dealt very frankly with some views alleged by the *Melody Maker* to be those of Lieut. W. J. Dunn, bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards. We say 'alleged,' because we have since had the pleasure of a call from Lieut. Dunn, and as a result we are persuaded that so far from acting on the policy of playing down to the taste and intelligence of the least musical members of his audiences, he maintains a standard of programme that is far better than that of most Army bands.

In the programmes recently played by him at Clacton-on-Sea, for example, there is a good leaven of first-rate music. A plebiscite programme played on September 7 consisted of the Overture to 'William Tell,' selections from 'The Desert Song' and 'Carmen,' the 'Tannhäuser' Overture, a Sullivan selection, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, and the Introduction to Act 3 of 'Lohengrin.' This not only does credit to him and his audience; it also backs up our contention that the normal holiday crowd now consists mainly of people with a taste for something better than fox-trots and the 'Policeman's Holiday' kind of thing. At most of his engagements Lieut. Dunn insists (the word is his own) on at least one classical programme being included in the scheme. In one such programme we note the inclusion of Saint-Saëns's 'Marche Héroïque,' a movement from Schubert's 'Dramatic' Symphony, the 'Danse des Bouffons' from Rimsky-Korsakov's 'The Snow Maiden,' the slow movement from Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetic' Symphony, the Finale to the same composer's fourth Symphony, Litoff's 'Maximilian Robespierre' Overture, and the 'Tannhäuser' March. Other items stretch the term 'classical' rather far, but the programme remains a good one for holiday purposes. When Lieut. Dunn told us that he insisted on the inclusion of a classical programme we naturally pointed out that his practice was far better than his precept, reminding him of what (according to the *Melody Maker*) he had said concerning the 'moral dishonesty' of a conductor forcing on the public his own views and musical standards. He agreed that we were 'one up' on that point, and admitted that the *Melody Maker* article (of which he had seen no 'proof') conveyed the misleading impression on which we had based our 'Occasional Note.' We are glad to clear up this matter, and we mention with pleasure the friendly attitude of Lieut. Dunn throughout our discussion.

We have read with interest an article entitled 'Building up Complex Emotions,' by Mr. Louis Levy, the well-known cinema musical director. Concerning 'Timbre and Emotion,' Mr. Levy mentions the combination of oboe and violoncello as 'a suitable combination for mother-love,' and goes on:

'This subject of the mood of instruments is one which lends itself to a good deal of study,

and the wise musical director can make a lot of capital out of the right use of his instruments without having any other cards up his sleeve at all. It is the best way that I know to get effect without much trouble. Here are a few suggestions:

'Violin solo: Suitable for love and romance, especially for interiors, such as drawing-rooms. For exterior love themes the muted trumpet is very effective.

"Study," such as is applicable to professors, &c., can be effectively suggested on the French horn, and if the character is at all eccentric, such as in a weird laboratory scene, the French horn should be muted.

'Of course, the evergreen trombone solo cannot be beaten for a comedy situation.

'The bassoon is peculiarly applicable to "village idiot" types.

'There have been occasions when I have used a double-bass solo. It can be most effective to describe—how shall we call them?—pontifical villains.

'Finally, the drum is the instrument for depicting suspense, as when a jury retires to consider a verdict.'

In the long run, however, the main factor is surely the music itself. The trombone may, no doubt, be used easily enough in comedy, but it is far more suitable for the heroic. The bassoon will always be associated with clowning, yet there are plenty of instances of its use as a highly expressive instrument. A drum-roll while the jury files out to consider the verdict, by all means; but the instrument will no less suitably join in the fanfare that heralds the hero's acquittal. Only in one instance do we agree with Mr. Levy, and that is in regard to the muted trumpet being reserved for 'exterior love themes'—the more exterior the better. The influence of the cinema on music is generally bad, and this system of associating orchestral instruments with the more facile emotions is specially so. The fact of its enabling the 'wise musical director' to 'get effect without much trouble' is alone enough to condemn it.

Ravel is to receive the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. at Oxford University on October 16, and will take part in a concert of his own works on the evening of the 19th at Æolian Hall, the event being the first of a series of chamber concerts arranged by the enterprising Mr. Gordon Bryan.

In our note last month on Rudolf Kircher's 'Fair Play' we mentioned his approval of the good musical work done at various London churches, among them being St. Martin-in-the-Fields. We return to the topic in order to draw attention to the arrangements for the coming season at St. Martin's. On every Saturday, at 3.15, from October to April, there will be a concert of some kind. The first three events will be a song and violoncello recital by Nicholas Naderjine and May Mukle (October 6), a violin recital by Isolde Menges (October 13), and a concert by the Civil Service Choir (October 20). On Thursday, October 25, there will be a lunch-hour recital by the German Singers now on tour in this country. The St. Martin's Choral Society will sing Brahms's

'Requiem' on November 10, and Vaughan Williams's Christmas Fantasia, Brahms's 'Alto Rhapsody,' and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia on December 15. The Society, by the way, has a few vacancies (all voices). Rehearsals are on Wednesdays at 6.30 in the Vestry Hall (Hon. Secretary, 6, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square). In addition to these Saturday music-makings, there are organ recitals on Tuesdays at 6.30. The recitalists for October are Drs. W. G. Alcock, W. H. Harris, Harold Darke, and Ernest Bullock. The conductor and general director of all these activities is Mr. Arnold Goldsbrough.

Quintet Beethoven.

(a) *Grave, Allegro non troppo.*

(b) *Andante cantabile.*

(c) *Rondo, Allegro non troppo.*

—*French concert programme.*

But for that 'non' we should fear that Tin-Pan Alley had started jazzing Beethoven.

The correspondent of a daily paper, describing a Channel swim, says:

'I have never seen a swimmer with more grit than Miss Hawke. On the way we played gramophone records to her, and I sang songs to her, but never once was she at all gloomy.'

A more than usually significant 'but'!

From a Massachusetts newspaper:

'Baritone Solo . . . "Gold is our Refuge."'

Very likely; but why make a song about it?

The Musician's Bookshelf

'Bach: A Biography.' By Charles Sanford Terry.

[Oxford University Press, 21s.]

One's first feeling concerning this book is astonishment at the undoubted fact of its being the first real biography of Bach. Spitta's volumes are invaluable, but they are not so much a life of Bach as a critical history of German music of the period, from which the details of Bach's life have to be painfully dug out. Forkel is sketchy, and all the more recent books either confine themselves to Bach's music or some department of it, or attempt the impossible task of discussing the man and his work under one cover.

Here at last is a volume which aims at being undiluted biography, and achieves its aim with success and real distinction.

The reader's second reflection will be—or should be—one of pride that this book (in its own line the crown of Bach research) is by an Englishman, and that it is appearing almost simultaneously in a German edition. The fact serves as a reminder of the honourable part played by this country in Bach literature, and above all other writers by Dr. Terry himself. It is fitting that his latest book should exhibit at its best his unusual skill in the assembling and ordering of facts.

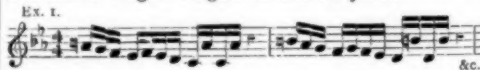
His thoroughness is staggering. Apparently he has taken nothing for granted. The old authorities have been overhauled, and new ones discovered; he has trodden the ground in the literal sense,

having visited the scenes of Bach's life, viewed the churches, houses, and other buildings with which Bach was associated; and tried—or at least examined—the organs on which he played.

Nor has he stopped at that. In the handsomest way he enables us to traverse the Bach terrain at second hand by adding to his book over seventy plates—excellent photographs and reproductions of old prints. Here we may view old Veit Bach's mill, the 'Golden Crown' Inn at Arnstadt where young John Sebastian lodged, Mülhausen as he saw it (a delightful old print), the organ gallery at Lübeck—in fact, book and plates give us a personally conducted tour in our armchairs.

The result of this happy and unusual blend of the literary and pictorial is that we see Bach the man as well as Bach the composer. Happily, this detailed and systematic survey of his life leaves him, if anything, even more securely established in the affections of his devotees. It is a wholesome thing for young musicians to discover that John Sebastian Bach was above all a perfectly normal man, with no affectations or pretensions, who did his duty as a plain citizen. It is good to read of the touch of stubbornness that enabled him to hold his own with his pastors and masters; the quality was merely another manifestation of the doggedness with which from childhood he fitted himself for his work. Somebody inquired of him, late in life, as to the secret of his mastery. 'I worked hard,' he replied; 'if you are as industrious as I was, you will be no less successful.' The reply under-estimates the part played by genius, but is a reminder of a fact familiar to all who have studied any aspect of Bach's output in chronological order. His early works show him wrestling with the technique of composition and failing often—perhaps more often than many a facile student of to-day. The nonsense so often talked about inspiration being killed by the study of severe models, the absurdity of rules and restrictions, and so forth, needs no better corrective than such a life as Bach's.

As will be gathered, Dr. Terry touches little on the music. Among his few references are one or two that may be questioned. On p. 47 he quotes a C minor Organ Fugue on this subject:



as having been written by Bach in his 'prentice days. This piece, however, is almost certainly by his son Emanuel, and is now omitted from most editions of the organ works. The decision as to its origin is arrived at on the score of style. We may say of it that had Bach written it in his early days it would have been even less good than it is; had he composed it in his maturity it would have been very different in manner.

It is difficult to agree with Dr. Terry in his statement that the subject used in the 'Art of Fugue' is based on that which Frederick the Great gave to Bach for an improvisation. He says: 'So close is the relation between the Berlin visit and Bach's treatise that the theme he selected for illustration is a shortened form of the one whose excellence he had praised to the King,' i.e., Frederick's own subject. Dr. Terry backs up his case by quoting the two subjects, putting them in the same key in order to help out the

resemblance, which still remains slight. Let us look at them in their right keys, in order to see their radical difference:

Ex. 2. (a)



Ex. 2. (b)



The 'Art of Fugue' theme clearly bears the stamp of careful structure with a view to scientific use. Musically it is far less interesting than Frederick's; on the other hand, Frederick's is obviously less suited for development. On p. 90 we read, apropos of a sight-reading hoax played on Bach by Walther, that 'Bach read full scores with equal facility, and, like Mozart, was as fluent if the separate parts were arranged around him. He preferred to read a trio or quartet in that way.' But not even a Bach or Mozart can read as fluently from separate parts as from a score; only an Argus could do that, or would prefer such a method. These details are pointed out because Dr. Terry's accuracy when facts are concerned is such as to lead readers to regard him as being equally reliable in more speculative matters.

The book is full of interesting sidelights on the life of the period. Look, for example, at the list of foods provided for Bach, Rolle, and Kuhnau on the occasion of their visit to Hallé in order to inspect and report on the new organ. At a banquet given them by the College the menu contained beef *à la mode*, pike with anchovy sauce, smoked ham, peas, potatoes, sausages and spinach, roast mutton, boiled pumpkin, fritters, candied lemon peel, preserved cherries, asparagus, lettuce, radishes, butter, and roast veal. This is the order in which the menu is given, but we may doubt whether the company returned to roast veal at the end. Cheese seems to have been taken for granted, and the silence concerning liquors must not delude us into thinking that none were provided. Far from it. Dr. Terry adds, 'Little wonder that a big blot fell on the "Bach" as the writer signed a receipt for six thalers, his fee!'

Mention of wine recalls a delightful letter written by Bach to Johann Elias Bach, acknowledging the gift of a cask of right Bavarian:

'Worthy and respected cousin,—Your letter, received yesterday, brings the good news that you and your dear wife are well, and for the delectable cask of wine that came with it accept my best thanks. Unfortunately the cask suffered a jar, or some other accident, on the journey, for on examination here it is found to be one-third empty, and contains, the *Visitor* declares, only six *kannen*. It is regrettable that the smallest drop of so noble a gift of God should be wasted, but I am none the less heartily obliged by my cousin's kind present. *Pro nunc* I am not *viement* in a position to reciprocate; still, *quod differtur non aufertur*, and I hope to find an opportunity to discharge my obligation.'

By the time he had finished the letter the frugal side of Bach came to the top, hence this postscript:

'Though my good cousin offers to send me more of the same liqueur, I must decline on account of the heavy charges at this end. The carriage was 16 gr., delivery 2 gr., *Visitor* 2 gr., provincial excise 5 gr. 3 pfg., general excise 3 gr. So my cousin may calculate that the wine cost me nearly 5 gr. a measure—a too-expensive present!'

—especially when the cask leaks and loses a third *en route*! The letter quoted above shows Bach's fondness for interlarding his correspondence with scraps of Latin and French. All his letters are so characteristic that the reader wishes there were more of them.

Bach's failure as a disciplinarian is well known and easy to understand. It was partly due to his touch of choler, but even more to the conditions under which he held office. Those Leipzig boys were no doubt a handful, and repressive measures were quite elaborate. Here are the fines for misdemeanours:

1. For losing the key or leaving it in the door ... 4 gr.
2. For failing to shut the door when the last to leave the room ... 2 gr.
3. For being sick (*qui vomitat*) ... 2 gr.
4. For swearing, loud, or improper speech 6 pf.
5. For impertinent language, in Latin or German ... 6 pf.
6. For not getting up in the morning, and missing prayers ... 3 pf.
7. For not tidying the cubicle before 10 in summer and 12 in winter ... 6 pf.

No. 3 is distinctly dear; the only one that gives a fluent youth a chance of good value is No. 5.

In closing this cursory survey of a notable book a curious omission in Dr. Terry's list of authorities must be pointed out. Concerning the organ works he mentions the Peters and Augener editions, but ignores the Novello—an oversight, no doubt. But it is unfortunate, because the Novello edition happens to be the one above all suitable for English players, inasmuch as it not only gives the whole of the Chorale Preludes arranged on an admirable system, and excellently laid out from the player's point of view; it includes also a supplementary volume in which are all the chorales used by Bach in the organ works, and an English translation of the hymn, or a portion thereof, with which the tune was associated. Apparently no other edition gives this invaluable aid to an interpretation of the Chorale Preludes, and it is a pity that a 'Life' which purports to include all authoritative collections should ignore it.

But let the last word of this review be one of warm thanks to Dr. Terry for his masterly book. He has put us heavily in his debt by former Bach volumes. They were, however, more or less written for the scholar and specialist. This 'Life' is for every Bachite—in fact, for everybody with a taste for a first-rate biography of a great man.

H. G.

'Suggestions for Musical Evenings,' by the Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Crawshaw, is a capital little guide for those who have to arrange lectures or musical evenings for a guild or study circle. There is

information worth several shillings, but the cost is—4½d., post free! (Wesley Guild Headquarters, Oxford Chambers, Leeds).

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Mention in this list neither implies nor precludes review in a future issue.]

'Enyimba Ezokutendereza Katonda' (Luganda Hymn-Book, with tunes). Pp. 368. Kampala: The Uganda Bookshop; London: S.P.C.K., 4s.

'Another Way of Music.' By Eva Ducat. Pp. 202. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.

'The Artists of the Dance: Vera Trefilova, A Study in Classicism.' By Arnold L. Haskell. Pp. 43. The British-Continental Press, Ltd., 2s.

'Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.' Selected and edited by Hans Mersmann. Translated from the German by M. M. Bozman. Pp. 278. J. M. Dent, 10s. 6d.

'Die Deklamations-Rhythmik in der vokalen Polyphonie des 16. Jahrhunderts.' By Karl Gustav Fellerer. Pp. 48. Düsseldorf: L. Schwann.

'Die Schöne Müllerin.' By Franz Valentin Dannan. Pp. 212. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

New Music

PIANOFORTE

Another of the test-pieces for the *Daily Express* contest comes for review in the present batch. Alec Rowley's 'The Rambling Sailor' (Winthrop Rogers) is a grade B test and cannot be called difficult, but requires a good deal of grip and musical judgment. Probably in this class and still more in the advanced sections the judges will find many executants well able to play the notes but who can make no sense of the music. Ireland's movement, for instance, in Grade A, needs real insight and power, and York Bowen's 'Rêverie' goes to pieces at once unless the player has authority enough to hold it firmly in his hands while he allows it the *rubato* and freedom it wants. The problem with 'The Rambling Sailor' will be to get a feeling of unity into the performance. The sections are short: there are at least four 'joins' where the interest will flag unless it is kept up with real determination—and any hesitation will make the piece sound 'loose.' There is not a great deal in it—a sprightly opening section, a contrasting middle passage reminiscent in a rather facile way of one or two shanties, and a return to the opening matter—all good-humoured and effectively written, but not in any sense distinguished music.

A long and ambitious work, rhapsodical in style, is Joseph Hathaway's 'The Call of the Woods.' It is restless, uneasy music, as the title suggests, and the effect of some of its moments is more potent than that of the work as a whole. The pianoforte writing is not always telling, and suggests that the poem was orchestrally conceived. It has that sameness of colour which characterised Vaughan Williams's 'Pastoral' Symphony, though the effect there was as restful as here it is restless; and it needs the shifting lights of good orchestration to help it. Many passages that lack point in

a pianoforte performance might come out more strongly in an orchestral version, and thus keep the interest alive.

G. O'Connor-Morris's 'Boat Song' is a cleanly-written little work, kept well under control, and not trying to say more than it can. The composer is fluent, and knows how to produce a full, luxurious sound from the instrument; his ideas are graceful in style, and the rhythmic possibilities of the 'Boat Song' are attractive. There is a very neat and effective turn into the major at the end of the piece, and all through it are the marks of careful workmanship. Augener's also send T. S. Harold's 'Dance Suite,' a work of moderate difficulty consisting of 'Bourrée,' 'A Little Minuet,' and 'Country Dance.' The dances are tuneful, and firm in design; there is a slight feeling of Edward German's works in the same style, and though not as individual as those, these dances are clean, sincere music.

No publisher's name is to be found on the pages of Edmond Schelpe's 'Impromptu.' Why this modesty? for the music is quite well printed. And it has little touches of musical feeling among its rather weak reminiscences of MacDowell. The composer writes from South Africa asking what his music 'yet lacks.' I think a good adviser would recommend a course of lessons from a first-rate teacher, but unfortunately not everyone can get lessons from a Stanford or a Holst. But anyone can give himself a steady course in classical music, playing Bach as Chopin used to do, and Beethoven and Haydn, and forsaking all the MacDowells and Chaminades, on whose work so much pianoforte music seems to be based. Study of the classical writers will lead to a dislike of the formlessness and cheapness of style which spoil this Impromptu.

Ethel Smyth used the expression 'fumbling ecstasy,' or something like it, about the tune 'Jerusalem the Golden,' and a similar description might apply to Edgar Barrett's 'Deirdre—a Celtic Lament' (Elkin). The musical matter is pretty commonplace. As with so much 'Celtic' music—and literature too—there is a fine lack of self-criticism, so that unless you vigorously abandon yourself to the creation of atmosphere and suppress all attempts to question, you are apt to be repelled. But the thing is sincere, and so commands respect; it gives itself entirely to its very obvious emotion, without stint or reserve, and it will rouse a similar emotion in its hearers—or some of them. It has atmosphere—see the beginning of the Coda—and a sense of form. Higher up in the same category as the 'Farewell' comes Sibelius's D flat Romance, which perhaps influenced it, and at the top of that class, I suppose, would be 'The Londonderry Air.' These works deal with a similar emotion, but have more reticence—in one case there has been the purification of a long existence as a folk-tune or popular melody; in the other the emotion has had to submit itself to the judgment of a very alert and stern mind. 'Deirdre' is less good than the others because it has more easily found expression, and is much less concentrated. Its underlying musical impulse would probably not have been strong enough to stand the milling through which those other works have had to go. Cyril Scott's 'Badinage,' also from Elkin, is a study in the use of the two fourths which make a seventh. It goes on and on with the same chord in different positions until the

listener is driven through boredom via irritation to fury. When one remembers some of Cyril Scott's earlier works this sort of thing is tragic.

Constant Lambert, like some other composers, has tried to use the elements of jazz for a serious subject. 'Elegiac Blues' is written in memory of Florence Mills, and there is an undoubted effect in it. But the rhythm it so largely uses is trivial in itself; it helps (with other things) the writer to express a kind of regret, half-affectionate, perhaps half-humorous, but beyond that it cannot go, and it hampers the effect of other musical appeals by its own poverty. The work is an experiment, thoroughly sincere and partly successful, but not leading anywhere or lasting long itself (Chester).

Erwin Schulhoff's Sonata No. 2 (Chester) has distinction of style, both in matter and texture, and an unusual sensitiveness to sound effects. It is modern in outlook, but clear, and the logic of its design makes it comparatively easy to follow. It has four movements, all of them moderate in length, and the work as a whole has unity. Each movement has its own qualities; perhaps the second, the Scherzo, is the most readily attractive, but the first has a very real charm in its quiet opening subject, which returns in a particularly happy way at the recapitulation. The work is thoroughly well in hand from start to finish. The result is that it is manageable from the performer's point of view, as well as the listener's. The Sonata is certainly one of the best examples of modern pianoforte music that have recently come for review.

From Rouart Lerolle come Nicolas Nabokoff's 'Shot (*sic*) Stories,' four pieces for pianoforte. The title must be a misprint, but I could wish it were not, because it opens such a delightful vista of suggestions. There is also a long Sonata by this composer. It is all very 'modern'; the right hand has nothing to do with the left, and when they do happen to harmonize, the result is trivial in the extreme. I suppose all reviewers are afraid of missing some rising genius, and failing to understand what they don't like. But one must take the risk. This music of Nicolas Nabokoff's, including the 'Shot Stories,' seems to me perfect rot. T. A.

SONGS

Blake is a difficult poet to tackle if you are one of those who like to know the meaning of what they read, because he obviously means so much more than he says, but what that more is . . . there's the question. Still more is he difficult to set, because a composer, unless he treats Blake entirely superficially, as mercifully few do, has to deal primarily with this implied but not expressed meaning. Rutland Boughton in 'Maiden's Song' (Curwen) deals straightforwardly with the words; he gets the best out of their more obvious rhythmic possibilities; his closing bars are attractive. But somehow the core of feeling in Blake's poem is not the same as that of Boughton's music—the music misses the deeper reverberations. If it caught and expressed those it would be a great song; as things are, it is only a good song, and that's an achievement. 'The Little Boy Lost,' by Herbert Howells (Oxford University Press), is a simpler poem, and its chief problem is that of

reflecting the strange atmosphere, 'vapour,' in which the poem is bathed. Howells uses a fairly ordinary device, and uses it with such skill that it does not fail of its purpose, as it very easily might have done. This is a striking little work. Boughton's other song is a setting of Drinkwater's 'Holiness,' light in texture and rhythm; an attractive little work, well suited to the words (Curwen).

From Elkin comes 'Coronach,' a song version of Edgar Barrett's pianoforte solo of the same name. It has some suitable words by Harold Boulton. 'Homing Birds,' by Cecil Baumer, is a conventional song, effective in lay-out and design, but not at all individual. Muriel Herbert's 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' (same publisher), somewhat experimental in style and rather indebted to Vaughan Williams's 'The Roadside Fire,' is yet a sincere-sounding work; there is freshness in it, and the phrases are shapely.

'Come, O thou Traveller unknown' is an arrangement of a splendid tune by Robert King (an early 18th-century composer and 'one of the royal band,' says 'Grove') to the well-known Wesley hymn. The fine swell of the melody and the fire of the poem make a striking effect; the arranger provides a firm background, but wisely does not interfere much—he lets words and tune make their own mark, which they certainly do. The range is baritone, the arranger is H. A. Chambers, the publisher is Novello. It will be a welcome change from the sacred songs that so often spoil organ recital programmes, for it is a fine thing.

Why should not a composer set 'Who is Sylvia?' if he wants to? And yet it is with surprise that one reads 'Who is Sylvia?' by Arthur K. Duff (Oxford University Press). The saving of the song is its absolute simplicity and directness. There is no attempt to be clever, or illuminate any abstruse aspect of the words that Schubert missed; the composer just sets the poem to a shapely and unaffected tune; his view is not in any way vivid or personal. Graceful is the word. 'Come away, Death,' by R. E. H. Allport, is another song dedicated to John Coates, and published by the Oxford University Press. It is less direct than the last; there is more elaboration, and the underlying structure is more commonplace. It is, in fact, very nearly cheap, if not quite so, and although the rather pretentious figuration of the accompaniment may conceal this weakness for a moment, it cannot do so for long. The work is not up to the standard of this publisher.

Two Warlock songs, 'The Lover's Maze' and 'Sigh no more, ladies' (Oxford University Press), are examples of the composer's brilliant and rather harder style. The first is charming, because so alert, and its little airs and graces are innocent, or sound so (perhaps truer to say). The second is less successful. Bars of perfectly ordinary harmony make the splashes and added notes when they appear sound unnatural. The work is not so spontaneous in effect as the previous song, and lacks the charm of that work.

Herbert Sharpe's 'The Spring' is a rather boisterous and almost bucolic setting of Barnes's poem. It is not a penetrating view of the words, but the music is good-humoured and effectively written, and the tune has shape. Cedric Sharpe's 'The Year's at the Spring' is a brilliantly written

work depending for its effect on rhythm and a fine splash of sound, rather than on any vivid insight. It would make a telling encore song for high baritone or mezzo-soprano. This composer's 'The Fairy Fiddler' is a much better work. It has atmosphere and is more individual; its quietness achieves more than the bluster of the other song. The publisher of these last numbers is Joseph Williams.

T. A.

PART-SONGS FOR FEMALE AND BOYS' VOICES

'The Handel School Song Book,' edited by J. M. Diack, contains ten pieces, some in unison and some in two parts. One or two old favourites are here—'O lovely peace' and 'Where'er you walk,' with the original words. For other pieces words by Blake, Goldsmith, and Scott have been selected. I think most people will declare that the choice is happy. I am glad to see that some, at least, of the songs touch the top G. These bold, strong airs want a well-supported, free, and flowing tone. There are hours of clear enjoyment in their preparation. The runs make fine practice. No piece is more than fairly difficult, and some are quite easy. There is something for most ages. The pianoforte edition is 2s.; the Staff, with Sol-fa, 6d. (Paterson).

P. J. Mansfield's 'Spring' (to Nash's favourite poem, set for s.s.) runs easily, with some *staccato* bits, plenty of light and shade, and a pleasant feeling of buoyancy. The music is not particularly new, and the key-scheme is rather monotonous. Havergal Brian's 'Ah, County Guy!' has simple parts (s.s.), lies in the lower middle range, and asks *pp* and *ppp* singing. It gets something of the spirit of the questioning poem, and suits fairly grown-up singers (Paxton).

MIXED-VOICE

'The Oxford Folk-Song Series' is the latest project of the energetic Oxford University Press. Dr. Whittaker is the general editor. All the pieces now to hand are S.A.T.B. arrangements, except one. Ernest Bullock treats 'The winter it is past' (a gently-flowing, very easy piece), 'With Jockey to the fair' (brisk, quick, and lilted), 'What can a lassie do wi' an auld man?' (a snappy six-eight from Scotland), and 'Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir!' (some bluff stuff about 'merry tars,' from an 18th-century ballad). E. Duncan-Rubbra takes 'My tocher's the jewel' and writes for S.S.A.T.B. (or the first soprano part may be a solo). This is 'For Hugh Mackay,' and those who know the gentle, sweetly-sad voice of the Arts League of Service tenor can tell how well it would suit him. The lower parts hum. This composer is not averse to consecutives between extreme parts, but he is discreet in other ways, such as the weight of the accompaniment. Percy Turnbull gets good, strong clangs (not clashes) of harmony in 'There was a simple maiden.' There are a few bars of doubled parts. E. L. Bainton sets one of Burns's rather artificial poems, 'Behold, my love, how green the groves,' charmingly and simply. H. E. Randerson puts a lot of changes of harmony into one bar of 'The Piper of Dundee,' and so prevents the piece from running quite so fleetly as I feel it needs to, though a good choir might get over this. Gordon Slater chooses 'Kelvin Grove,' and takes the comfortable line of solo

sopranos, with closed-lips accompaniment, in the most straightforward fashion. Gordon Jacob has made two settings of 'The Ash Grove,' one short and the other more extended—with more weaving of parts, 'ah' accompaniment, and so on. The counterpoint runs, in both, on very familiar lines. I am a little doubtful if all this folk-song arranging is quite worth while. The results are pleasant enough, but somehow most of them lack any fresh quality, anything to throw new light on the tune and illuminate its beauty. The best point is that scarcely any of the settings get in the way of the air. The business of arranging folk-tunes apparently ties you down to platitudes (so as to maintain the simplicity of the tune in its new framing), or to being clever and using the tune as a text for divagations. Some of the longer essays might aim at a sort of concentrated variation form, such as Charles Wood used once or twice very happily (Oxford University Press).

Mr. Diack has cut Handel's 'Solomon' down to about an hour, bettered the poor libretto, avoided any eight-part work, and printed the whole for 3s. I have not been able to compare this edition with the original, save from memory, and can only say that there is plenty of fine, swinging stuff here, though, of course, some of Handel's gaudy grandeur and charming pastoral music have gone. There are two parts—'The Dedication of the Temple' and 'The Wisdom of Solomon.' These could be used separately as short cantatas. Those who don't like piecemealing a great work may object, and I own that I don't readily conjure up 'Solomon' except as a big work for a pretty big choir, done in glowing colours, with some fine character-drawing (in the 'Judgment') and a delicate fancy for the purling bits. There is no reason, of course, why small choral societies, for whom this abridgement is designed, should not make of their members' voices the most clear, delicate, and strong instruments that are needed to do it justice. When you prune such a work as this, you need all the finer singing to make up for the pruning. The work in its present form will be welcomed by all, save perhaps those who, knowing it as Handel in those ripest last years wrote it (he was sixty-three), may prefer to wait until they can again renew their memories of its rolling eight-parters.

W. R. A.

ORCHESTRA

A 'Guildford Suite,' by Thomas F. Dunhill (Paxton), should appeal to conductors on the look-out for music at once tasteful and melodious, easily understood yet not lacking in distinction. It consists of six pictures on a historical or legendary background—programme music, but music not too closely tied to its programme. Not the least attractive episode describes children singing and selling flowers to the pilgrims on the way to the Shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. This seems a very fair specimen of the art of a composer who delights not in spectacular things but in freshness and simplicity. The Suite is scored for one flute, one oboe, two clarinets, one bassoon, two horns, one trumpet, harp, and strings; trombones are optional, and one player only is required for the percussion department.

F. B.

STUDIES

Léon J. Fontaine's 'Twenty Short Melodious Studies for the Violin' dealing with the positions from the second to the seventh (Paxton) seems to point to the realisation of the importance of learning early something about the high positions, for, apart from the position difficulty, they have no other serious problem for the student. This is as it should be, and one welcomes the change from the old methods whereby a student never tackled the higher positions seriously before he was able to encounter those redoubtable pedagogues—Rode and Campagnoli.

F. B.

CHAMBER MUSIC

It is interesting to see Mr. Arthur Bliss turn his skill and ingenuity to chamber music. A thorough iconoclast is often at his best when for some reason or other his zeal begins to feel that discretion is not merely a coward's virtue. Mr. Bliss's Quintet for oboe and string quartet (Oxford University Press) is still the work of a bold and enterprising spirit, but indications are not lacking of a more sedate mood than that which prevails, for instance, in some parts of the 'Colour' Symphony. The chief characteristics remain, however, the same—buoyancy, high spirits, hustle—and I much prefer the last movement (with Connelly's Jig) to the almost rhapsodic mood of the second movement. To avoid disappointment, it should be clearly understood that this is a work for oboe and strings—not merely a Quintet with an oboe part. The oboist has the lion's share, and the Quintet must stand or fall according to the skill with which that part is interpreted.

F. B.

Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

H.M.V.

Both H.M.V. and Columbia issue Mozart's E flat Symphony this month. The former recording introduces us to a new conductor, Erich Kleiber. The orchestra is the Berlin State. Comparisons between the two issues being inevitable, I say at the outset that I find the H.M.V. the clearer. This quality is so important in Mozart that it is sufficient, I think, to turn the scale. Kleiber is on the slow side in the Minuet, apparently regarding it as a dance rather than as an incipient Scherzo. He shows an admirable lightness in the Finale. In the slow movement he is over-leisurely (D1448-50).

The best thing in orchestral records this month is the set of Brahms's first Symphony, played by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Abendroth. Imperfections there are, as is inevitable in so long a work, and one with scoring on the thick side. But throughout it gives us the right feeling of size and grandeur. The Finale is particularly good (D1454-58).

The most vivid orchestral record is of a couple of movements by Manuel de Falla—the Spanish Dance from 'La Vida Breve' and the Fire-Ritual Dance from 'L'Amour Sorcier,' conducted by Piero Coppola (D1453). The clearest is of a selection from Millocker's 'The Beggar Student,' played by Karel Marek and his orchestra. The

music is a good sample of the light type. Viennese composers and players are dabsters at this sort of thing (C1528).

Another good light orchestral record is that of the New Light Symphony Orchestra (conductor anonymous) in 'Persiflage,' a rather weak piece by Francis, and Glazounov's piquant Ballet Scene, 'Marionettes' (B2754).

Two violin sonata records call for nothing but praise. Handel's A major is beautifully played by Isolde Menges and Eileen Beattie (D1371); and Grieg's C minor fares hardly less well at the hands of Marjorie Hayward and Una Bourne. I qualify the praise because I think a little more might have been done to knit the loosely-strung work together. The C minor is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of Grieg's three Violin Sonatas in this respect, but it contains more than enough delightful music to atone for its structural defects (C1388-90).

Isolde Menges is capital in the de Falla-Kreisler Spanish Dance, but is ill-advised to choose for companion piece the Brahms A flat Waltz. Are there no others of the set? This A flat (one of the weakest, surely) has been recorded so often that the discs, placed end to end (has a disc an end?), would reach from here to there (E508).

Poor tone is the only fault to be found in the pianoforte records received—Paderewski playing Chopin's F sharp major Nocturne and the Paganini-Liszt 'La Campanella' (DB1167); and Harold Samuel in Bach's A minor 'English' Suite. (The Bourrées are not included, as they were recorded a year or so ago.) The fine Prelude and the Gigue come off the best. The Sarabande suffers from want of sustained tone. I have doubts about Mr. Samuel's method of making the Gigue fill a 12-in. side; he plays it through in the usual way, with each half repeated, and then gives the whole again, without repeats. Even so jolly a movement as this may go on too long by saying its say three times over (C1405-06).

Moiseiwitsch gets off the beaten track with Palmgren's 'Rococo' (only mildly rococo) and a highly diverting piece by Ibert called 'The little white donkey' (E492).

Irene Scharrer plays Bach's 'Jesu, Joy of man's desiring' (with fine clarity and a nice balance between the chorale melody and accompaniment) and a pleasing Gavotte by Boyle, arranged by Craxton (E489). The label, by the way, describes the Gavotte as a violin solo.

Browning Mummery sings finely Frank Bridge's 'Love went a-riding' to the no less admirable accompaniment of Gerald Moore. I like him less in Denza's 'Had you but known,' chiefly because it is a poor song. In both his words are not very clear (B2756).

First-rate is Stuart Robertson in Vaughan Williams's 'Silent Noon' and Lehmann's 'Myself when young,' with diction above the average (B2755).

Inability to hear more than an occasional word spoils our enjoyment of John Brownlee's singing of two songs by Franz and Gretchaninov's 'The Dreary Steppe.'

Both choral and organ recording show an advance in Holst's Psalm 86, sung by the Philharmonic Choir, conducted by C. Kennedy Scott, with Gladys Currie and Percy Manchester as soloists. The important organ part is a great

success, and the choir comes through capably. Mr. Manchester deserves a special mark for his words. This is one of the best choral records so far made (D1375).

A couple of Walford Davies's Nursery Rhymes and Thalben-Ball's arrangement of 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' are sung by members of the Temple Church Choir. The Nursery Rhymes are delightful music, but I don't like the singing much. It is far too 'precious,' and in 'Drink to me only' there is a lachrymose touch—especially from Master Thomas Lough, I note with regret. I hope he will drop that wobble before he gets his adult voice (B2770).

I think so highly of Hugh Robertson and the Glasgow Orpheus Choir that I should like to praise their latest record. But I can't. Coleridge-Taylor's 'Summer is gone' is blurred and not well tuned. The recording may be to blame here, but in Balfour Gardiner's 'Cargoes' nobody but the conductor is responsible for the distortions brought about by unnecessary *rallentandos* and by taking the 'Spanish galleon' passage slower than the preceding verse through changing the value of the crotchet. The final phrase, 'Dirty British Coaster,' marked by the composer *molto allegro*, is sung far too slowly. For rhythm's sake, H. S. R., don't lend your authority to this kind of thing, already too common. Time's time, after all, and when a composer goes out of his way to warn us at a change from 3-4 to 4-4 that the crotchet must not change its value, it's not for the likes of us to flout him. And if he wants three or four *rallentandos* he won't be afraid to mark them (E407).

'La Bohème,' complete (or so nearly so as to make no difference), is a good successor to the 'Rigoletto' noticed last month. Again the recording has been done at La Scala, Milan, with the same conductor and an excellent cast of soloists, with the result that, as in the 'Rigoletto' set, the strong point is team work (C1513-25).

A Flonzaley recording leaves little to be said. Only in one detail does the playing of Mozart's Quartet in D (No. 8) err, it seems to me. The players are so inclined to overdo the *sforzandi*, that the movement becomes heavy, and the tone hard at times (DA947-49).

Just as these notes are being closed comes a formidable contribution to the Schubert celebrations—the two song-cycles, 'Die Winterreise,' sung by Elena Gerhardt, with Conrad von Bos at the pianoforte, and 'Die schöne Müllerin,' sung by Hans Duhan, accompanied by Ferdinand Foll. There are also a number of detached songs performed by Gerhardt and Bos—'Schlummerlied' and 'Abschied' (D1460); 'Im Frühling,' 'Der Musensohn,' and 'Das Rosenband' (D1461); 'Litanei' and the Romance from 'Rosamund' (D1462); 'Litanei' is accompanied by Paula Hegner, with violin obbligato by Marjorie Hayward; 'Fischerweise,' 'Das Fischermädchen,' and 'Geheimes' (D1459). The 'Winterreise' group is numbered D1262-64, with an odd disc—E460—giving 'Die Post' and 'Die Krähe.' The other cycle is on ten records. As the numbering is not consecutive I cannot find space for details. Nor can the records be discussed fully. It must suffice to say that those by Duhan are by far the finer. In fact, after hearing the 'Maid of the Mill' songs, I am inclined to regard these ten

records as being at least the equal of any of the numerous contributions made by the gramophone to the Schubert Centenary. The Gerhardt records, it must be confessed, show a great singer in decline. There are fine moments, and the authority and style that we look for. But voice does matter, after all, and too often there is unsteadiness and a sense of effort. The 'Litany' is, perhaps, the best of her records. The accompaniments of Bos are a delight. The great value of this batch of records is that it gives us many songs—some of Schubert's finest—that have probably not been recorded before, and that certainly are not familiar to the average listener. After an overdose of 'Hark! hark, the lark' and 'Who is Sylvia?' it is a refreshment to be able to hear these two cycles. In no other way does one get a full sense of Schubert's greatness as a song composer. When I say that his music is able to overcome my natural British antipathy to such a dose of linden trees, tears, brooklets, and a general condition of moist sensibility, I have paid it the highest of tributes. (All the same, I wish some English poet of genius would write fresh words to about two hundred of Schubert's best songs, discarding the moon-struck wanderers and lovesick younglings for more normal and companionable folk.)

COLUMBIA

A batch of four 'Rosamund' records carries on the Schubert stream. The Ballet Music is on L2125; L2124 gives us the second and third Entr'actes and the engaging 'Shepherd's Melody'; the first Entr'acte is on L2123; the pick, I think, is L2122, because it deals with less familiar material—the Overture, also known as the 'Alphonso and Estrella.' (There appears to be almost as much confusion concerning these Overtures as there is about the 'Leonora' and 'Fidelio' group.) This 'Alphonso and Estrella' piece is so attractive that it ought to be heard far more frequently in place of the over-worked Ballet Music. It is capably played by the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Harty. The Overture is, in fact, one of the best of recent orchestral records, and its companions are also excellent.

To the 'popular' dark blue label series is now added Mozart's E flat Symphony, played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Weingartner (9450-52). This opens rather dully, it seems to me. The slow movement is good. In the Minuet the wind is too loud for the strings when the latter have low notes. We ought to hear more of the quaver *arpeggio*, surely; the solid crotchet chords played by the wind dominate the situation instead of providing the harmonic background. This fault, however, is so common that audiences apparently don't mind. (Has anybody ever heard the main theme of the Finale of Beethoven's seventh Symphony, for example? It is given to the first violins alone, but struggles vainly against the *sf* chords of the full wind. Nearly all woodwind playing seems to be on the loud side nowadays, and a real *pp* bit of dialogue from these instruments is rare, although it is one of the most refreshing of orchestral effects.) The Finale gives us a good deal of the right sparkle—a capital bit of playing and recording, with the woodwind heard to advantage.

The 'Blue Danube' has had such a good innings lately that a couple of Waltzes by Waldteufel are a welcome change. They are 'Les Sirènes' and 'Les Patineurs,' and both are excellent—better than the more famous Strauss example, I think. The players are the Grenadier Guards Band (9463).

In the way of string music there are four recordings that should not be missed. Felix Salmond and Simeon Rumschisky play Grieg's Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte. When all is said as to Grieg's weakness in handling large forms the fact remains that his loosely-constructed Sonatas often make better hearing than more perfect examples, thanks to the lyric charm of his themes. Both players make the most of this quality. The eighth side of the four records is given to one of the best of Grieg's short pianoforte pieces, arranged for violoncello—'To Spring'—an effective transcription (L2137-40).

A couple of records of Lionel Tertis show him as composer of three attractive pieces: 'Serenade,' 'The Blackbird,' and 'The River.' Bracketed with them is a transcription, by the player, of Tchaikovsky's song 'None but the weary heart,' here called 'Pleading' (D1627-28).

Arthur Catterall draws on familiar material—the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance in D minor and Raff's 'Cavatina,' playing both admirably (9439). Perhaps the best of these string records is of Albert Sammons in Svensden's 'Romance,' despite some hardness of tone in *forte* passages—which may be a recording rather than a playing fault (4954). Which reminds me that in nearly all the Columbia records reviewed this month the surface is less good than usual.

A couple of choral records offer the widest possible contrast. The choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, directed by Dr. E. H. Fellowes, sings well in Attwood's 'Teach me, O Lord,' and a couple of Psalms. The chanting is good, but I am surprised to find a common misreading of the Gloria receiving such sanction—'As it was . . . and ever shall be.' Surely the point lies in 'was,' 'is now,' and 'shall be' (4922).

After these placid Anglican strains the record of the Don Cossacks Choir in three Russian folk-songs is as vodka after barley-water. Here is fierce, unbridled singing by splendid voices. One can enjoy it, despite the fact of knowing nothing about the subjects of the songs. (The labels might help by giving at least English titles.) Unfortunately, the companion piece to these wild outpourings gives us barley-water again, of an even weaker brew than Attwood and Anglican chants—a Bortniansky hymn-like anthem (or anthem hymn) of an inanity that is emphasised by the concertina swellings of the voices. There is no need to import feeble church music; our present supply is ample (9438).

Among the vocal solo records is a capital one of Miriam Licette in Mozart's 'Dove Sono' (9436). Harold Williams wastes his excellent voice on a feeble song by Dickson, 'Thanks be to God,' and seems to show by his singing that he knows how poor it is. 'To-morrow,' by Keel, is better, but not first-rate (4923).

For Schubertians there are six of the songs, four sung by Frank Titterton—'The Erl-King' and 'On the water' (9431), 'By the sea' and 'Ave Maria' (9432); and two by Roy Henderson,

'Tartarus' and 'The Sign-post' (9433). The singing in all is excellent. Mr. Titterton may be held by some to over-dramatise the latter half of 'The Erl-King,' but he certainly gets a thrill out of it. (The accompaniment, by Pouishnov, is alone worth the money.) Why does Titterton sing 'Ave Maria'? It is clearly a girl's song. And 'On the water' calls for lighter voice or treatment. Words in all six songs are creditably clear, though we miss a few. All said, these Schubert song records are to be commended, above all for their manly vocal quality and sincere style.

METROPOLE

There is little of musical importance here. The Casano Wireless Octet plays Kreisler's 'Liebeslied' Waltz and Dvorák's tenth Slavonic Dance. I wish transcribers would leave this over-played number for some of its even better companions (1053).

The Gershom Parkington Quintet draws on Schubert for the F minor 'Moment Musical,' coupling with it Mendelssohn's on 'Wings of Song.' Both are arranged by Mr. Parkington. I don't mind much what he does to the Mendelssohn song, but I object strongly to his 'improvement' of the Schubert. I still hold that nobody, be his name Godowsky or Parkington, has any right to tamper with the harmony of the original—or at all events to introduce, as Mr. Parkington does here, effects which are so entirely out of the style of the piece as to weaken and vulgarise it (1054).

The best of the batch are a couple of records of the Emory University Glee Club. They sing a negro slave song, 'Water Boy,' bracketed with a couple of really diverting quartets, 'The Mosquito' and 'The Story of a Tack' (1066). Even better are 'Go down, Moses' and the Civil War song, by a quartet, 'Ah ain't gwine study war no mo'. The unctious and relish of the singers in the latter—especially the bass—are delicious; and they have fine voices, too (1061).

Player-Piano Notes

ÆOLIAN

Duo-Art.—Harriet Cohen's performance of Bax's 'Mediterranean' (0335) heads the list this time. It is clear, full of colour, and altogether effective, though it will appeal to Bax enthusiasts rather than to the average player-pianist.

For those who care for rich fare there is Goossens's 'Folk-Tune,' No. 1 of Two Studies (0333), played by himself. For many it will be too cloying and overloaded. Goossens here joins hands (for the only time, surely!) with Cyril Scott.

Chopin's 'Brilliant Variations,' Op. 12, need more variety in power and colour than Adolph Waterman gives them, though his playing is delightfully clear. The tone is so level as to take away some of the music's interest (0332).

Leonid Kreutzer makes such labour of Bach's charming Siciliano from the Sonata in E flat that it loses much of its flowing grace (0336).

Beethoven's Polonaise in C is of slight interest musically, but Emil Sauer's playing makes the roll enjoyable (0300).

Hand-Played.—By far the best is a fine performance by John Thompson of Dohnányi's

Rhapsody in C (A1085d). This is a brilliant and effective affair.

MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose' has a simple and unaffected treatment by George McManus (A1093d).

There is an attractive Viennese Waltz No. 2 by Gaertner-Friedman, played by Ignaz Friedman. Good as the actual technique is, however, the waltz rhythm is too much in the background, even for a 'concert' waltz. Apparently the performer has little sympathy with the dance! (A1089e).

Rudolph Ganz is admirable in Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor, indulging in no more than a legitimate *rubato* (A1091f).

There is a pleasant, though not particularly interesting, 'Serenade' by Pierné, played by Robert Schmitz (A1083e).

Grieg's charming little 'Nocturne' suffers from Winifred Byrd's exaggerated 'expression.' Throughout the rhythm is destroyed by the player's sitting down on the end of every phrase. Even a piece of this dreamy type should be kept moving (A1081d).

Themodist.—Dvorák's Slavonic Dance, Op. 72, No. 10, is not a real success. It is hardly possible to avoid a stilted, pecking effect in the right-hand chord passages. There are several of these Slavonic Dances which would be far more effective, and give less trouble than this, besides having much more musical interest (T30387c).

There is a skittish, but very ordinary 'Salon Studie,' *Staccato*, by Bohm (T30391a).

Much of Hollins's organ music is so pianistic that it is not surprising to find his 'Song of Sunshine' coming off even better as a pianoforte roll than in its original form. It is most successful and very easy to manage (T30384b).

On the other hand, Walford Davies's 'Solemn Melody' is far less satisfactory on the pianoforte than on the organ or orchestra—it suffers too much from the inevitable lack of sustaining tone (T30385b).

In Myra Hess's arrangement of Bach's 'Jesu, Joy of man's desiring' (T30388b) it is difficult—in fact, impossible—to bring out the chorale melody when it occurs in an inner part. Here is a point wherein the machine must take second place to the human hand. Otherwise this is a good roll (T30388b).

BLÜTHNER

The outstanding roll is of Scriabin's 'Polonaise,' Op. 21, both by reason of its very fine performance by Walter Bonim and for its musical interest. Here is something for the listener who likes music served up with warmth and passion. A notable feature on the playing side is the clear and effective pedalling (59,825).

There is a placid and charming 'Sicilienne' by Gabriel Fauré, played at his usual high standard by the composer—a typical Fauré roll (55,916).

The two Chopin rolls, Mazurka, Op. 30, No. 4, played by Alfred Hoelm (55,779), and Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, played by Joseph Sliwinski (55,782), are only moderately good. The Mazurka is not one of the most interesting, and Hoelm does nothing to make us forget the fact; moreover, his pedalling is blurred in places. The Nocturne is better in every way, though Sliwinski is over-leisurely.

The Beethoven 'Bagatelles' vary considerably in interest. Three of the best, Nos. 4-6, are capitably played by Felix Wernow (58,408).

How unexpectedly well some of Mendelssohn's pianoforte music wears is shown by Josef Hofmann in his playing of the little Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2. This is delightful and effective (56,940).

Gabriel Pierné's playing of his 'Pastorale Variée' shows it in the most favourable light, but the theme is hardly strong enough to maintain the interest over so long a stretch. The composer has hung a little too much on a somewhat slender peg (57,107).

Felix Gieseeking plays Rubinstein's wistful 'Die Thräne' with plenty of sympathy, and with an application of the principle of *rubato* that makes his performance a good lesson in this respect (59,423).

There is an adequate arrangement of the 'Death of Isolde' from 'Tristan and Isolde,' well played by Julius Prewer. It is more effective than most rolls of this type (54,867).

The following rolls are a selection heard apart from the usual monthly list.

Most attractive is MacDowell's 'Improvisation.' Charlton Keith's gradation of tone-power in this is particularly good, and the playing throughout excellent in its clarity (50,850).

It is interesting to contrast Bertrand Roth's playing of Grieg's 'Nocturne' with that of Winifred Byrd mentioned above. Roth's playing is highly expressive, and he maintains the gently-flowing movement on which the charm of the piece depends so much (55,984). Another roll of the 'Nocturne' was issued some time ago, played by Gustav Riemann (52,056), whose performance is, perhaps, even better. He adopts a slightly slower pace, and shows just a shade more depth of feeling.

The varying moods of Mengelberg's 'Barcarole' are well displayed by Elly Ney. There is plenty of contrast, and a fine virility about her playing (51,047).

For sheer virtuosity the palm goes to M. G. Leschetitzky's playing of Leschetitzky's 'Barcarola,' Op. 39, No. 1 (51,528). The clarity of the rapid passages in thirds is remarkable. This is a most attractive roll.

There is also a good sample of the old style of *salon* music in Sally Liebling's 'Valse de Concert,' played by the composer with due éclat (52,056).

D. G.

Teachers' Department

EASY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Two books of pieces suitable for elementary pupils come from Elkin. Arthur Baynon, in the six little pieces under the title 'A Summer Garland,' writes pleasantly and tunefully, if somewhat conventionally. More fresh are Alan Gordon's 'London Pieces'—nine attractive little numbers under such titles as 'The Horse Guards' (a quick march), 'St. Martin-in-the-Fields' (a bright little bell-like piece), 'The Berkeley Ball' (waltz time), &c. Two other albums from the same publishers are rather more difficult. 'A Fairy Story' in seven chapters, by Frederick Nicholls, is likely to make an easy appeal to young people (Elementary-Lower). The music makes few demands on finger technique, and mostly calls for expressive playing. Some of the pieces should prove helpful rhythmically. 'A Book of Dances,'

(Continued on page 919)

dim. *p* rit.

gate, . . . Built in Je - ru - sa - lem's wall. . . .

dim. *p* rit.

gate, . . . Built in Je - ru - sa - lem's wall. . . .

dim. *p* rit.

gate, . . . Built in Je - ru - sa - lem's wall. . .

dim. *p* rit.

gate, . . . Built in Je - ru - sa - lem's wall. . . .

dim. *p* rit.

Eng - land! a - wake! a - wake! a - wake! Je -

dim. *p* rit.

Eng - land! a - wake! a - wake! a - wake! Je -

Eng - land! a - wake! a - wake! a - wake! Je - ru - - sa - lem thy

Eng - - - land! a - wake! a - wake! Je -

(2)

ru - sa - lem . . thy sis - ter calls! Why wilt thou sleep the

ru - sa - lem thy sis - ter calls! . . . Why wilt thou sleep . . the sleep . . of

sis - ter calls! . . . Why wilt thou sleep . . the sleep . . of

ru - sa - lem . . thy sis - ter calls! . . . Why wilt thou sleep the

sleep of death, And close her from thy an - - cient

death, . . . And close her from . . . thy an - - - - - cient

death, . . . And close her from . . . thy an - - - - - cient

sleep of death, . . And close her from thy an - - - - - cient

Poco più tranquillo

walls? Thy hills . . and val - - leys felt.. her.. feet . .

walls? Thy hills . . and val - - leys felt.. her.. feet . .

walls? Thy hills . . and val - - leys felt.. her.. feet . .

walls? Thy val - - leys felt her feet

Poco più tranquillo

pp

mp poco cres.

Gent - ly up - on their bosoms move: Thy gates . . be - held . . sweet

mp poco cres.

Gent - ly up - on their bosoms move: . . . Thy gates . . be - held . . sweet

mp poco cres.

Gent - ly up - on their bo - soms move: Thy gates . . be - held . . sweet

mp poco cres.

Gent - ly up - on their bosoms move: . . . Thy gates be - held . . sweet

mp poco cres.

dim.

Zi - on's ways: . . Then was a time . . of joy . . . and

dim.

Zi - on's ways: . . Then was a time . . of joy . . . and

dim.

Zi - on's ways: . . Then was a time . . of joy . . . and

dim.

Zi - on's ways: . . Then was a time . . of joy . . . and

Tempo 1mo. *pp* *mf*

love. . . And now . . the time re - turns a - gain: Our

pp *mf*

love. . . And now the time re - turns a - gain: Our

pp *mf*

love. . . And now the time re - turns a - gain: Our

pp *mf*

love. . . And now the time . . re - turns a - gain: Our

Tempo 1mo. *pp* *mf*

souls ex-ult, . . . and Lon - don's towers Re - ceive . . the Lamb . . of

souls . . ex-ult, and Lon - don's towers Re - ceive . . the Lamb . . of

souls . . ex-ult, and Lon - don's towers Re - ceive . . the Lamb . . of

souls . . ex-ult, and Lon - don's towers Re - ceive the Lamb . . of

God to dwell . . In Eng - land's green and plea - - sant bowers.

God . . to dwell . . In Eng - land's green and plea - - sant bowers.

God . . to dwell . . In Eng - land's green and plea - - sant bowers.

God . . to dwell . . In Eng - land's green and plea - - sant bowers.

(Continued from page 912.)

by George F. Dodds, will appeal to boys and girls alike. There are four of them—Hornpipe, Minuet, Gavotte, and Jig. They are well-written, with the interest equally divided between the two hands, and will help in developing finger technique and hand independence (Lower-Higher).

Some good, though not exceptionally striking, work by well-known writers of educational music comes from Paxton. Harry Farjeon provides two further sets of 'Contrasts.' No. 3 (Elementary) contains 'In the Steppes' (mostly in two-part writing and built up on three- and five-bar phrases) and 'At the Fair' (a brief, vigorous *allegro giocoso*). In No. 4, a charming little piece for *cantabile* playing—'In the Meadows'—is coupled with 'A Plaintive Waltz,' which contains some interesting touches in both melody and harmony (Higher). Thomas F. Dunhill's 'The Pied Piper' contains six pieces, well varied in style, but most of them calling for neat, fluent finger-work (Lower-Higher). Suitable for the same grade is E. Markham Lee's suite of four pieces, 'The Land of Make-Believe.' Their titles are: 'Frolic of the Elves,' 'The Court of the Fairy Queen' (a stately dance), 'Ghosts and Shadows,' and 'Moonlight Revels' (a graceful *allegretto* in 3-4 time). J. Stuart Archer's 'Gigue' is a fluently-written piece in 12-8 time, mainly in two-part writing, which would make a capital study for the development of hand independence (Intermediate).

G. G.

In our review last month of Book 6 of 'The Hundred Best Short Classics,' we said it was the end of the series. This was a slip, which we regret. Book 7, the final number, has just been issued. It contains a capital selection from Bach (1), Brahms (4), Schumann (3), and Chopin (5). Patersons are the publishers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Questions must be of general musical interest. They must be stated simply and briefly, and if several are sent, each must be written on a separate slip. Our 'Answers to Correspondents' Column closes on the 14th of the month. We cannot undertake to reply by post.

L. P.—There are several versions of the story and origin of Haydn's 'Farewell' Symphony. That generally accepted is told by Michel Brenet in her life of Haydn (Oxford University Press). The Symphony was written as a hint to Prince Esterhazy that Haydn and the orchestra were tired of being kept at the Prince's Hungarian palace, and wished to return to their homes at Vienna. It is on ordinary lines until the Finale (save for its key, the unusual one of F sharp minor, with F sharp major for the Adagio). 'After about a hundred bars [we quote from Michel Brenet] all the instruments stopped suddenly, on the dominant; when a return to the principal key was expected, a fragment of the Adagio reappeared interwoven with a new theme soon divided into four parts for violins. In another moment the second horn and the first oboe blew out the candles of their music-stands and quietly left the hall. The bassoon, silent until then, seemed to try to replace them, and twice, in unison with the second violin, began the first notes of the original motif; but, immediately abandoning his part, he disappeared in his turn. Gradually all the lights were extinguished, and all the musicians stole away, until the Prince's favourite, Tomasini, the first violin, and a second violin, were left alone at their posts in the semi-darkness. Very sadly, with muted instruments, their last accents seemed to fade away in the night, and Haydn, alone at his desk, was preparing,

not without anxiety, to go out too, when Nicolas Esterhazy called him and announced that he had understood the musicians' request, and that they might leave next day.' The Finale was revived in December, 1918, in Queen's Hall, at a concert of humorous music organized by Sir Landon Ronald. It was performed with the original effects of blown-out candles, &c., and proved to be one of the most effective items in the programme. Sir Frederic Cowen conducted it.

TRELAWNEY.—In Bach's cantata, 'The Heavens shout,' at the change from Adagio to Allegro there should be no break. Regard the Allegro as beginning with the word 'Holy,' so that the preceding semiquavers make the eighth beat of the last Adagio bar. The pace should be doubled at the change, the two quavers with which the altos enter being equal to the semiquavers of the soprano entry:

Ex. 1. The Ho-ly One to heav'n now
Adagio. Allegro.

a . cre rest . eth. (ALTO.) The

The passage is awkward as set out, but would be quite simple if Bach had halved the bars of the Adagio, using the crotchet as the unit. You ask about the pace. We prefer to give no metronome mark. There is only one pace to decide—that of the Allegro, the Adagio being the same speed halved. The semiquaver runs in the Allegro are the deciding factor; the pace at which your choir can sing them clearly (and brilliantly, as befits the text) is the pace for the whole movement.

A.R.C.O.—(1.) Let your opening voluntary be about three minutes long, so timed as to last during the entry of the choir. So much for duration. You ask as to character. Obviously it should be on the quiet side, but as you say that the bells are heard in the building, it must not be too quiet. Range from *mp* to *mf* until choir are in their places, by which time the bells will have ceased from troubling; then end *p* or *pp*. Don't improvise, if you have no gift that way. (But only one improviser out of a hundred knows that he hasn't, really.) There are hundreds of excellent short pieces suitable. As to the end of the service: play quietly while the choir are going out—if their walk must be accompanied; but need it be? Anyway, don't burst at once into somebody's Festive March while folk are still at their devotions. (2.) For a student compelled to work without a teacher, we should advise Alcock's 'The Organ' to follow Stainer, plus the shorter works of Bach (not forgetting the Chorale Preludes, including those for manuals only) and Rheinberger's Monologues, Characteristic Pieces, Meditations, and the two sets of Trios. (All from Novello.)

E. O. G.—(1.) The standard book on Parry is C. L. Graves's 'Hubert Parry: His Life and Works,' published in 1926 (Macmillan). (2.) The book by Parry to which you refer has not yet been published. It occupied him during the later years of his life, and bore the title 'Instinct and Character.' According to Mr. Graves, the decision against publication was based on the grounds that 'the work dealt with many departments of human knowledge, and particularly science, on lines which did not represent the latest and most authoritative pronouncements of expert investigators; that the upheaval of the War and its results and lessons inevitably laid many of his conclusions and speculations open to challenge and controversy; and that to publish the book, as it stood, would not redound in the main to the author's repute.' There are, however, 'splendid things in it,' and Mr. Graves's biography quotes liberally from it. Typewritten copies of 'Instinct and Character' are in the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Royal College of Music, and the Cambridge University Libraries.

G. W. S.—We do not know Parry's Scherzo in F for the organ, and so cannot discuss the cadence with certainty. But if, as you say, the key of the subdominant is used for a long time towards the end, followed by an abrupt return to the tonic for the close, it certainly seems to be an error of judgment. We know the uncomfortable feeling that results. The subdominant having been so strongly established, the final cadence has a dominant rather than a tonic effect. We recall a similar miscalculation in Best's otherwise admirable Fugue in E, where towards the end the key of A persists, without being balanced by a sufficiently long stretch of E afterwards.

M. E. W.—The method of finger-substitution is less employed in organ playing to-day than formerly. It has its place in organ technique, but was often overdone, the result being monotonous and sticky. Although the mechanisms of organ and pianoforte touch differ, the present-day tendency is to finger on the organ pretty much as on the pianoforte. This makes for greater freedom, and also helps the phrasing and variety of touch. The old school of organ playing made less use of *staccato* and *mezzo-staccato* than is now usual. The advice you have received as to the application of your pianoforte method to your organ work is sound.

A. J. T.—What kind of post do you wish to obtain? As you refer to the advisability of joining a union, we presume you aspire to be an orchestral pianist. The diplomas you have gained, though good so far as they go, would not be of much use in this connection. You must get your L.R.A.M., and meanwhile give up the idea of any post worth having. There are far too many well-equipped musicians waiting for them; you are still in the early stages of study.

ALPHA.—In the Allegretto of Beethoven's Sonata in E, Op. 14, No. 1, the bar is the unit. Hence the metronome markings you quote $\text{♩} = 84$ and $\text{♩} = 64$. You think they are wrong, because they imply a crotchet rate of 252 and 192, which you say cannot be the case in a movement marked *Allegretto*. But the term applies to the bar. Don't think in crotchets, but in bars. Beethoven's notation is misleading—unless one thinks a bit!

V. W. T.—Having done the Lenten cantatas you name, you might well try Charles Wood's 'Passion according to St. Mark' (Faith Press). Concerning your other question, we are posting to you a booklet giving particulars of such works published by Novello. Make a list of those that seem likely to suit your needs, and ask Novello's to send them on approval. You may then keep them for a fortnight and choose at your leisure.

J. S. is anxious for information respecting a 'Colour System' of music-teaching. Erica Losh's 'Rainbow' (Novello) uses a colour scheme in linking staff and keyboard. The book is entirely elementary, and refers only to beginners. It is possible that J. S. may find in it the system which she seeks.—E. F.

T. L. J.—Any or all of the works of Rheinberger (twenty Sonatas and about a hundred short pieces); many pieces by John E. West; the best of Merkel, Guilman, Dubois; all Franck; Vierne's 'Twenty-four pieces in Free Style'; Chorale Preludes by Parry, Darke, West, and many others. All the works named can be had from Novello's.

E. B. B.—(1.) Breitkopf & Härtel publish a complete edition of Beethoven, but a good many of the works are probably out of print. Write to Novello's concerning any work you require, and they will obtain it, if it is to be had. (2.) In Beethoven's Solemn Mass the chorus should undoubtedly enter at 'Pleni sunt,' although the previous *sofi* indication is not contradicted. The point is evidently an oversight.

IDYLL.—For your study of MacDowell take Lawrence Gilman's 'Edward MacDowell' (John Lane) and/or John F. Porte's book of the same title (Kegan Paul).

C. H.—Your question about matriculation at London University should be addressed to the authorities of that institution.

J. R.—(1.) Some of the pianoforte works of Arnold Bax would probably meet your needs (Murdoch). Write to Chester's for a list of their recent pianoforte issues. (2.) Try the Pianoforte Sonata by Benjamin Dale, and Karg-Elert's Sonata in F sharp minor (both from Novello). (3.) We cannot undertake the analysis you ask for, even if we had a copy of the Sonata—which we haven't. The composer is not yet 'in the forefront of British musicians.' (4.) Nor can we compare the Sonatas of Albeniz and Scriabin 'from an intellectual, pianistic, and attractive standpoint.' The task calls for more time and space than we can spare. Sorry!

C CLEF.—Works for two violoncellos and pianoforte: Barcarolle, Reuschel, 2s. 6d.; 'Adieu,' Schubert, 2s., and Six Caprices de Concert, 3s. 6d.; Theme and Variations, Thierot, 3s.; Adagio in G, Grimm, 2s.; Concerto in E minor, Kleugel, 5s. 4d.; Concertino, Romberg, 4s. (All from Novello.) We have given the prices at your request, and we see the reasonableness of your suggestion that our review columns should always state the cost. But space is a consideration, and moreover complications in regard to the rate of exchange make prices of foreign music fluctuate. However, we will see what can be done.

E. W.—The degrees and diplomas accepted by the Teachers' Registration Council are: Mus. Doc., Mus. Bac., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., A.R.M.C.M., and F.R.C.O.; or, as an alternative, attendance as a whole-time student for three years, or as a part-time student for five years, at certain approved institutions, among them being R.A.M., R.C.M., T.C.M., London, Inc.L.A.M., G.S.M., and the Royal Manchester C.M. If you want further particulars, write to the Secretary, Teachers' Registration Council, 47, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

W. L. (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—(1.) We believe publishers of dance music and 'song hits' are prepared to provide harmony and other trimmings if the words and tune strike them favourably. So you might try. (2.) If the publisher accepts your work he will offer to buy it outright, or to pay you a royalty. The latter arrangement is fairer to both parties. (3.) You pay nothing to the publisher in either case—unless he is of the shark variety, in which case give him a wide berth. No reputable publisher asks a composer for money.

D. A. V.—(1.) We know of no edition of 'The Messiah' a semitone lower than the usual pitch. (2.) The tune 'O Sanctissima' appears in 'Church Hymns' (No. 38), and doubtless in many other collections. We cannot trace the song 'Croppies lie down.'

S. E. H.—We do not know who publishes John Hughes's hymn-tune 'Cwm Rhondda,' nor does it appear in various hymnals we have consulted (including one Welsh book).

LIBER.—For a child just starting, take Francesco Berger's 'First Steps at the Pianoforte' (Novello, 4s.).

G. P. M.—The degree is of little worth in this country. Leave it alone!

Where can lantern slides dealing with the life of Schubert be obtained? Mr. Frank Bevers, West Park Grove, Healey, Batley, York, will be grateful for information.

The annual Report of the Village, Country Town, and School Concerts Society shows that this valuable organization has made continued progress since its inception in 1919. About fifty tours are arranged each season, the concerts numbering about five hundred. Co-operation with local choirs and orchestras is gladly made when possible. Warm approval of the scheme is expressed in a letter from the Duchess of Atholl, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. Full particulars as to the means of obtaining a visit from the Society's concert party are to be had from the hon. secretaries, Miss Paget, 20, Clarendon Road, W.11, and the Rev. Walpole E. Sealy, Fonthill, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Church and Organ Music

HYMN-TUNE ACCOMPANIMENT

By CORBETT SUMSION

The responsibility for the standard of congregational singing lies with the organist, not as choirmaster but as organist. It is agreed on all hands that generations of organists have conspicuously failed in this simple task, and the odds are that the failure is due to lack of interest in the business. The first duty of every organist is to assert himself at his instrument. He should realise that a martinet nature is essential if he is to impose his views on others, and that although he will constantly be up against other opinions, he is the musical cock of the walk. With a full organ he can defy the parish. If it happens, as it is certain to do sooner or later, that he falls out with his vicar, he may fitly take a leaf from Wesley's book—Wesley, who, when reproached by a certain precentor for taking an anthem which he detested at such a pace that the choir never even started, retorted: 'I, Sir, am at the head of my profession. You, Sir, are nobody.'

The average congregation consists of two types—the perfunctory singer, who drags from sheer boredom, and the fervent singer, who drags from an excess of emotion. With this material the organist must do what he can. With his choristers he can overcome rhythmic difficulties by marching them round the practice-room whilst singing; and, if this device fails, stubbornness may yield to the rhythm of the cane. I think the whole congregation might with advantage join in the periodical perambulations of their parish church which they now leave to the clergy and choir. These latter indulge in a kind of eastern shuffle which directly militates against good rhythmic singing, and might well be quickened into a march. Is not the Church militant? Perhaps, however, in these shifting times, we had better leave the congregation safely pewed, and leave the organist to do what he may with other means.

One essential is bold phrasing; a second is to use plenty of organ and be hanged to the expression marks; and a third is to bring into effect such latent musicianship as a man may boast, let the people sing in unison, and himself improvise variations at his instrument. Nothing, in my experience, is better calculated to supply the apathetic pew-holders with that fillip which they lack. From an artistic point of view this seems to me the fittest method, and far preferable to the use of descant, in that the tune remains paramount. It is beyond dispute that when a composer sets himself to interpret the words of a hymn in terms of music, his concern is the tune. The remaining voice parts are the merest padding, and added in conformity to custom. The tune, therefore, I maintain, should retain its supremacy at all costs.

Now the organist will be faced by a great number of tunes which do not lend themselves to alternative treatment. Some hymns seem to be very complete as they stand, and the lily needs no painting. Other tunes, the product of persons with no musical education whatever, flaunt a poverty which no amount of skill and effort may hide. At the moment, however, the majority of organists have allowed their discretion to outrun their enterprise, and are content with a prim reproduction of the four voice parts. I realise that many an organist

whose flesh may be willing enough to perform variations will be brought up short by his intellectual inability to weave them. That the art of improvisation is at a desperately low ebb is evidenced by those preliminary meanderings which, being without form and void, herald with a certain historic appropriateness the commencement of worship; and again in the starveling phenomena which pass current as accompaniments to Creeds and Paternosters. The less said about both the better.

For those who need outside assistance, there are already published a few volumes of alternative accompaniments to certain well-known tunes. That these publications are few must be attributed to the failure of the profession to buy. If this is due to apathy, then one can look with some eagerness to the projected School of Church Music. If it be due to parsimony, then perhaps arrangements might be made with one of the tobacco combines for an issue of appropriate cigarette cards. They would do no more harm than others I have seen, and might concentrate the pewholder's attention on a reform which is overdue, and to a musical bankruptcy in organists which is something of a scandal. But he must never learn how many men with half the alphabet after their name depend on a series of semibreve chords devised by Stainer to carry them safely through the ordeal of accompanying the Apostles' Creed.

CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF ORGANISTS' ASSOCIATIONS

By W. A. ROBERTS

The Congress was this year held at Lancaster, August 27-30, and the various meetings were full of interest and incident, the social arrangements of this annual reunion of friends and kindred spirits being a delightful feature. Numbering a hundred and fifty, the visitors were personally welcomed and hospitably entertained by the Mayor and Mayoress, Councillor and Mrs. Parr, in the Town Hall. The reception was followed by a concert in Ashton Hall, the programme including choice choral items contributed by Mr. Aldous's well-known Lancaster choir, and solos on the Norman & Beard organ by Dr. Reginald Dixon, who is practically the Borough Organist, although such an appointment remains to be officially created. Several songs were sung by a boy-soprano, Fred Firth, the 'Morecambe nightingale,' who has a beautiful voice which he uses with rare expression.

If space permitted, a reference in terms of high appreciation would be due to the singing of the Aldous Choir of seventy mixed voices, especially in Fanning's eight-part 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps,' Elgar's three-part 'As torrents in summer,' Bach's five-part chorus 'The Heavens shout,' and Brahms's 'A Song of Destiny,' to which an organ accompaniment was admirably played by Dr. Dixon.

On the following morning Sir Hamilton Harty took the chair at the annual general meeting held in the banqueting room of the Town Hall. There was a large attendance of members and friends, to whom the Mayor of Lancaster conveyed a cordial welcome.

The subsequent formal business was expeditiously dealt with, for Sir Hamilton wastes no time. In his Report, the hon. secretary, Mr. John Brook, stated that there are now thirty-six Associations in the Union, representing three thousand members. The Executive had in hand two important schemes—viz., the application for a charter of incorporation, which would give the Association a legal status, and the formation of a Benevolent Fund. Both schemes were far-reaching and of great significance. As regards the incorporation, all that is now lacking is the sanction of the Board of

Trade to the scheme which the delegates have already approved. The new title will be 'The Incorporated Association of Organists,' with a sub-title, 'The Organists' Fellowship.' Full particulars will be published after receipt of the official sanction. Some unavoidable delay had arisen owing to the serious illness of Mr. G. H. Hirst, of Dewsbury, the Association's legal adviser and staunch friend. It was heard with satisfaction that Mr. Hirst is now well on the way to recovery.

The hon. treasurer, Mr. John Hodgkinson (Liverpool), reported a credit balance of £87, and his financial statement showed the economy practised in expenditure, which is cut down to a minimum.

On the motion of Mr. Lumsden (Edinburgh), a highly esteemed Scottish representative, Sir Hamilton Harty was with acclamation re-appointed President for the ensuing year, Mr. Brook hon. secretary, and Mr. Hodgkinson hon. treasurer, with Mr. Ormrod (Southport) and Mr. R. Mason (Liverpool) as auditors.

Well-merited allusion was made to the success of the *Quarterly Record* since Mr. J. Percy Baker assumed the editorship. On the invitation conveyed and voiced by Mr. Moore, Hull was selected as the place for next year's Congress. Peterborough was also mentioned, but after discussion, and especially after hearing a few words from Mr. S. W. Pilling, Hull was chosen. The Torquay Corporation was thanked for officially inviting the Conference to Torquay in 1930, a cordial invitation which was provisionally accepted. On the suggestion of Dr. Dixon it was decided that next year's meetings should cover the week-end, so as to include a service on the Sunday.

In the afternoon Dr. Prendergast, of Winchester, presided, and an address was given by Sir Hamilton Harty on 'The Discouragement of Music in England.' He contended that music in this country was discouraged by lack of the financial support given in other countries, that our musicians were not protected from unfair subsidised competition from foreign sources, and that the quality of the music by our native composers suffered from an absence of generous national consideration and support. Sir Hamilton said the problem was one that had nothing to do with narrow, internal dividing lines, and urged that a society of the size and importance of the National Union of Organists should not confine itself entirely to matters of limited interest, but should try to influence a wider field. It had already a membership of three thousand, was represented in the important centres of music, and included in its ranks the names of many very distinguished musicians. The general development of interest in music during recent years had made it impossible for organists to remain merely specialists in their own particular branch of music. His object in discussing the problem was to suggest means by which the corporate opinion of the members could be ascertained, and used as a lever to help forward certain reforms.

Speaking with great earnestness, as a 'British musician with an Irish accent,' Sir Hamilton said the policy of musicians must be one of aggression. Music must be made a new thing in the lives of the people, and be provided at a nominal cost. The Association of Organists should sound a more militant note. He confessed that he saw nothing grotesque in the adoption of trade-union methods by the profession. Though he wished to speak most temperately and with the utmost fairness, Sir Hamilton said he could not disguise from himself that he was making an attack on the national attitude towards music—an attitude which was scandalously unpatriotic, even if it were unconsciously so.

Music was an art that could not develop or progress without support and encouragement, and it would be hypocritical to pretend that English music could compete with the music of other countries unless it received an equal amount of support, either from the State or from groups of wealthy individuals, as in America.

They experienced a complete absence of organized support. England was the only civilized country of which this could be said. So far as an abstract love of music was concerned, he believed the British were as musical as others, but without a definite financial encouragement of music, he could not see how they would become a nation as truly represented in music as any of the other great nations.

There was too much free trade in this country's attitude towards music. England imagined that by throwing its gates wide open to the world it could provide itself with all that was best in the world's music. There was a catchword, 'Art knows no boundaries,' but that was not true of the English art of music. It knew too many.

It was best to be honest and contrast the amount of foreign music and musicians, and foreign musical propaganda, with the tepid welcome extended to British music and musicians in foreign countries. If they believed that music was a beautiful and noble art, it was their duty as a great nation to cultivate it and encourage it by every means in their power. Good music was a thing that could never show a commercially satisfactory return. To put it brutally, they were merely posing as a great musical nation so long as it did not cost them anything.

Musicians who looked for help from the State were not optimistic, as the attitude of statesmen to music was one of cynical indifference, combined with ignorance. In their legislation they had placed good music on the same level as cinemas and football matches, and had handicapped concerts with a tax that had crippled the efforts of large organizations and put out of action smaller societies.

Limited and inadequate as it was, municipal enterprise still represented the only thing which bore the faintest resemblance to State interest. Surely something could be done there. The municipal candidate who added a small musical plank to his manifesto would not be looked upon as entirely quixotic and visionary. Musicians should organize themselves as a voting power, and insist on candidates taking some interest in their work.

Sir Hamilton concluded his stirring address, which was that of a born leader as well as a fine musician, by saying that a revolutionary change in our national attitude such as his audience knew to be necessary, would come, as other revolutions had come, from the masses. It would come only when they had stirred the imagination of the people themselves, and had made them realise what was really meant and intended by a musical England.

In the debate which followed several good impromptu speakers were heard. Mr. Percy Baker said the address was a call to action, which should lead to something practical. They must look at the forces arrayed against them. All musicians looked upon music as a part of their lives, as a thing which had moulded their character, but that was not the view of the nation. To Englishmen, speaking generally, music was not a part of life, but a thing aside. The music heard on the gramophone and wireless merely trickled through the head. It was the wall of ignorance and indifference towards music which was the greatest obstacle they had to surmount.

Mr. Harold Dawber said that the difficulty they had to contend with, as regards corporations, was that these were composed of so-called business men, who would not encourage anything unless they could see some financial return. Pictures in art galleries were tangible investments, but there was no visible return or profit on money spent on music. How best to encourage works by native composers was another problem which, as regards organ music, Mr. J. A. Meale thought would be solved if organists would play more music by our native composers. We were too prone to neglect our own goods. Mr. Milner thought the way of salvation lay in the schools and the children.

In the afternoon visits were paid to the Castle and to Messrs. Shrigley & Hunt's stained-glass works, where the various processes were followed with keen attention. This beautiful and skilled art-work is an industry of which the town may well be proud. In the evening two musical recitals were attended, the first being given in the 15th-century Parish Church and the second in the handsome Roman Catholic Cathedral. At the Parish Church some excellent singing was heard from the choir of twenty-four boys and twelve men, whose training and quality were especially shown in Walmisley's 'Not unto us.' Mr. N. S. Wallbank, an able player who is shortly leaving Lancaster for Hull, displayed the organ, a Harrison rebuild (as yet incomplete), in some Bach and Mozart. At the second recital, in the R.C. Cathedral, where Dr. Reginald Dixon is choir-master and organist, the excellent choir of men and boys sang Byrd's Motet, 'Sacerdotes Domini,' movements from Dixon's Mass of St. Wulstan, and examples of plainsong. In the Cathedral is a fine organ built in 1886 by Ainscough, of Preston. On this effective instrument Dr. Dixon played two Versets from Boellmann's 'Heures Mystiques,' Widor's 'Suite Latine,' and his own musicianly organ Meditation, 'Ascendit Deus.' A collection was taken up at both recitals on behalf of the Organists' Benevolent Fund.

Wednesday morning was occupied with a lecture on the 'Poets of the English Lakes,' by Mr. D. Hardman, of Christ's College, Cambridge, who completely held the attention of his hearers.

The afternoon was spent in a visit to Morecambe, where the Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. Gardner) held a reception in Grafton Hotel.

At the annual dinner in the evening, at the King's Arms, Lancaster, Sir Hamilton Harty, as chairman, was supported by the Mayors of Lancaster and Morecambe, the Rector of Morecambe, and the Rector of Lancaster Cathedral. During the evening Sir Hamilton presented Mr. and Mrs. Brook with a cheque on behalf of the Associations, which was to be expended in a wedding present. The good wishes he gracefully expressed are echoed by all who know Mr. Brook and his splendid work for the National Union, which owes to him its inception and much of its extraordinary development. The work of the Lancaster Association officials, done by Mr. J. W. Aldous (President), Dr. R. Dixon (hon. secretary), and Mr. T. Arkwright (hon. treasurer), was duly recognised in a hearty vote of thanks. Some very good after-dinner speeches and stories were heard, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music contributed by Mr. Leonard Pearson (baritone), Mr. Wiggins (violin), and the Vale Vocal Quartet.

The next day most of the survivors spent in an excursion to the Lake District, going by train to Lakeside and thence by boat up Lake Windermere to Ambleside, and after lunch to Rydal Water and Grasmere. On the return to Lancaster a smoking concert in the King's Arms wound up a well-planned and enjoyable Congress.

'SECURITY OF TENURE'

Readers who imagine that parish church organists are now no longer subject to unjust or capricious dismissal will be disillusioned on reading of the following case that occurred recently. The church is a well-known one in the northern suburbs, and the victim an unusually well-equipped all-round musician—a Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M., and L.R.A.M., the two last-named diplomas being for pianoforte and singing. We suppress the names (though our conviction is that the greater publicity given to such cases the better). The organist was appointed, out of a large number of applicants, in November last year. If commendation of his work in the Parish Magazine (and even from the pulpit!) meant anything at all, he was giving complete satisfaction. No intimation to the reverse and no complaints of any kind were made by the vicar. It

was therefore a shock to him when he received the following letter:

'MY DEAR MR. —, We are very loth to cause you any feelings of anxiety and disappointment, but it is only fair to let you know as early as possible that the opportunity has arisen for Mr. — [the victim's predecessor] to return to us, and with his long experience and vast knowledge of our history and requirements, we cannot do otherwise than avail ourselves of his services.

'Therefore, while recognising your untiring efforts, and warmly thanking you, we have no alternative but to determine your engagement.

'With a view to giving you all possible consideration we wish to release you at once, and have arranged with Mr. — [a deputy] to carry on until Mr. — resumes. We are forwarding you a cheque for one month, together with a further three months' stipend.

'With this information before you, we think you may prefer to send us a formal letter of resignation for publication, and we do not hesitate to say we would wish it so.

'Wishing you all happiness and success in whatever post you elect to fill next,

Yours very truly,
.....(Vicar).
.....(Churchwardens).

Rightly, we think, the organist declined to send a formal resignation. It should be added that he had given up a post in order to take up work at the church where he has been so shabbily treated, and that he has since been unable to find a suitable position. Apparently he has no legal remedy. What has become of the suggested form of agreement drawn up a few years ago by some influential organists' committee? Only by the use of some such document can organists be protected from methods that no employer would dare to use against an employee who belonged to a trade union.

During the forthcoming Leeds Festival there will be the usual series of special services at Leeds Parish Church (September 30-October 7). We have received a copy of the Service Book, which shows a fine scheme wherein the best of English Church music plays a worthy part. The Service settings are by Farrant, Tallis, Wesley, Best, Noble, Walmisley, Stanford, Macpherson, and Bairstow, and the anthems are by Gray, Boyce, Vaughan Williams, Weelkes, Purcell, and Alcock. The book is fully annotated, and contains the hymn-tunes (with excellent descants by Tysoe, Moody, &c.), and some well-produced portraits and other illustrations. No publisher is given, but we presume it may be had from Mr. H. Bacon Smith, 31, Vernon Road, Leeds (2s.). The proceeds go to the Choir Endowment Fund, of which Mr. Bacon Smith is treasurer.

Mr. Douglas Fox, of Bradfield College, gave a recital at Chigwell School recently. As most of our readers are aware, Mr. Fox lost his right arm in the war, but he makes such astounding use of his left hand and feet that few hearers would be conscious of his handicap. At Chigwell his programme included the Overture to 'Othello,' the Gigue Fugue of Bach, Saint-Saëns's Coronation March, the Air and Variations from Beethoven's Septet, and Grieg's Elegiac Melody. A good deal of fuss was made recently over the performance at Queen's Hall of a German pianist who played with left hand alone a worthless transcription of Strauss. We think that the regular and brilliant fulfilment of his work at Bradfield by this English organist is far more worthy of an ovation.

An organ recital per gramophone may in time become an ordinary occurrence in churches where there is no adequate instrument or player. Such a recital took place at St. Bartholomew's, Croxdale, Durham, on August 24, the programme including Bach's D major Prelude and Fugue (Dr. W. G. Alcock), the opening movement of Widor's sixth Symphony (Mr. H. Goss-Custard), Bach's Prelude on 'Christ came to Jordan' (M. Dupré), and items by Widor, Guilmant, Meale, &c. Choral records played were of Mendelssohn's 'Hear my prayer' (Temple Church Choir), Goss's 'O Saviour of the world' (Chapel Royal, Windsor, Choir), Byrd's 'This day Christ was born' (York Minster Choir), &c.

A fine series of twelve recitals of English organ music has just been given at Lichfield Cathedral by Mr. Ambrose Porter. About forty composers were represented, and the percentage of music by living writers was large. This is Mr. Porter's second effort of the kind. We should like to see his example more generally followed by players who are in a position to give serial recitals, and who are able to plan and publish their programmes in advance.

We have received a booklet containing particulars of an excellent series of recitals which will be given at St. James's, Muswell Hill, on Saturdays, at 5.45, by Mr. H. A. Bate. The series begins on October 13, and will last until mid-December. The choice of music is an admirable blend of old and new, original and transcribed. There are well-written analytical notes. The organ is a fine and large Harrison.

The ninth annual Sandbach and District Choral Festival took place on September 15, fourteen choirs joining forces. The canticles were sung to Stainer in B flat, and the anthems were Goss's 'O taste and see,' and Elvey's 'I was glad.' Mr. J. Meredith conducted, and Mr. C. Plumb was at the organ.

The anniversary of the opening of the Liverpool Cathedral organ will be celebrated on October 27, when a special excursion train will be run from London. Mr. Goss Custard will give an hour's recital. The railway fare will be 10s. return; railway tickets, programme, and other particulars are to be had from the Manager, 234, Ferndale Road, S.W.9.

Messrs. J. W. Walker have reconstructed the organ at Christ Church, North Finchley. It is now a three-manual, with detached console, thirty-five stops, adjustable pistons, and electro-pneumatic action. A series of recitals by well-known players is being arranged.

The recitals at Westminster Cathedral, which were dropped last season, are to be resumed. The new series will take place on Wednesdays at 6.30, beginning on October 10, and Mr. Guy Weitz will be the player throughout.

Mr. Owen le P. Franklin has resigned from the post of organist and choirmaster of St. Alban's, Holborn, and is about to start a six-months' tour of Canada as organ and pianoforte recitalist.

A new organ, built by Messrs. Henry Wadsworth, of Manchester, for the John Elias Memorial Chapel, Llangefni, was opened on August 22, Mr. John Williams giving the recital.

A new organ has been erected in the Wesleyan Central Hall, Johannesburg—a three-manual of thirty stops and twenty-two pistons. Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper are the builders.

The rebuilding of the organ at Great Meeting, Leicester (the opening of which by Dr. Gordon Slater was noted in our last issue), was carried out by Messrs. J. W. Walker.

Mr. W. R. Simmons will give an organ recital for children at St. Luke's, West Holloway, on October 20, at 6.30.

A new three-manual organ has been installed in St. Michael's Church, Eastbourne, by Messrs. J. W. Walker.

The new organ at the Wesleyan Church, Stanford-le-Hope, built by Messrs. Speechley, was opened on September 5, when Mr. Allan Brown gave a recital.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. F. Vernon Curtis, choirmaster and organist, St. Peter's, Carmarthen.

Mr. H. O. Hodgson, choirmaster and organist, Nottingham Parish Church.

Mr. Ronald Knight, choirmaster and organist, Woodford Congregational Church.

RECITALS

Mr. Arthur E. Temple, St. Lawrence Jewry—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Fantasia, 'Ad nos,' *Liszt*; Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield, Holsworthy United Methodist Church—Concerto No. 6, *Handel*; 'Holsworthy Church Bells,' *Wesley*; 'The Angelus,' *Mansfield*; Reverie on 'University,' *Harvey Grace*; Minuet on 'Hanover,' *Charlton Palmer*; 'St. Francis preaching to the birds,' *Liszt*.

Mr. L. M. Jones, St. Lawrence Jewry—Phantasie in A, *Rheinberger*; Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Scherzo, *Widor*; Festival Toccata, *Fletcher*.

Mr. Frank Wright, St. Dunstan-in-the-East—Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Benedictus, *Reger*; Cantabile and Finale (Symphony No. 6), *Widor*.

Mr. A. J. Sainsbury, Lausanne Cathedral—Symphony No. 8, *Widor*; 'Angelus,' *Norman Cocher*; Fantasia, *Franch*; Fugue, *Krebs*.

Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts, Cathedral Church, Guildford—Sonata No. 3, *Sowerbutts*; 'Sea Prelude,' *Robin Milford*; Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue in E flat minor, *Healey Willan*; 'Carillon de Westminster,' *Vierne*.

Mr. Owen le P. Franklin, St. Clement, near Eastcheap—Introduction and Toccata, *Walond*; Evening Hymn on a Ground, *Purcell*; Fugue in F, *Bach*; Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. H. S. Middleton, Ely Cathedral—Chorale Prelude, 'Winchester New,' *West*; Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Voluntary in G minor, *Stanley*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*.

Dr. J. C. Bradshaw, Christchurch Cathedral—Sonata No. 4, *Guilmant*; Three movements from 'Messe Basse,' *Vierne*; Cradle Song, *Harvey Grace*.

Dr. Charles F. Waters, St. Clement Danes, Strand—Sonata No. 2 (first movement), *Bach*; Two Studies on English Hymn-Tunes, *Charlton Palmer*; March (Symphony No. 3), *Widor*; Two Communion Preludes, *Walters*.

Mr. H. Cyril Robinson, St. John's, Barmouth—Psalm-Preludes Nos. 2 and 3, *Howells*; Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2, *Mendelssohn*; Concert Piece, *Guilmant*.

Mr. Stanley Lucas, St. Croydon Congregational Church—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and Air and Variations in A, *Hesse*; 'Plaint,' *Harvey Grace*; Prelude on 'Ye boundless realms of joy,' *Parry*; Choral, *Vierne*.

Dr. Eric H. Thiman, St. Lawrence Jewry—Pavan, *Byrd*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Howells*; Scherzo, *Harvey Grace*; Carillon, *Wolstenholme*; Fantasia on March Themes, *German*.

Miss Edna C. Howard, St. Mary-le-Bow—Toccata in F, *Bach*; Psalm-Prelude No. 2, *Howells*; Prelude on B A C H, *Liszt*; Sonata in G minor, *Merkel*.

Mr. Herbert F. Ellingford, St. George's Hall, Liverpool—Masonic March, *Ellingford*; Sinfonia to 'Wir danken dir, Gott,' *Bach*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Lady pianist (higher local, T.C.L., honours) wishes to meet vocalist or instrumentalist for mutual practice of classical music.—60, Gordon Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

Lady pianist wishes to meet violinist for mutual practice and enjoyment. Classical music only. Must be keen.—RYCOTT, 6, Cromwell Road, Teddington.

Lady pianist, working for L.R.A.M., wishes to meet violinist or 'cellist, or both, for mutual practice.—782, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Gentleman, playing viola, second violin, or pianoforte, wishes to join chamber-music circle, or orchestra, within reach of Notting Hill Gate.—BENSON, 43, Elgin Crescent, W.11.

Gentleman (advanced grade Associated Board standard) wishes to meet another for duets and mutual practice. Southport district.—ENTHUSIAST, c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady pianist (L.R.A.M.) wishes to meet vocalist, equal standard, for mutual practice. London N. district preferred.—OLIVE M. KEMP, 12, Elgin Road, Alexandra Park, N.22.

Lady pianist wishes to meet violinist or 'cellist for mutual practice. Mornings or afternoons preferred. London, S.W. or W.—S. L. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young lady, moderate pianist, wishes to meet other musicians for mutual practice. One evening weekly.—W. O. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist (gentleman) wishes to form quartet or trio, or to meet accompanist, for mutual enjoyment of classical music. Has had quintet experience.—J. R. H., 44, Lynette Avenue, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

Violinist wishes to meet good pianist (lady) for the practice of Sonatas, &c. Once a week, within easy reach of Forest Hill.—Miss N. BOMFORD, 46, Westbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

Lady pianist wishes to practice sonatas, concertos, &c., with a good violinist. West London.—W. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Instrumentalists—violin, viola, 'cello, and bass—wanted for string orchestra in this district.—HAMPTON, The Avenue, Harold Wood, Essex.

matter further and have dealt specifically with the various questions in the spirit in which these questions were asked :

' 11, Gower Street,
London, W.C.1.

' DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by Lord Gorell, Chairman of the Society, and by the Composers' Committee to write to you and to the other prominent music-publishing houses in order to obtain your views on various points arising out of the terms of agreement between music publishers and composers.

I shall, therefore, be pleased to learn from you what your attitude is towards the questions set out below, and what your own practice is with regard to them.

' A number of music-publishing houses have recently adopted forms of agreement considerably more favourable to composers than those which were customary in the past, and it is the wish of the Society to bring the names of these publishing houses to the notice of composers in order that they may submit their best work to them in the first instance.

' 1. Are you prepared to publish on an exclusive licence basis or do you insist on an assignment of copyright prior to publication ?

' 2. If you own the copyright, what apportionment of mechanical royalties and broadcasting fees do you consider fair as between composer, author, and publisher ; or, where there is no author, between publisher and composer ? Do you collect these royalties yourself ; if so, what charge is made for collection ?

' 3. Do you insist upon the composer's parting with all artistic control of his work to you ?

' 4. If so, is he consulted by you in connection with the mechanical reproduction of his compositions ?

' 5. Are you willing to include proper termination clauses in your printed agreements with composers, whether you have been granted an exclusive licence or conveyance of copyright ?

' 6. Do you fix a definite date for publication in your agreement ?

' 7. Do you fix in your agreement the number and price and format of the edition ?

' 8. Do you undertake to secure copyright in England and America on behalf of the composer and author ?

' 9. Are you prepared to take action for infringement of copyright when the author has assigned his copyright to you ?

' 10. Does your usual form of agreement contain a clause stating that accounts shall be rendered on specific dates ?

' 11. Do you claim the right to publish compositions and lyrics in album form, and, if so, on what basis ?

' Yours truly,
' (Signed) G. HERBERT THRING.'

(ii.) *The Rome Conference*

Dealing with the question of the letter of protest against Great Britain's inadequate representation at the Rome Conference for the revision of the Berne Convention, which appeared in *The Times*, Messrs. Chappell declare, ' Their protest was a very belated one.' Messrs. Chappell are again speaking without their book. If they had taken the trouble to inquire they would have discovered that for weeks preceding the Conference, Lord Gorell, the Chairman of the Society of Authors, had been in communication with Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who was responsible for the British delegation. They would have learnt that Lord Gorell had expressed in the strongest possible terms the necessity of the representatives of the Society of Authors and the Publishers' Association being either included among the delegates or at any rate consulted by the official delegates on all points on which their special knowledge of the problems at issue might be of use. The latter alternative only the

Letters to the Editor

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS

SIR,—Messrs. Chappell's communication on the subject of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers in the *Musical Times* of September is interesting inasmuch as it expresses in typical terms the attitude of those few music-publishing houses which still remain hostile to a Society which exists purely and simply for the purpose of protecting the rights and interests of authors and composers.

The immediate pretext for Messrs. Chappell's tirade is a circular letter which was drafted by the Composers' Committee of the Society, and which was dispatched to the leading sheet-music publishers with a view to obtaining their opinions on questions of more or less vital consequence to composers, who not unnaturally wish to submit their work for publication to those publishers who are prepared to offer the fairest terms.

(i.) *The Circular Letter to Music Publishers.*

This letter, which Messrs. Chappell designate ' foolish ' and ' extraordinary,' and ' one more endeavour to teach music publishers their business,' is set out in full below. Already courteous and detailed replies have been received from a number of publishers, who have expressed their willingness to discuss the

Board of Trade conceded, and it was then that the Committee of the Society and the Publishers' Association decided to send to Rome, the former its Secretary, the latter its President.

It was only after the publication of the Secretary's Report on his return from Rome that it was decided, in consultation with the Publishers' Association, to lodge a vigorous protest signed by a number of the most prominent members of the Society and of the Publishers' Association. This appeared in *The Times* on July 10, 1928. Its object was to prevent the recurrence on future occasions of the Government's indifference to the value of literary and artistic property.

The names attached to this letter as signatories were: J. M. Barrie (President of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers); Gorell (Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers); Arnold Bennett; John Galsworthy; John Masefield; G. Bernard Shaw; Constable & Co., Ltd.; Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.; Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; John Murray; Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd.; Humphrey S. Milford (Oxford University Press).

Messrs. Chappell & Co. were not consulted, nor was their signature to the document required. Nevertheless Messrs. Chappell were not going to let themselves be left out. As they say in their letter, 'We supported their protest in *The Times*,' and, sure enough, a day or two after the appearance of the letter signed by the imposing list of names set out above appeared a letter echoing the protest and signed in solitary splendour by Messrs. Chappell, Ltd.

(iii.) *The Board of Trade Mechanical Royalties Inquiry*

'The increased royalties awarded by the Board of Trade to composers are a positive travesty of justice'—so runs Messrs. Chappell's trenchant comment on the result of the application made recently under Section 19 of the 1911 Copyright Act.

It seems extraordinary that Messrs. Chappell, whose Managing Director, Mr. William Boosey, played so prominent a part in the application, should be unaware that the award made by the Board of Trade was not made to composers, as they allege, but to copyright owners. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Boosey, in evidence, admitted that in the great majority of instances Messrs. Chappell were the copyright owners of the musical works of which they were the publishers, and so held the control of the mechanical reproduction. Indeed, he even went further and admitted that Messrs. Chappell in their printed form of agreement stipulated that a composer's copyright should be assigned to them prior to publication.

On top of this Messrs. Chappell have the impertinence to ask, 'If the Society of Authors claim to be the indispensable guardians of the rights of composers, why are they taking no steps to remedy the abuse of his copyright which the composer labours under?' The first copyright difficulty which faces the composer is, in this particular case, that before his work can be published the copyright must cease to be his!

As soon as Messrs. Chappell have removed the beam in their own eye it will be time enough to consider the mote in the eye of the gramophone companies.

At the Board of Trade Inquiry Mr. William Boosey set himself up as the champion of the poor down-trodden composer.

The Society of Authors decided to test his altruism. Mr. Boosey, in common with the other publishers who were concerned in the application, was asked to give a guarantee as to the proportion of any increase in the mechanical royalty rate which he proposed to give composers. Mr. Boosey refused. Indeed, it was not till the Inquiry was nearing its conclusion, and the application seemed likely to fail unless the Society of Authors lent it its whole-hearted support, that the publishers concerned gave the required undertaking to

two officials of the Society, whereupon Counsel for the Society was able to state to the Tribunal that a satisfactory undertaking had been forthcoming, and that the Society wished now that composers' interests were safeguarded to associate itself with the application.

This, Messrs. Chappell describe as the Society's Counsel 'apologising for his appearance.'

In fact, regarding the whole of this matter Messrs. Chappell in their letter are guilty of a number of crass mis-statements, so much so that it would be trespassing on your space to attempt to deal with them *seriatim*. Throughout Messrs. Chappell seem to have been actuated simply by a spirit of vindictiveness against the Society, and have patently made no attempt to verify their facts or references.—Yours, &c.,

G. HERBERT THRING
(Secretary of the Incorporated

Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers).

THE NATURE OF HARMONY

SIR,—I have to thank Mr. J. K. Findlay for his letter in the August *Musical Times* and for his interest in my articles. He refers to and quotes from a book entitled 'The Scientific Basis and Build of Music,' by D. C. Ramsay, published in 1893. He is of opinion that in this work Mr. Ramsay 'has anticipated the line Dr. Shirlaw takes' in treating of the major and minor scales. This is strange, because up to the present I have not in my articles investigated any scales whatever. How then does Mr. Findlay discover that my views on this subject have been anticipated, seeing that he does not know what these views are? He speaks of 'the minor harmony, or scale,' as if these terms were synonymous. Of course they are not. We may, however, examine for a moment Ramsay's views on scale formation.

He begins by informing us that if—there is much virtue in this 'if'—we 'take *f* as the true generator of the scale of *c*, the subdominant chord comes out as *f1, c3, a5*.' No doubt! But several other things come out at the same time. For example, this 'true generator' *f*, or the subdominant chord *f-a-c*, necessarily becomes the tonal centre of the entire *c* major key system. 'This process Ramsay repeats for the tonic chord and for the dominant chord, the full process being—*f1, c3, a5, g9, e15, d27, b45*. Thus is evolved the true major scale.' In multiplying by 3 and 5 Ramsay professes to be guided by nature. But nature does not multiply *f1* by 3 in order to obtain the note *c*, nor by 5 in order to obtain the note *a*. Besides, Ramsay assumes for the most part what he wishes to prove. If we know *a priori*, as Ramsay appears to know, that the major scale is evolved from a triad of triads arranged in the order of subdominant, tonic, dominant, no device of multiplication is necessary; we may at once present the order thus: *f-a-c-e-g-b-d*.

Without such knowledge Ramsay is bound to treat *a5* as he has already treated *f1* and *c3*; he must multiply by 3 and 5. So that we obtain the much more logical triad of triads arising from the three sounds—*f1, c3, a5*—first postulated, thus:

$$\begin{array}{l} f1-c3-a5 \\ \quad c3-g9-e15 \\ \quad \quad a5-e15-c\sharp25. \end{array}$$

This at least is how nature works, not indeed by multiplication, but by the natural series of primary and secondary harmonics.

As for the minor scale, this arises in a similar way, but by an 'inverse process.' In this case 'we must start from *b45*, the last born of the notes of the major scale, and divide, as we had formerly multiplied, by 3 and 5.' Our author does not favour the law of primogeniture; however, we will not stress the point. This, according to Ramsay, is 'nature's inverse process.' Where in all the world did Ramsay acquire such a notion? Nature does not divide *b45* in order to produce *e15*. On the contrary, it is *e* that is the 'true generator' of *b*, for this *b* is the third harmonic or upper partial of *e*.

We find *b*, then, the leading-note of the *c* major scale, and the minor harmony *e-g-b* established as tonal centre of the *a* minor key system. The scale of the minor system ought, therefore, to appear as *b, c, d, e, f, g, a, b*; just as the major scale ought to assume the form *f, g, a, b, c, d, e, f*. Ramsay assures us, however, that *f* is not really the tonal centre of the *c* major system, nor is *b* the centre of the *a* minor system. The centre of both systems is really *d*, or rather two *d*'s, differing from each other in pitch, the real centre then being 'neither in the one *d* nor in the other, but at an invisible point between them, like the centre of gravity in a double star'! But here we have reached a point that is surely beyond the gravity of the reader. O Liberty! O Harmony! What crimes are committed in thy name! No, Mr. Findlay, please accept my assurance that my views regarding the origin and nature of the major and minor scales differ somewhat from those of Mr. Ramsay.

Certainly Ramsay exhibits a considerable perspicacity in his conception of the minor harmony as brought about by a process of inversion. Such a conception, of course, originated not with Ramsay but with Zarlino, who wrote about the middle of the 16th century. But not a single writer, from the time of Zarlino to the present day—certainly not Ramsay—has been able to tell us how such a process of inversion for the minor harmony can possibly arise. The most noteworthy attempts—Rameau with his co-vibration of multiples, Tartini with his combination tones, Riemann with his supposed undertone series, &c.—have failed, because harmonic generation arises upwards, not downwards. This is the problem—the nature of such a process of inversion—that I have set myself to solve in my articles dealing with the minor harmony. I hope and believe that I have been successful. At least, no serious criticism has so far been directed against my conclusions.

I observe that Dr. Froggatt, in spite of my articles, is still unable to understand this process of inversion. With every desire to help him, I am afraid the best advice I can give is that he should keep on trying. In time I am sure the light will break forth. He might begin with the fourth, and ask himself why he calls this the inversion of the fifth. He should not find it difficult to understand that this fourth can be heard as such only when the lower note of the interval is in the bass, and fulfilling up to a certain point the rôle of the fundamental. The resulting formation is as *g4-c3-g2*, the inversion of *c2-g3-c4* (or, what is the same thing, $\frac{4}{2} : \frac{1}{3} : 1$; I know Dr. Froggatt is very

sensitive on this point). Arrived at this stage, the rest is comparatively easy. It is nature's method of inversion. Could anything be more simple, or beautiful?

Dr. Froggatt also enters the lists on behalf of Mr. J. Morrison, and stoutly asserts that 'most certainly 16:19:24 and 6:7:9 are minor triads.' When Dr. Froggatt tunes his pianoforte in such a way that all the major thirds are of the proportion 7:9, he might let me know about it. I would like to hear it. If Dr. Froggatt finds nothing to complain of, I am afraid the neighbours will.—Yours, &c.,

Cupar, Fife, N.B.

MATTHEW SHIRLAW.

THE LARYNX AGAIN

SIR,—Please allow me to give a word of welcome to the letter which appeared in your September issue from Mr. Hoban, of Winnipeg. One is glad to know that Mrs. Aubrey is doing good work; but it is possible that some other detail in her teaching is producing the good results rather than a special position of the larynx. It is noticeable that she has not given any anatomical or scientific reason for the special position which she advocates. As a voice specialist with very definite views upon the subject, it gives me pleasure to endorse Mr. Hoban's opinion that 'the tongue,

larynx, and diaphragm require no direct manipulation.' I might, perhaps, feel inclined to qualify the statement by saying they very rarely 'require direct manipulation.' I agree, too, that 'the teacher should be thoroughly conversant with the anatomy of the vocal organs.' That, however, leads to the crux of the whole matter, namely, what constitutes the full equipment of the vocal organ and what is the particular office for each component part. Until that has been scientifically and definitely settled we are not likely to emerge from our present state of disagreement upon vocal training. In the *Music Student* of January, 1921, is an article by the late Albert Visetti, entitled 'Wanted a System,' in which the following occurs:

'Let us work together and formulate a system for mechanical and technical training—a universally recognised system, giving a hall-mark to the British trained singer. The foundation of all art is mechanical: technical accuracy to a student will become spontaneous, and he will then be able to employ his temperamental instincts to the full and his soul will speak.'

How soon such a system will become an accomplished fact it is impossible to say. Unfortunately, I have good grounds for believing that the musical Dons of Great Britain would be very loath to accept any such system if it happened to proceed from one of their own countrymen. Madame Blanche Marchesi, in her book 'A Singer's Pilgrimage,' remarks:

'Celebrities need not hide in England. Nobody disturbs their peace much. The world in general does not care if they exist or not. England, unfortunately, is apt to neglect and ignore its home-grown talents, but the British public thoroughly appreciates everything that comes from abroad.'

—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST G. WHITE.

135, New Bond Street,
W.I.

SIR,—I would like to deal, if I may, with one or two points in the letter of your correspondent Mr. Stanley Hoban.

The first, that 'Singing has been subject to more experiment than any other branch of music,' is perfectly true, but this is due to the fact that there is not, and never has been, any recognised technique for the voice, and until there is such a thing, established and accepted, as is the technique of the violin or any other instrument, so long will these experiments continue, and rightly so.

Mr. Hoban says again, most truly, that 'We sing to create images of beauty,' &c. Does not an instrumentalist play for precisely the same reason? But before he reaches that stage he has spent long years in arduous toil to acquire the complete mastery over the instrument and over his fingers, wrists, arms, and every part of his 'stock-in-trade.'

In the name of all that is reasonable why should a singer be the only person who should know nothing about the instrument he is using? His voice has a physical origin and is the result of the muscular action of the larynx, and if there is anything wrong with the voice the cause lies in the larynx. If the teacher should know position and action in singing, it is essential that this knowledge should be imparted to the pupil.

Self-consciousness is nervousness, and is the result of lack of control over whatever instrument one is using, and a singer who has absolute control over his voice is a singer devoid of self-consciousness.

There are few singers who have this perfect control, for there are few to whom Nature has given, without training, a perfect vocal action, which is a larynx in the right position; but that all singers can acquire it is beyond question, when this undoubted fact is recognised—namely, that it is the larynx which must be trained, and not the voice.—Yours, &c.,

7, Clifton Gardens,

Maida Vale, W.9.

ETHEL AUBREY.

THE TORONTO MUS. BAC.

SIR,—I am sorry that a well-deserved but unexpected compliment paid to two friends of mine in the August *Musical Times* 'Organists' Long-Service Roll of Honour' should have revived for the moment an ancient grievance which by this time ought to be forgotten. In such cases it is always better 'to let bygones be bygones' than to rake up long-buried things from the dust-heap of 'auld lang syne.'

As one of the three survivors of the thirty-eight people who, on July 7, 1890, signed a letter to Lord Knutsford—then Secretary of State to the Colonies—on the matter referred to by your correspondent Mr. T. H. Hill, permit me to say that my position at that time enabled me to look well below the surface on both sides of the game—better, perhaps, than even Sir John Stainer himself. In consequence, after the 'affair' had blown over, I decided to retain an honorary *ad eundem* Mus. D. degree which, in 1886, I had accepted from Trinity University on the recommendation and advice of my old friend and master, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church. Another friend, Dr. Albert Ham, the present esteemed Professor of Music at Toronto University, assures me that this degree is not only valid under changed conditions, but is nothing to be ashamed of. I may perhaps be pardoned if I say that I am rather proud of being listed in the same University Calendar with Dr. Edward Banting, the discoverer of that world-renowned Insulin treatment which, five years ago, saved my life.

Much has happened since I signed the Knutsford letter and memorial in 1890. In the first place, Trinity University has no longer an independent existence, having long ago been absorbed by the older and larger University of Toronto, which last year celebrated with considerable éclat its first centenary festival. Its large, handsome buildings, together with its comprehensive curriculum, may compare favourably with those of our own modern universities. Moreover, the support afforded to the homeland by His Majesty's 'Dominions beyond the Seas' during the Great War, may be said to have widened our prejudiced, insular outlook, by making many of us take broader views of things in general than we did previous to the fateful year 1914.

In proof of this, I see on p. 9 of the current 'Roll' of the U.G.M. the following significant statement: 'In 1923, a proposal made at the Annual General Meeting that all Graduates in Music of all Universities throughout the British Empire should be made eligible for membership of the Union was under the consideration of the Council during the two years following. It was found to be inexpedient to make any immediate change in the constitution of the Union, as the conditions prevailing at the various universities of the Dominions Overseas are so widely different.'

In view of the wonderful progress in all branches of musical education, &c., now being made even in the most distant parts of the British Empire, it may confidently be hoped that this proposal made to the U.G.M. five years ago may be realised before long. And should my unauthorised 'recognition' of two old and valued friends in the organists' roll as brother graduates in one of the best-equipped universities in the British Empire overseas prove in the slightest degree helpful to such a desirable realisation, I shall feel that I have been neither too 'previous' nor inconsistent.—Yours, &c.,

'The Paddocks,'
Ferdown,

Wimborne, Dorset.

C. W. PEARCE.

LONGEVITY OF ORGANISTS

SIR,—It is just possible that some of your readers may, like myself, be interested in that discredited science, astrology. It so happens that I have completed a detailed study of the birth-dates of two hundred organists, and find ample reason for the longevity of the tribe. One of the most important

planets to organists is Saturn—old Father Time—who gives long life if well aspected—i.e., in harmonious relation with other planets. I have the birth-dates of thirteen of your August list, and also of T. H. Collinson, who was nearly fifty years at Edinburgh Cathedral. Twelve out of the fourteen have one or more good aspects to Saturn, and T. H. Collinson (a really phenomenal horoscope) has Saturn in good aspect to seven out of the remaining eight planets.

Of course, this is not the only configuration which produces longevity, but it is one which is very common in organists.

Fourteen per cent. of organists are born while the sun is in Capricorn, the sign of Saturn (i.e., between December 21 and January 21), whereas the theoretical proportion would be only 8.33 per cent. The total proportion of planets in this sign, which theoretically should be fifty-eight per cent. (per hundred horoscopes), is seventy-five per cent.

I do not wish to take any more of your valuable space, but if any of your readers are interested in the subject of music and the horoscope, I shall be glad to give them any further details and statistics in my power.

I have no use either for fortune-telling or pseudo-mysticism, and am interested in astrology purely as scientific fact.—Yours, &c.,

Green End, BEATRICE SAXON SNELL
3, Craven Road, (Miss).
Reading.

ORGANISTS' LONG-SERVICE ROLL OF HONOUR

SIR,—Amongst the names in the list of organists of Kendal Parish Church (one of the largest churches in the country) appear Wm. Burn, 1738-91, and Thos. Scarisbrick, 1822-69, i.e., fifty-three years and forty-seven years respectively. Mark Burn, the father of William, held the post previous to 1738.

At St. Thomas Church, Kendal, the present organist, Mr. Smallwood Winder, was appointed in 1883, forty-five years ago. History does not record why Messrs. Burn and Scarisbrick lived so long, but I know Mr. Winder must ride thousands of miles per annum on his push-cycle—and that in the hilly Lake District. My admiration for Mr. Winder is equally divided between his musicianship and his capabilities as an athlete.—Yours, &c.,

PAUL ROCHARD.

'Newlands,' Kendal.

'CUTTING OUT THE MIDDLEMAN'

SIR,—Your correspondent S. Midgley, writing in the September number under the above heading, blames artists for booking through agents and for refusing to accept low fees. While not sufficiently conceited to class myself as a 'clever' artist, I can certainly claim to be 'short of work,' and my experience as a free-lance for ten years may be of interest.

Before the war I was beginning to 'feel my feet' as a vocalist, though brought up and trained to another profession. However, after four and a half years of military service it was imperative to have expert advice, so in 1919, as funds would not permit of more, I enrolled as an evening student in one of our great schools of music. Here I remained for over three years. (Incidentally, during that time I came into personal contact with the head of the school on one occasion only, and the school has never assisted me to a single engagement. We evening students, who paid the bulk of the fees of the establishment, were known to the lordly day students, who were awarded scholarships and so paid no fees, as 'in-and-outers'—in at a quarter to, and out at a quarter past,' as one of these students put it.) My fees alone cost me nearly £100.

Before leaving I sat for and obtained the highest diploma awarded by the school, and also that of another great institution. These elaborate documents stated

that I was qualified as a concert artist in singing, but when I came to mention the fact to those who engaged artists, alas! they would not even look at them, and even suggested they were a drawback. However, I decided to 'peg away,' and advertised as far as funds would permit.

I have never refused an engagement because of the lowness of the fee. My lowest fee in recent years was 7s. 6d. for a hotel 'engagement' spread over a period of three hours, and so far my highest fee has been four guineas for an engagement at Queen's Hall, London.

Despite the fact that press reports have been excellent and that I have kept my name as far as possible before the public, my actual yearly receipts from engagements since 1920 have been £10, £22, £23, £20, £27, £29, £19, £10, £25 (this year to date).

I have a repertoire of a large number of works which I have memorised, and hundreds of classical and popular songs. No wonder then that, as a married man, I dare not throw over a certain means of livelihood for the purely executive side of music which I love so much more, and for which I honestly feel I am fitted.

Could I have done worse had I booked through agents or taken lower fees?

For obvious reasons, as I still look for a successful career as a vocalist, I cannot ask you to publish my name, but merely sign myself,—Yours, &c.,

'NIL DESPERANDUM.'

SIR,—I would direct Mr. Midgley's attention to your advertisement columns in the September issue of the *Musical Times*. He will find the announcement of the London Oratorio and Concert Association, which was founded in 1912 by myself and a few colleagues, to supply the want about which he complains. Any conductor or concert manager who is interested in securing the services of capable and reliable artists (not always the same thing!) may do so by writing to the secretary, who will send the names and addresses.—Yours, &c.,

CLIFTON COOKE.

WESTMINSTER SINGERS

SIR,—I crave the courtesy of your space to reply to a letter from Mr. W. H. Brereton in your July issue wherein he claims for the Westminster Singers a proprietary right in the word 'Westminster,' on the grounds that his quartet had registered this title, one which he says was adopted because the original members were Abbey men. Mr. Brereton apparently does not know that the Stationers' Hall registration conveys no legal rights whatever, and if he thinks it possible to monopolise the word 'Westminster' (as applied to vocal organizations) for all time and for the entire world, he is possessed of an ultra-sanguine disposition. I seem to remember a Westminster Choral Society, and it is quite open to anybody to institute a body of Westminster Madrigal or Folk-Song Singers without infringement of any sort.

The burden of his grievance is that my organization, the Westminster Glee Singers—which he terms a 'recently formed group'—has violated these so-called rights, not being 'blind to the advantages to be derived from the word "Westminster".'

The facts of the matter scarcely bear out this unpleasant innuendo, for my organization is a mixed-voice body of from twelve to twenty members, formed twenty-seven years ago, the adult singers originally being all Abbey men, which I believe was not the case with the Quartet in question. Our first tour, in Canada, was undertaken in 1901, and since that time the whole of the British Dominions overseas have been visited at varying intervals, no fewer than sixteen members of the Abbey choir having been included in our personnel.

Here is the record: Australia and New Zealand, three times; Canada, four times; India, Burma, Ceylon, and Newfoundland, twice each; with single

visits to South Africa, the West Indies, Fiji, the Bahama Islands, British East Africa, the Straits Settlements, the Malay States, and British Guiana. If foreign countries be also included the list would embrace the United States, Cuba, the Philippine Islands, Java, China, Japan, Portuguese East Africa, and the Hawaiian Islands.

All these many years it has been open to the Westminster Singers to visit the outlying portions of the Empire, and, in their restricted musical area, do what I have done in that wider field of unaccompanied part-singing which includes anthems, choral services, and compositions up to eight parts. But with the exception of a war-time visit to Scandinavia they have elected to confine their attentions to the British Islands, and they must not now complain if someone with more initiative and a wider vision realises the claims of our kinsmen overseas, and carries to them the musical message of our national British minstrelsy.

As a past lay-vicar of Westminster Abbey, controlling an organization which was primarily formed by Abbey men, my position would appear to be unassailable, and if confusion arises as to the two bodies, this can only germinate in the minds of the musically uninformed and unthinking.

It is regrettable to learn that any impression exists that Mr. Brereton and his excellent singers should not be available for engagements, and I can only hope that his quite legitimate complaint is not one of serious magnitude. Hitherto the English press has not favoured my work with much attention, and so this difficulty has not arisen. Possibly the publicity which this correspondence may give will be of some value in drawing attention to the fact that the Westminster Singers are still on their native heath, and available to carry on the useful work in which they have been so singularly successful for many years.—Yours, &c.,

Toronto,

July 28, 1928.

EDWARD BRANSCOMBE

(Westminster Glee Singers).

[Having re-opened this matter in order to allow Mr. Branscombe to state the case for the Westminster Glee Singers, we close it again. Although the correspondence inevitably leaves things as they were, it has been useful, we think, in clearing up some confusion concerning the two parties.—EDITOR.]

HOLLINS AND HIS ORGAN

SIR,—I read with great interest your article on Dr. Hollins. If I may offer one or two comments, I should like in the first place to endorse your remarks about the wonderful effectiveness of the organ at 'Free St. George's,' and to commend a careful study of its specification to those who, in these days of high prices, are seeking for ideas. Having often had the pleasure of playing on it, and spending many delightful hours in the church with Dr. Hollins, I am sure that there is not an organ of that size which is capable of more variety.

Next I would refer to the remarks about the rendering of items for organ and pianoforte. I have had the privilege of joining with the Doctor in nearly all the works mentioned, and, apart from the stimulating and inspiring effect of such an association for an ordinary musician like myself, I am convinced that such performances have a great interest for the public, and I wish that many more recitalists could put such programmes forward.

It is a great regret to me that Dr. Hollins's brilliant 'Polonaise' for organ and pianoforte remains in MS., as it contains some of his most attractive writing, is immensely popular with all audiences, and gives ample scope for both performers.

It would savour of impertinence to say more about the personal aspect of your subject; Dr. Hollins's charm and affability are well known. How unassumingly and how unfailingly he 'delivers the goods'! In spite of his world-wide reputation, it can never be

said of him, as I have heard it said of players of far smaller deserts, '—charges you so much for speaking to him!'—Yours, &c.,

F. HEDDON BOND.

Wellingborough.

THE ANÆMIC CHOIR ORGAN, Etc.

SIR,—In the course of reviewing Karg-Elert's new Suite for organ you make several very apposite observations on registration, which all progressive organ builders ought certainly to take to heart! To our way of thinking a closer co-operation between player and builder has long been overdue, since it is only when one party becomes articulate and expresses itself decisively that the trail to greater perfection is blazed. Now, first, you pointedly remark that 'Our anæmic Choirs [i.e., Choir organs] not only make it impossible for us to realise some of Bach's intentions; more and more they hamper us in dealing with modern music.' Only too true, ten years ago; but things are improving. For example, in the new organ for Glasgow University there is to be an eleven-stop Choir as against a twelve-stop Swell and an eleven-stop Great. The Choir organ for St. Thomas's R.C. Church, Wandsworth, will actually be larger by one stop than the Great! Moreover, the latest tendency in the design of the Choir organ is to incorporate some of the delightful independent Mutation ranks, of which Titelouze, Clérambault, Couperin, Bach, &c., made such free use, which have long been known both to Continental builders and players, but which, as usual, have scarcely been heard of by English builders or players until lately. British music, however, like British art, science, and philosophy, is gradually being deprovincialised; and one can only hope that even British organ-building will lift itself out of the groove in which it has always been, as far as tone matters go. These Mutations, i.e., Nazard 1½, Tierce 1½, Larigot 1½, Septieme 1½, &c., have great colouristic possibilities, and by means of various syntheses they may be made to yield many new and unfamiliar compound tones. To the full Choir organ, at any rate, they lend a really piquant brilliance which surely does away with the reproach of anæmia or lack of vitality!

Again, you remark: 'The pedal indication, Fagotto 16-ft. (or Bombarde) and 4-ft. or 2-ft., is hardly likely to be satisfied.' Again, only too true—but not in the best modern British work. At St. Thomas's, Wandsworth, above noted, the Pedal organ will contain a 4-ft. pedal stop, as well as a choir octave to Pedal, and Swell octave to Pedal for emergency! The Swell 16-ft. reed (Waldhorn) will be derived electrically from the Pedal as a *mf* 16-ft. reed (an 'expressive' one, too)—so here at least there will not be the slightest difficulty in carrying out Karg-Elert's directions. Hence perhaps we may ask, not without a certain feeling of satisfaction, 'Anything else?'—Yours, &c.,

HENRY WILLIS & SONS, LTD.

234, Ferndale Road,
Brixton, S.W.9.

ISOLATED NEAR NEWBURY

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers are in a position like mine. I have lived near London until March of this year, and for three years have been studying the violin, playing for two seasons as second violin in an amateur orchestra. Now, owing to the removal of my family, I am right in the country, six miles from Newbury. They have a good orchestra there, but I am unlikely to be able to join as I can find no means whatever of getting home at night—I cannot walk six miles at night, as I am not over-strong. So far I have been unable to find anyone in the surrounding district with any interest in real music. Is there, I wonder, among your readers anyone in the Woodhay district of Newbury (preferably pianist or violinist), who, like myself, would join forces for practice and mutual help and encouragement in this difficult business? I cannot afford anything expensive. I am

not very advanced, but I am really keen, and would be grateful if you would publish this letter, in the hope that it may discover another traveller along the same road.—Yours, &c.,

Stargroves Gardens,
Newbury, Berks.

MARGARET A. MOVES.

WILLIAM COBBETT AND THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL

SIR,—In the article on 'The Music Meeting,' in the August issue, mention is made of the carrying on of the meetings through world-shaking events. But here is a nasty knock from William Cobbett's 'Rural Rides':

'I intended to sleep at Gloucester, but found I should run a risk of having no bed if I did not bow very low and pay very high; for what should there be here but one of those scandalous and beastly fruits of the system called a 'music-meeting'! Those who founded the cathedrals never dreamed, I dare say, that they would have been put to such uses as this! They are, upon these occasions, made use of as *Opera-Houses*; and I am told that the money which is collected goes, in some shape or another, to the clergy of the church, or their widows, or children, or something. These assemblages of player-folks, half rogues and half fools, began with the small paper-money, and with it they will go. They are amongst the profligate pranks which idleness plays when fed by the sweat of a starving people.'

Well, well! It is to be hoped that Father William felt better when he had got this bit of uncommonly hot stuff off his manly chest. Anyhow, he is as dead (or nearly so) as the bountiful Queen Anne, and we are still going strong.—Yours, &c.,

R. H. WHALL.

Stroud, Glos.

SOMETHING LIKE AN ENTHUSIAST

SIR,—I think possibly the following may be of sufficient interest to find a place in the *Musical Times*. It is from the diary of Col. Peter Hawker, born 1786; a great sportsman, but also a keen musician, as the extracts will show:

'[Manchester.] I went on a musical excursion which except a wild fowl expedition is the only event which would have brought me here. [I follow his punctuation—such as it is!—R. H. W.]

'I went in the evening to Covent Garden Theatre in order to hear my favourite overture of "Der Freischütz" conducted by the immortal composer himself, Carl Maria von Weber.

'... to the last most glorious Philharmonic where Thalberg drove me crazy with delight.

'... toddled into Lymington (in a lobster cart) to the high diversion of ourselves and petrification of all the staring dandies and repaired to old Klitz, the Clementi of the place. There Langstaff joined in a trio while I went foraging and it came on a determined wet night, for which we were all well armed; as we brought off a fiddle, a tuning hammer and all the music we could borrow and sat with a good fire, for a thorough batch of such noise that neither the wind nor the rain was thought of.

'[During a great storm.] We have our punts floating at our door in the street ready to rescue our family in case of danger... and I by way of aping Nero (who fiddled while Rome was burning) sat at my old humstrum and boggled through a given number of Bach's fugues.'

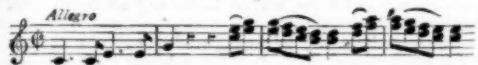
Hawker wrote a book on 'Instructions for the Best Position on the Pianoforte,' and invented 'hand moulds' for the pianoforte, which he patented, and which were taken up both in this country and abroad. In the intervals of shooting he dashed to France and Holland to recommend his invention. At Haarlem he played on the gigantic organ, and then:

... took the organist to the church porch, delighted him much with a sight of my hand-moulds for the pianoforte, gave him a prospectus of them, shook hands with him, and galloped off.'

From 'More English Diaries,' by Arthur Ponsonby.—
Yours, &c., R. H. WHALL.
Stroud, Glos.

COMPOSER'S NAME WANTED

SIR,—I have recently come into possession of an old volume which has, unfortunately, lost its title-page and covers. The contents appear to be a collection of six Concertos, in the keys of C, F, D, G, B flat, and E flat. The first Concerto opens thus:



The volume itself gives no indication whatever as to the identity of the composer. I have, however, a book of six Overtures arranged for the harpsichord by their writer, C. F. Abel, and the style of composition, as well as the type of printing, seems to suggest some affinity between the Concertos and the Overtures.

Can any of your readers give me information which would settle the question of authorship?

Yours, &c., H. STUBINGTON.
Appletree House,
Presteigne, Rads.

THE MODERN IDIOM

SIR,—Let us fervently hope that the article by Leonid Sabanev, in the September issue of the *Musical Times*, wherein he demonstrates the absurdity of some of the claims put forward for Stravinsky by his admirers, may be taken as an indication that Authority is at last about to voice its protest against 90 per cent. of what is fashionably described as the 'modern idiom.'

Not long ago I met a student who is attending one of our leading musical institutions, and who is looked on by her teachers as a very promising pianist. I asked her to play me some Chopin, but was told she 'really did not know any,' and had the same answer when I asked for some Schumann. She was then left to choose for herself, the result being that I was treated to some strange music by a living composer—truly an example of a stone for bread!

It is lamentable that a leading musical institution should send out students who have been deliberately trained to ignore Schumann and Chopin; but still more lamentable that in place, say, of the Study in C minor being placed before her as a pattern of perfection, she should be taught to look on it as 'old-fashioned,' and be provided with something more 'modern' on which to exercise her talent.

We see, everywhere, this tendency to make little of music which is not of the variety known as modern, and to sing the praises of any composer who will but do his best to follow in the steps of the Stravinsky-Schönberg-Bartók school.

Those to whom such music gives gratification explain the present antagonism to modern music as similar to that which was felt towards Wagner's music. They apparently forget that Wagner stood alone, and that his genius made him the instrument of a real forward step in musical evolution, and, consequently, he was not surrounded by shoals of composers writing in the Wagnerian idiom.

They also forget, apparently, that Wagner never dreamed of asking his critics to judge his music otherwise than by hearing it. Honegger and Schönberg, however, say that it is very liable to be mere noise when listened to, and we must read it, if we wish fully to grasp its great merits.

If there is any glimmer of meaning in this statement it can only be that counterpoint of fine quality *visually* may go hand-in-hand with a resulting atrocious vertical harmony!—as if a round object could give birth to a square shadow!

Schönberg is praised by Honegger for the good work he has done in rescuing us from the 'tyranny of tonality,' an expression worthy of an Ultra-Modern.

The subject requires a volume—the subject, that is, of 'Modern Music'—and the sooner the better. People, like myself, who can enter into the delights of 'Gerontius,' the 'Enigma' Variations, 'Till,' &c., are getting more and more curious to know exactly what reasons can be put forward by the Anti-Tonality, Anti-Listening, and Anti-Euphony school, in support of its contention that it represents a real legitimate advance in musical art.—Yours, &c.,

Plymouth.

HERBERT W. FISHER.

Sharps and Flats

SIR,—May I be permitted to offer a suggestion to the Band Committee, viz.: That during the week, rather than stick rigidly to eyebrow music...
Letter to Editor of Southport Paper.

Songs like 'Parted,' 'Absent,' 'Two Eyes of Grey,' and 'The Rosary' are the real folk-songs of modern England. And I am prepared to wager that none of your readers could guess the name of the most popular British Christmas song! No, it is not 'Home, Sweet Home,' nor 'Good King Wenceslas,' nor 'Christians, Awake!'—but 'The Miner's Dream of Home.'—
J. H. Squire

Probst, in the last year of Schubert's life, gave him 17s. 6d. for the E flat Trio! One would like to visit Probst where he is now, and dole out brackish water to him at 17s. 6d. a molecule.—*Ernest Newman.*

Woman's sphere is the home.—*Galli-Curci.*

It is sad stuff, this talk about educating the public taste. Surely any bonehead can see that the public does not want the best... I do not believe in giving the people Brahms when they want Wilfrid Sanderson... Let the highbrows sniff...
—*George Coulter.*

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of October, 1868:
CRYSTAL PALACE

On Wednesday, September 16, the annual concert of the Sol-fa Association was given with the utmost success. We have often alluded to the excellent progress of this Society; and have only to say that on the present occasion the choral music was given with even more than the usual amount of precision and refinement. An interesting test of the power of the choir to sing at first sight was exhibited to the audience, a sacred part-song, the composition of Mr. Henry Smart, having been brought forward, the seal of the copies broken in the orchestra, and the parts distributed at once to the singers. The performance of this composition was most praiseworthy; every note being taken almost as correctly as if the choir had been previously acquainted with the work.

An interesting incident occurred in All Saints' Church, at Hertford, lately, an account of which we extract from the *Hertford Mercury*. 'Sunday was the ninetieth birthday of Mr. Charles Bridgeman, and on that day he played the organ both at morning and evening service, and with his old skill. Everything changes now, and church music is not what it was. Some young people like the Psalms played to jig tunes, and musicians of the old classical school don't like it. Our venerable nonagenarian organist always was of that school, and those who love its music—sweet, solemn, reverent, and chaste—are still refreshed by performances which have lost but little of the grace and beauty which made Mr. Bridgeman eminent in years gone by. Mr. Bridgeman has now been organist of All Saints' Church for seventy-seven years—more than

three-quarters of a century! We are glad to be able to say that his health is good. Long may he live to make us wonder more than we do now at powers so long preserved.

COLCHESTER.—The choir (consisting, at present, of eight men and twelve boys) at St. Leonard's Church, in this town—which has within its Borough seventeen churches—appeared at surplices on Sunday, August 30. This being the first time that a surpliced choir has appeared at Colchester since the Reformation, a very numerous congregation assembled at this beautiful old Church.

London Concerts

THE OLD VIC

The renovated Old Vic. was packed for the opening of the opera season on September 13, when a good all-round performance of 'Aida' was given. The principals were May Busby, Gladys Palmer, Henry Wendon, Frank Sale, and Joseph Farrington, and capital work was done by all of them. We have often heard less good operatic singing from stars in more august surroundings. The chorus sang better than it looked. Operatic choruses rarely achieve success in both respects; the Old Vic. body deserves praise for managing the more important (and difficult) side. The good level of efficiency shown by all concerned, and the obvious enjoyment of the crowded audience, indicate surely the solution of the opera problem. But is there a problem? At the time of writing the B.N.O.C. is enjoying a successful spell at Lewisham, and the Carl Rosa Company is starting a season at Hammersmith. At the Old Vic. from now on throughout the season, opera will be on tap for three times per week. Let us have national schemes by all means, if there is no other way of giving us the pick of singers and conductors from abroad. But English opera must be an affair of English singers using their own language, in performances so priced as to attract the average English public that is now accustomed to getting a good evening's entertainment at the cinema and variety house for anything from a shilling up to a half-crown. The Old Vic., the B.N.O.C., and the Carl Rosa Company are building up a public for opera, and steadily founding a school of English opera singers. Costly schemes with imported 'stars' and fashionable audiences have their value, but they do neither of these things, and so in the long run do not make for permanency.

What the Old Vic. is doing in this and kindred ways may be read in the Annual Report. For example, the operatic nights are so attractive that almost invariably standing room is at a premium. Here is the opera public being built up. During the last 'International' season at Covent Garden the Old Vic. opera company was represented by half a dozen of its principals, including three who took part in the 'Aida' performance noticed above—May Busby, Gladys Palmer, and Henry Wendon. This is evidence of the valuable work done in developing a school of English opera singers. And, finally, we read that the success of opera at the Old Vic. was mainly instrumental in bringing about the dramatic performances that have sent so many people to the Waterloo Road in search of the Shakespeare and similar dramatic fare that they sought vainly in the West End. The Report holds out hope that when the Sadler's Wells Theatre is opened as a sister establishment to the Old Vic., opera will be played continuously, turn and turn about, at both theatres. So London will get its permanent opera after all, not by grandiose projects, but as a result of the labours of Emma Cons, Lilian Baylis, and their co-workers, who saw that in building up an opera tradition, no less than in building an opera house, the first thing to be done is to lay the foundation 'well and truly.'

H. G.

THE B.N.O.C.

With so much opera going on in London it has been possible only to take samples. Those taken from the B.N.O.C. season at the Lewisham Hippodrome showed that the Company is steadily gaining strength. The violent fluctuations that used to take place in the standard of performance—a brilliant production one night, a mediocre show the next—have been smoothed out to a general level of all-round merit, which fluctuates only on the right side. Even when a performance threatens to be good enough and no more, like that of 'I Pagliacci' on the opening night, suddenly it will change to magic. It was Mr. Frank Mullings who applied the touch, when he sang 'On with the motley.' Not even Caruso made that bitter cry so moving, so intense in its music.

'Carmen,' on the following night, was a mirror to all the traditions. Miss Constance Willis went through her part to a turn. She seems to have all her impersonations well organized and card-indexed; a most reliable and valuable artist. This was a performance in which one respected every player. Then came 'The Mastersingers,' in which the blood flowed more warmly on both sides of the footlights. Mr. Robert Parker, as Sachs, grated slightly in Act 1, but mellowed in his garrulous progress and was delightful by the time he sat down to his night's work in Act 2. Mr. Walter Widdop had an off-night vocally, but his Walther was of the right quality. All Davids are pretty singers—so seems to be the rule—but Mr. Heddle Nash is surely the prettiest of all. The stage company was thoroughly likeable all the evening, and it was not entirely due to the thrall of the music.

Missing 'Butterfly,' 'Aida,' 'Valkyrie,' and 'Trovatore,' we come to 'Parsifal,' on September 17, for the first time in a London suburb. The staging did not rival Bayreuth, nor did the orchestra, but the performance easily outdid Bayreuth (according to the present writer's experience) in the essential part that belongs to the spirit. Mr. Walter Hyde, as Parsifal, did not yelp or swagger; he sang and acted as his two *leit-motiven* told him. The Kundry, Miss Gladys Ancrum, was not a mixture of Chrysothemis and Musetta. Mr. Norman Allin's voice made Gurnemanz welcome to talk as much as he liked. Mr. Robert Parker showed us the depth of the mental as well as the physical agony of Amfortas. Only the Klingsor, Mr. Bernard Ross, felt the want of apparatus. The performance was keyed to the right pitch in mind and feeling, and it must be accounted one of the best achievements of the company.

The first performance of 'Lohengrin' by the B.N.O.C., with Mr. Tudor Davies in the title-part, was dated too late for mention in this notice.

M.

PROMENADE CONCERT NOVELTIES

August 23 gave us the first performance of a work that will probably be heard again, and frequently—Zoltán Kodály's Suite, 'Hary Janos.' It consists of half a dozen movements arranged from a comic opera produced at Budapest in 1926. Hary Janos is not a mineral water, but a national character apparently compounded of Till Eulenspiegel and Baron Munchausen. The Suite is a very attractive affair, with scoring that can be described as fresh and original even in these days of brilliant orchestration. There is real beauty in the two quiet movements. The composer conducted, and was recalled many times. The Suite was finely played.

Godfrey Sampson's Symphony in D, which was conducted by the composer, on August 25, must be called an excellently made work, in spite of the suspicion of a sneer that lies behind the implication of respectable laboriousness. The sneer is, after all, but the refuge of the enterprising young people who may have original ideas but cannot do a sound job. Mr. Sampson may well ignore it, for, as this Symphony shows, he knows his craft. His deficiency is a lack of individual

notions, his merit that he is without false æsthetic preconceptions. For the moment his music is so colourless as to reflect no personality, either (unfortunately) his own or (fortunately) any other composer's, with the exception, perhaps, of Elgar here and there. The significant point is that, though the Symphony has no positive merits over and above good workmanship, its deficiencies are all negative. There are no faults to discard, only virtues to acquire, and so Mr. Sampson's progress towards something really vital should be easy and rapid.

Leo Sowerby's Overture, 'Comes Autumn Time,' was heard on August 30. The composer is among the young hopes of America, and is a Chicago organist who recently won the American equivalent of the *Prix de Rome*. The Overture is an orchestral version of an organ piece. It is on the short side, direct in style, with a likeable warmth in harmony and scoring, and not without suggestions of both MacDowell and Franck.

One of the most interesting novelties of the month was Sibelius's symphonic poem 'Tapiola' (September 1). It takes its name from the Finnish deity Tapio, and its mood is indicated by a verse prefaced to the score which speaks of dusky forests wherein 'dwells the Forest's mighty god, and wood-sprites in the gloom weave magic secrets.' It is a strong, rugged work, thoroughly characteristic of the composer's later style, which gripped the attention from the start. A violent contrast to this austere, brooding, sombre music was supplied by the blatant strains of the 'Zampa' Overture, which was placed between the Sibelius work and the other novelty of the evening—Arthur Benjamin's Concertino for pianoforte and orchestra. In this an attempt has been made to utilise some of the elements of jazz. The pianoforte part was ably played by the composer, but the work, in spite of occasional sparkling bits, proved boring to, at any rate, one listener.

Edgar Bainton's 'Eclogue'—first performed last winter by Sir Dan Godfrey at one of his Bournemouth Symphony Concerts—received its first London performance on September 8. As its title implies, it is of a pastoral character. It is a musicianly work, mainly quiet in mood, and well deserves the further hearing necessary for a full appreciation of its undoubted merits.

Rubin Goldmark's 'Negro Rhapsody' (September 11) had the misfortune to be eclipsed by Elgar's glorious 'Falstaff.' Even without this contrast, however, it would have cut a poor enough figure. The negro spirituals used by the composer are brave tunes, but his treatment of them is timidly conventional. Dvorák, in his 'New World' Symphony and the 'Nigger Quartet,' long ago did all that Mr. Goldmark can do with this kind of material, and did it a good deal better. In fact, Dvorák made the tunes his own to the extent of making them sound positively Slavonic. In the 'Negro Rhapsody' one is always conscious that all the fat remains with the thematic material, and that the composer's share is a lean and hungry sort of affair.

Alfredo Casella's 'Partita,' for pianoforte and orchestra (September 13), is nothing if not exuberant. The nimble Italian composer is here, there, and everywhere with technical devices and flashes of invention. He so dazzles and bewilders his hearers with his wit and resourcefulness that at the end their critical faculty lies for the moment exhausted and without a word to say in protest against such an assault of brilliancy. But it cannot be killed outright by this sort of clever fencing, and once revived it is acutely conscious of having been unfairly stunned. One's resentment, however, limits itself, when all is said, to the objection that Casella does not deliver the genuine brand of originality which this work so persuasively advertises. There is no settled style. The suite form of the whole, the 17th-century mould of the opening Sinfonia, and the passacaglia pattern of the second movement contrast oddly with the random provenance of the musical idiom, where the harmonic clashes of the

Italian madrigal of the Italian Renaissance hobnob with those of modern polytonality and the cheek of Rossini is by the jowl of Stravinsky. But at any rate the work is provoking, whether to wrath or enjoyment does not greatly matter, and one certainly wants to hear it again. The pianoforte part could hardly be better played than by the masterly Egon Petri.

Norman O'Neill's 'Three Shakespearean Sketches' (September 15) are the work of an adept at theatre music. Nothing could be more tactfully adjusted to audiences not predominantly musical, and it is therefore inevitable that in the concert-room these pieces must lack impressiveness in proportion to their fitness to the original purpose. The three movements are extracted from the incidental music written for David Belasco's production of 'The Merchant of Venice' at New York six years ago. The first, a 'Rhapsody' descriptive of Shylock, draws the portrait in colours and contours too soft to make a good likeness; indeed, without the quotation in the programme it would not have been recognisable. The 'Nocturne' that foreshadows the love scene between Jessica and Lorenzo has lyrical beauty and an appropriateness that, although a little obvious owing to the use of conventional devices, serves its purpose. Best of all is the final 'Masquerade,' a piece of English music in the German (Sir Edward) tradition, but with a good deal that is different and very neatly contrived. XXX.

Mr. Gordon Bryan announces a series of three chamber concerts of unusual interest. On October 19, at 8.15, there will be a Ravel programme, in which the composer will take part, accompanying a group of songs and being pianist in a new work for voice, pianoforte, flute, and violoncello. On October 26 the scheme will be confined to pianoforte music for solo, duet, and two pianofortes (four, six, and eight hands), with a strong team of players. On November 2 there will be chamber music for wind and pianoforte (Mozart, Brahms, Poulenc, Beethoven, &c.), played by Léon Goossens, Richard Newton, F. J. Thurston, Aubrey Brain, and Gordon Bryan.

The Coming Season

FIRST LIST

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS IN LONDON

(For provincial orchestral programmes see 'Music in the Provinces')

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the first of ten concerts on October 15, when the programme will include a Mozart Symphony and Violin Concerto (M. Szigeti) and Delius's 'North Country Sketches.' Albert Coates conducts a Wagner concert on October 29. Subsequent dates and conductors are November 12, Sir Thomas Beecham (Mozart's 'Requiem' and Liszt's thirteenth Psalm, with the Manchester Beecham Opera Choir); November 26, Emile Cooper; December 10, Casals; January 21, John Barbirolli; February 11 ('Ein Heldenleben') and March 11, Abendroth; March 25 and April 8 ('Symphonie Fantastique'), Weingartner.

B.B.C. SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Twelve concerts are to be given at Queen's Hall, with ten different conductors. On October 12 Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct Schumann's third Symphony, Delius's 'Brigg Fair,' Lord Berners's 'Fugue,' and his own arrangement of a Handel Ballet, 'The gods go a-begging.' On October 26 Szigeti will give the first performance in England of Casella's Violin Concerto, and Sir Henry Wood will conduct. Five of the later concerts will be choral.

AMATEUR ORCHESTRAS

THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA OF LONDON (Mr. Wynn Reeves).—The season's work includes four Symphonies: Lalo's in G minor, Brahms's third, Glazounov's sixth, and Rachmaninov's second. Two concerts are to be

given at Kingsway Hall, on January 14 and April 15. At the first rehearsal (Kingsway Hall Lecture Room, October 9, at 5.30) Mr. Reeves hopes to enrol new violin players and cellists.

BARCLAY'S BANK MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. Herbert W. Pierce and Mr. D. Marblacy Jones).—Concerts at Queen's Hall on December 12 and March 20. The orchestral works include Delius's Pianoforte Concerto and the Overtures to 'The Mastersingers,' 'The Ruler of the Spirits,' 'The Wasps,' and 'Die Fledermaus.'

THE STROLLING PLAYERS AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Joseph Ivimey).—The suggested programmes include: (November 29) O'Neill's 'Festal Overture' and 'Two Shakespearean Sketches,' conducted by the composer, and Schubert's Symphony in C; (February 14) a new 'Overture for a Comedy,' by Norman Demuth, Dvořák's Symphonic Variations, and pieces from Mackenzie's 'Colomba'; (April 25) Brahms's 'Academic Festival Overture' and the 'Jupiter' Symphony. The concerts are held at Queen's Hall.

CHORAL CONCERTS

LONDON AND DISTRICT

ALEXANDRA CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Allen Gill).—'Hiawatha'; 'Acis and Galatea'; 'The Dream of Gerontius'; concert version of 'Carmen.' On February 12 Mr. Gill will give a lecture on Elgar, with choral and orchestral examples.

BACH CHOIR, THE (Dr. Adrian Boult).—Bach's Magnificat; 'Psalmus Hungaricus' (Kodály); 'The Fire Rider' (Wolf); Schubert's Mass in A flat; Vaughan Williams's Mass in G minor.

BARCLAY'S BANK MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. Herbert W. Pierce and Mr. D. Marblacy Jones).—Percy Reed (MacCunn); Five Mystical Songs (Vaughan Williams); 'O walk the Heavenly Way' (Bach); glees, part-songs, &c.

BATTERSEA AND WANDSWORTH CHORAL UNION (Mr. F. Wilment Bates).—'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' (Parry); 'Look at the Clock' (Bath).

B.B.C. NATIONAL CHORUS.—November 23, a new choral work on 'The Pilgrim's Progress' by Granville Bantock, conducted by the composer; February 1, 'The Damnation of Faust,' conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty; March 1, 'Blest Pair of Sirens,' conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, and 'The Hillside' (Fogg), conducted by the composer; March 29, Verdi's 'Requiem,' conducted by Gino Marinuzzi; April 12, Mahler's eighth Symphony, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

BERMONDSEY SETTLEMENT (Choral Section) (Mr. W. H. Bullock).—Carols and miscellaneous; 'The Count of Como' (W. H. Bullock).

BISHOPSGATE INSTITUTE CHORAL SOCIETY.—'The Creation'; Mozart's 'Requiem.'

BROMLEY CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Frederic Fertel).—'Tom Jones'; 'Solomon'; Brahms's 'Requiem.'

CENTRAL LONDON CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. David J. Thomas).—'Les Cloches de Corneville'; 'Tales of Hoffmann' (five performances, in different halls); 'The Redemption.'

CITY OF LONDON CHORAL UNION (Dr. Harold Darke).—Verdi's 'Requiem.'

CROYDON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Alan J. Kirby).—'Merrie England'; shanties, madrigals, and part-songs; 'The Dream of Gerontius.'

DARTFORD CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ernest Leeds).—'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'Judas Maccabæus.'

'DESTRA' CHOIR, THE (Mr. W. S. Lewis).—'The Messiah'; 'Christmas' Oratorio.

DULWICH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Leslie Regan).—'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day' (Handel); 'A Princess of Kensington' (German); 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' (Parry); 'The Mystic Trumpeter' (Harty); 'St. Matthew' Passion.

EALING CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Herbert Dawson).—'The Golden Legend'; 'Judas Maccabæus.'

EALING PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Victor Williams).—'The Gate of Life' (Leoni); 'Blest Pair of Sirens'; 'Belshazzar'; 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' (Parry).

EAST GRINSTEAD CHORAL SOCIETY (Rev. G. Farrant).—'King Olaf.'

ELTHAM CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Cyril V. Jenkin).—'Hiawatha.'

GRAFTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Clapham (Mr. W. C. Anscombe).—'Hiawatha's Wedding - Feast'; part-songs and madrigals; 'Merrie England'; 'St. Matthew' Passion.

GRAYS (ESSEX) AND DISTRICT CHORAL AND MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. H. Fraser).—'Elijah'; 'Merrie England.'

HAROLD BROOKE CHOIR, THE (Mr. Harold Brooke).—'Belshazzar.'

HARROW AND GREENHILL CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. W. Belchamber).—'The Song of Hiawatha.'

HITHER GREEN CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ernest Dumayne).—'Cavalleria Rusticana'; 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast'; 'Blest Pair of Sirens'; 'St. Paul'; 'The Rebel Maid.'

INSURANCE MUSICAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY (Mr. Frank Idle).—'The Rebel Maid.'

ISLINGTON CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ronald Chamberlain).—'The Banner of St. George'; 'Hymn to Providence' (Cundell); 'Elijah'; 'The Rebel Maid.'

L.N.E.R. CHORAL SOCIETY (Col. W. Johnson Galloway).—Carols, &c., and 'Hail, gladdening Light' (Gounod), arranged for male voices.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY, THE (Mr. Arthur Fagge).—'Jesu, Priceless Treasure'; 'The Blessed Damsel' (Julius Harrison, for female voices); Smyth's Mass in D; 'Songs of the Fleet'; 'King Robert of Sicily' (H. R. Hulbert); 'A Masque of the Sea' (Leighton Lucas); 'News from Whydah.'

PENGE AND DISTRICT CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Alfred B. Choat).—'A Princess of Kensington'; 'The Power of Sound' (Somervell); 'Caractacus.'

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES (Mr. Frank Idle).—'Samson'; 'The Dream of Jubal'; 'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'The Kingdom'; 'The Messiah'; 'Merrie England.'

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR, THE (Mr. C. Kennedy Scott).—March 26, Schubert's Mass in E flat; Brahms's Two Motets, Op. 74; 'The Song of Destiny,' May 30, 'The Hymn of Jesus'; 'Appalachia'; 'Hecuba's Lament' (Holst); 'Walsingham' (Bax, first performance); 'News from Whydah' (Balfour Gardiner). (For the Royal Philharmonic Society) November 15, Schubert's Mass in E flat, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty; December 6, 'Hercules,' conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

PLUMSTEAD CENTRAL HALL CHOIR AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. Wilson).—'Cavalleria Rusticana'; 'Elijah'; 'The Song of Hiawatha'; 'The Messiah.'

PURLEY CHORAL UNION (Mr. Harold Macpherson).—'The Lord is my Shepherd' (Schubert); 'Coffee Cantata'; 'Peasant Cantata'; 'A Tale of Old Japan.'

ST. MICHAEL'S (CORNHILL) SINGERS (Dr. Harold Darke).—November 12: 'For the Fallen'; Mozart's 'Requiem'; 'As the leaves fall' (Darke); 'Peace' (Parry). November 13: 'O sing unto the Lord' (Purcell); Schubert's Mass in A flat; 'Watch ye, pray ye' (Bach). November 14: a Bach programme. November 15: 'The Messiah.'

SEVEN KINGS CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. G. B. Linch).—'Merrie England.'

SOUTH-WEST CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Frank Odell).—'The Creation'; 'The Messiah'; 'Tom Jones.'

TULSE HILL: HOLY TRINITY CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Henry F. Hall).—Brahms's 'Requiem'; 'St. Matthew' Passion.

WANSTEAD CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Leslie Regan).—'Dido and Æneas'; Bach's Mass in B minor.

- WELWYN GARDEN CITY MUSIC SOCIETY (Miss Alice Hare).—'John Gilpin'; 'King Olaf'; part-songs; Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater.'
- WEST LONDON CHORAL UNION (Mr. W. S. Lewis).—'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'The Gate of Life' (Leoni).
- WEST MIDDLESEX MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. C. Stanley Smallman).—'Hiawatha,' Parts 1 and 2; 'The Banner of St. George'; Part 1 of 'Semele.'
- WESTMINSTER CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Vincent Thomas).—'The Messiah'; 'Jesu, Priceless Treasure'; Elgar's Forty-eighth Psalm; folk-song arrangements by Vaughan Williams; 'King Olaf.'
- WILLESDEN GREEN AND CRICKLEWOOD CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. W. Belchamber).—Concert edition of 'Carmen'; Choral Fantasy on 'The Mastersingers'; 'King Olaf.'
- WIMBLEDON CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. Wilment Bates).—'Merrie England.'

PROVINCIAL

- BEDFORD CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. A. F. Parriss).—'The Messiah'; 'Belshazzar.'
- BEDFORD MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. H. J. Colson).—'The Music-Makers'; Brahms's 'Requiem.'
- BEXHILL CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. G. Christian).—'The Messiah'; 'The Banner of St. George'; 'The Golden Legend.'
- BIRMINGHAM CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL UNION (Mr. Joseph H. Adams).—'The Messiah'; 'Tom Jones'; 'Aida'; 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast'; 'From the Bavarian Highlands'; 'Bon-bon Suite.'
- BIRMINGHAM: THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM CHOIR (Mr. G. D. Cunningham).—'Israel in Egypt'; Elizabethan madrigals; 'Sing ye to the Lord' (Bach); 'Golden Journey to Samarkand' (Bantock); Verdi's 'Requiem'; Brahms's 'Alto Rhapsody.'
- BOLTON CHORAL UNION (Mr. T. Booth).—'Aida'; 'The Messiah'; 'Acis and Galatea'; selection from 'Judith.'
- BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL CHOIR (Sir Dan Godfrey, chorus-master, Mr. Hadley Watkins).—'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'The Music-Makers'; 'The Messiah'; a Bach Passion ('St. Matthew' or 'St. John').
- BRADFORD FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—'Liebeslieder'; Boughton's Choral Variations on Folk-Songs; Choral Hymns from the 'Rig Veda'; 'Elijah'; 'The Song of Hiawatha.'
- BRISTOL CHORAL SOCIETY (Sir Thomas Beecham).—'Ethel Smyth's Mass in D'; 'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'The Messiah'; Choral Symphony (Beethoven); 'The Song of Destiny'; Bach's Mass in B minor.
- BRISTOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Arnold Barter).—'A Sea Symphony'; 'Come, Redeemer' (Bach); 'The Coming of Christ' (Holst); 'Stabat Mater' (Palestrina); 'A Pageant of Human Life' (Bantock); 'The Apostles.'
- BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. E. Fisher).—'My soul is athirst for Thee' (Bach); 'The Wedding of Shon Maclean.'
- BURNLEY MUNICIPAL CHOIR (Mr. D. Duxbury, chorus-master).—'Dvorák's 'Stabat Mater'; 'The Messiah'; 'The Dream of Gerontius.'
- CLARE (SUFFOLK) CHORAL SOCIETY.—'King Olaf.'
- COLCHESTER MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. F. Kingdon).—'King Olaf'; 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day' (Parry); 'A Ballad of Dundee' (Wood).
- CREWE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. R. A. Taylor).—'The Messiah.'
- DEAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—'Tom Jones.'
- DERBY CHORAL UNION (Sir Henry Coward).—'A Sea Symphony'; 'The Mystic Trumpeter'; 'The Dream of Gerontius.'
- DERBY CO-OPERATIVE CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. J. Stevenson).—'From the Bavarian Highlands'; 'A Tale of Old Japan.'

- DUNDEE AMATEUR CHORAL UNION (Mr. C. C. M. Cowe).—'Acis and Galatea'; 'A Tale of Old Japan.'
- DUNFERMLINE: VIEWFIELD BAPTIST CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. A. B. Sheddon).—'Israel in Egypt.'
- EAST HERTS MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. J. Comley).—'King Olaf'; 'St. Matthew' Passion.
- GLASGOW CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL UNION (Mr. Wilfred Senior).—'Elijah'; 'The Messiah'; 'A Hungarian Psalm' (Kodály); 'Sea Drift' (Delius); 'A Sea Symphony.'
- HALIFAX CHORAL SOCIETY (Dr. A. C. Tysoe).—'The Damnation of Faust'; 'The Messiah'; 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.'
- HOLME VALLEY MALE-VOICE CHOIR (Mr. Irving Silverwood).—On November 24, 'Die Tageszeitung' (Richard Strauss), for the first time in England; 'Alto Rhapsody'; Hymns from the 'Rig Veda'; 'A Dirge for Two Veterans'; 'A Yarn of Loch Achrae' (Cyril Jenkins).
- HOLMFIRTH CHORAL SOCIETY.—'The Messiah'; concert version of 'Carmen.'
- HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY (Sir Henry Coward).—'The Dream of Gerontius'; 'The Mystic Trumpeter'; 'The Messiah'; selections from 'Israel in Egypt'; 'Ode to the North-East Wind.'
- KIRKCALDY CHORAL UNION (Mr. C. C. M. Cowe).—'King Olaf'; 'The Song of Destiny.'
- LEEDS CHORAL UNION (Sir Henry Coward).—'Samson and Delilah'; 'The Messiah'; 'A Sea Symphony'; Five Mystical Songs and Five English Folk-Songs (Vaughan Williams); 'King Saul.'
- LEEDS NEW CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. H. Bardgett).—'Christmas Oratorio'; 'Acis and Galatea'; 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin'; 'The Three Jovial Huntsmen' (Walford Davies).
- LEEDS PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Dr. E. C. Bairstow).—'Semele'; 'The Messiah'; 'Sancta Civitas'; 'The Song of Destiny'; Choral Hymns from the 'Rig Veda.'
- LINCOLN MUSICAL SOCIETY (Dr. G. J. Bennett).—'Alexander's Feast'; 'In Honour of the City' (Dyson).
- LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Sir Henry Wood).—First Act of 'Lohengrin'; 'Song of the Rhine Maidens, from 'Götterdämmerung'; 'Solomon.'
- LUTON CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. Gostelow).—'The Burden of Babylon' (Bantock), conducted by the composer; 'Merrie England.'
- LYNN MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. A. Heath).—'Acis and Galatea'; 'St. Matthew' Passion.
- MAIDSTONE CHORAL UNION AND ROCHESTER CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. Wilson Parish).—Schubert concert; 'Sing ye to the Lord' (Bach); 'Blest Pair of Sirens'; Evening Hymn (Balfour Gardiner); 'I was glad' (Parry).
- MANCHESTER: THE HALLÉ CHOIR (Sir Hamilton Harty).—'The Trojans at Carthage' (Berlioz); 'The Messiah'; 'Sing ye to the Lord'; 'The Music-Makers'; 'Mater Ora Filium'; 'Sea-Drift' (Delius); 'Now let the grace'; 'The Flying Dutchman.'
- NORTHAMPTON MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. C. J. King).—'Acis and Galatea'; selection from Gounod's 'Faust.'
- NORTHWICH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. J. Patterson Shaw).—'Les Cloches de Corneville'; 'Athalie.'
- NOTTINGHAM SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Allen Gill).—'Acis and Galatea'; 'The Song of Destiny'; 'The Song of Miriam'; 'The Messiah'; 'Sea Drift' (Delius); 'The Mystic Trumpeter'; 'Elijah.'
- PAISLEY CHORAL UNION (Mr. W. Rigby).—'Spring' (from 'The Seasons'); concert selection from 'Faust'; 'The Golden Legend.'
- PORTSMOUTH NORTH END CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ernest Birch).—'The Song of Hiawatha'; 'St. Paul.'
- POTTERIES CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Carl Oliver).—'The Last Post' (Stanford); 'Men of England' (Kettelbey); 'For the Fallen.'

- RAMSGATE CHORAL SOCIETY.—'Judas Maccabæus.'
 RAVENSKNOLLE VOCAL UNION (Mr. Ernest Cooper).—
 'Songs of the Fleet'; selection from 'The Master-
 singers'; 'The Creation'; 'Tom Jones.'
 ST. ALBANS BACH CHOIR.—Brahms's 'Requiem';
 'Sleepers, wake.'
 SITTINGBOURNE AND DISTRICT MUSICAL SOCIETY
 (Mr. W. J. Keech).—'The Yeomen of the Guard';
 'The Rebel Maid'; 'Caractacus'; 'Merrie
 England.'
 SOUTH SHIELDS HARMONIC SOCIETY.—'The Messiah';
 'The Song of Miriam'; 'Hiawatha's Wedding-
 Feast.'
 STIRLING CHORAL SOCIETY.—'The Messiah'; 'Judas
 Maccabæus.'
 STOCKPORT VOCAL UNION (Dr. T. Keighley).—Madrigals
 and part-songs; 'The Messiah'; 'I Pagliacci.'
 SUNDERLAND PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. R. F.
 Jarman).—Schubert Centenary concert; un-
 accompanied part-songs; 'Samson.'
 SWANSEA: HEBRON CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr.
 W. H. Thomas).—Cherubini's 'Requiem Mass' in
 C minor; 'Hiawatha's Departure.'
 WARRINGTON MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. Frank H.
 Crossley).—'Tales of Hoffmann'; 'Les Cloches
 de Corneville.'
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Seymour
 Dossor).—'The Messiah'; 'A Tale of Old Japan';
 'From the Bavarian Highlands.'
 WINDSOR AND ETON CHORAL SOCIETY (Rev. B. C. S.
 Everett).—Part 1 of 'Semele'; 'Lochinvar';
 First group of Choral Hymns from 'Rig Veda';
 'Towards the Unknown Region'; Two Princess
 Songs (Holst).
 WOLVERTON SCIENCE AND ART INSTITUTE AND DIS-
 TRICT CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. C. Kenneth Garratt).
 —'The Golden Legend'; 'Hear my prayer.'
 YEovil CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. G. Risdon).—'The
 Wedding of Shon Maclean'; 'The Creation.'
- IRELAND
- DUBLIN: CULWICK CHORAL SOCIETY (Miss Florence
 Culwick).—'A Cycle of the Sea' (Gerrard
 Williams); 'Songs of the Open Air' (Dear);
 Meyerbeer's ninety-first Psalm; 'Vanity of
 Vanities.'
 DUBLIN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Col. Fritz Braze and
 Mr. Turner Huggard).—Schubert's Mass in
 B flat; 'The Messiah'; Brahms's 'Requiem.'
 SLIGO MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. Mark Franklin).—
 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast'; 'O God, when
 Thou appearest' (Mozart).

Music in Wales

ABERYSTWYTH.—The Mountain Ash Male-Voice Choir, newly returned from a tour of the United States and Canada, gave concerts in the University College Hall on September 2 and 3. Taken as a whole the programme was not worthy either of the attainments of this fine body of singers or of the present stage of musical intelligence in the country.

CARDIFF.—Some concern is felt owing to the fact that the free public concerts given in the National Museum in Cathays Park have been less well attended than they deserve to be. The National Orchestra of Wales has achieved a high standard, and should receive the encouragement of attendance in large numbers. Those who do go are obviously appreciative, and are well rewarded. The lunch-hour concerts are without doubt a boon to workers in the neighbourhood.

HARLECH.—A successful summer school in music took place at Coleg Harlech, between August 18 and 28. The school was directed by Sir Walford Davies, under the auspices of the National Council of Music, the students being mainly music teachers in schools and evening classes, and coming from all parts of England and Wales, with two visitors from Canada. Coleg Harlech exists to provide short courses in technical and general education for adult workers of all kinds. It owes much to the enthusiastic support and influence of the late Lord Haldane.

THE SIENA FESTIVAL OF MODERN MUSIC

Siena has treated us royally. In many ways it is the most delightful of the places yet chosen for the annual Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, and every one enjoyed the week with its hospitality, its sight-seeing, and its occasional public outbursts of uncontrolled dislike. The Festival proper consisted of three chamber concerts (at the beautiful Palazzo Chigi Saracini), a morning session for Czecho-Slovakian experiments, and full performances of Stravinsky's 'Les Noces' and Walton's 'Façade.' Extra to these, however, were the two concerts of the Augusteo Orchestra from Rome under Bernardino Molinari, and a concert of unaccompanied polyphonic music under Mgr. Casimiri.

To the English present (more in number than usual) it was both disappointing and gratifying that no less than five of the modern works had already been played in London, not including 'Façade,' to which considerable additions had been made. Of these works let us leave 'Les Noces,' competently performed under Alfredo Casella, to the Stravinsky controversialists. The Ravel Violin Sonata really had little chance from its lifeless performance by Rudolph Kolisch and Jozefo Rosanska, but it does not wear well. I find it empty and thin; the first movement has charm, but the rest, especially the 'Blues' (dragged in for some unaccountable reason), places it among Ravel's failures. The certainty of touch in de Falla's Concerto for harpsichord on the other hand showed it as one of the finest things at the Festival. Though the composer played with great spirit, the Concerto would have sounded better still under a conductor; we missed some of its hard and brittle quality. A trifle too picturesque in its method, this work is without doubt as good as anything de Falla has written.

The obvious sincerity of Frank Bridge's Quartet No. 3 won it praise in certain unexpected quarters. The performance was as good as one could wish, and the Brosa Quartet distinguished itself as the finest ensemble present, both by this and by the performance of Bloch's Quintet, which caused a positive ovation. Undoubtedly the latter is a work of the first class, and stands with the de Falla among the best music of the week.

Unfortunately, the works contributed by Italian composers were the least important of all. Vincenzo Tommasini's Quartet No. 2 seems hardly to find a place among modern music. The harmonic and structural bases are old-fashioned, and the discords merely added. Over its mechanical development and its straining sweetnesses one sees the shadow of Franck. Alfano's Sonata for 'cello and pianoforte' (played by Antonio Tusa as well as his short notice of two days would allow) was even less to my taste. It was, indeed, the only thing of its kind at the Festival; but that kind, based upon 'themes' and not ideas, upon enharmonic changes, soaring tunes over arpeggio accompaniments, sentimental recapitulations, luscious ninths and thirteenth and 6-4 chords, and all the hysterical paraphernalia—that kind is so outworn and so unsympathetic to-day that one wonders why anyone goes on writing like that. The work did not ring true.

The first concert contained also works by Karel Haba (Czech), Paul Hindemith (German), and Alexander Zemlinsky (Viennese, but lately from Prague). The first, a Flute and Pianoforte Sonata, undoubtedly has great merit. It is a work of rich colouring and rather full emotion, though it could not be called 'romantic.' I failed to see the point of a curiously obvious tune for the pianoforte in the first movement, and some of the passage work in the third had too little substance; but there is real sense of melody here and also a fine conception in terms of pure sound. A significant work, which showed too clearly the thinness of the musical conception behind the quarter-tonal experiments of the brother, Alois Haba.

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The Hindemith was a disappointment. We have heard so much music of this sort from him now that one expects a development, an enriching of his musical mind and experience, which never comes. This 'Klaviermusik' (in ten parts) is too long; there is no instinct for cutting down or self-criticism here, and the music therefore lacks real hard thought. Some of the sounds are exciting to hear. But in the end one realises its facility and superficiality; one knows it is but second-hand Schumann. I once hoped for more from Hindemith.

The first movement of the Zemlinsky Quartet was to me just rather obvious 'modern music,' but the Theme and Variations told a quite different story. Excellent formally, it showed restraint and yet a fullness of feeling that were most welcome. The last movement was obviously the result of profound emotion, but musically I found it overlong and too ebullient. An interesting, but not altogether successful, composition.

Heinz Tiessen's Duo for violin and pianoforte (German) was ruined by an intrusive bell from near by; the second movement is long and difficult, with an unexpectedly romantic tune as second subject. I think a second hearing would increase one's respect for the work. Robert Blum (Swiss) suffers from the influence of Busoni; he is young, and has not found himself yet. His 'Music for Eight Instruments' is quite insignificant, though there is a faint promise of better things to come.

Anton von Webern's tentative and equivocal statements caused an uproar, almost a fight, among the Italian ranks. One cannot understand how these most remote and delicate sounds should cause shouts and threats. Without actually liking this music, I admire it more than the inane fluency of much modern composition. This Trio is like music seen through frosted glass.

The last concert gave us an interesting work by Bohuslav Martinu (Czech), but omitted the Prokofiev. I thought the studied simplicity of the opening failed; the second movement was excited and forceful, but rather dull despite its pace. The Andante introduced a new and most interesting idiom, sombre and passionate and rhapsodic, and quite removed from the common-places of the earlier music. The Finale slipped back a little, but ended very well. This work has much excellent music in it, and I look forward to other works by Martinu.

There remain the 'voice-band' from Prague, and 'Façade.' The former is an experiment in quasi-musical recitation, which uses the spoken voice over drums and pianoforte or in unaccompanied *spoken* harmonies to announce and not sing poems. It has a philosophical justification, it seems to me, when the words are said without repetition; the introduction of a spoken 'figure' damns it. This most novel and exciting entertainment, the invention of E. F. Burian, cannot be imagined without actually hearing it. I hope London will welcome it soon. It was an enormous success at Siena.

'Façade' was given twice, and after some opposition (mostly Italian) met with the success it deserves. As a form of entertainment it cannot be repeated. It suits Miss Edith Sitwell's poems uniquely, and one was, therefore, surprised (and pleased) that so many of those who could not have understood one word enjoyed it. That speaks well for the music, which, quite apart from its vigour and gaiety, its satire and its high spirits, succeeds largely by its skill. 'Country Dance,' for example, is a delightful Trio for flute, clarinet, and 'cello, whose counterpoint would satisfy the most academic. The new numbers are particularly effective. As given at Siena the entertainment was a little long, and could have done with some perfecting of its details. But there is no doubt it caused a sensation, and will be given at more than one Continental capital.

No account of this Festival would be complete without a word of thanks to the town, to those who lent their beautiful buildings and gave their pleasant parties, and to those who organized this jolly week for us. May we one day repay them by bringing the Festival to England!

HUBERT J. FOSS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The Michaelmas term and the Academic year began on Monday, September 17, and it is satisfactory to record that the number of students is well up to the average, which gyrates round about the thousand mark. Verdi's 'Requiem' will be performed at Queen's Hall on November 20, under the conductorship of Sir Henry Wood, and the rehearsals for this important concert are in full swing. The usual fortnightly concerts will be held in the Duke's Hall, the first of the series taking place on Saturday, October 6.

Baron Profumo is offering a prize of a hundred guineas in celebration of the visit of Dohnányi and the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra to the Academy under the auspices of the R.A.M. Club. The prize is for the composition of an orchestral piece, open to students and members of the Club. The adjudicator will be Dohnányi, and further details will be announced in due course.

F.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The Christmas term opened on September 17, with its usual accompaniment of cheerfulness and bustle, and the opening day was made the more interesting by an unusually happy address given by the Director, Sir Hugh Allen, to the students in the Concert Hall. The address dealt with the advantages and disadvantages of present times as compared with the stately spacious Victorian period, and though the case for both was stated impartially, one could not help feeling that the Director was somewhat exercised in his mind as to whether the greatest speed made for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

The term being yet young it is not possible to record much in the way of achievement, but arrangements are already in hand for a large number of concerts and recitals in the Concert Hall, while as to the Opera Theatre, performances of 'Louise' will be given in October, and a new opera by Dr. Vaughan Williams, on the subject of Falstaff, is already in active preparation.

The College is generally privileged to have some share in the preparations for the principal provincial musical festivals, and this year has been unusually fortunate, for the London rehearsals of the Gloucester Festival and the Leeds Musical Festival were held in the Concert Hall, and it is gratifying to record that Mr. Herbert Sumson, the new organist of Gloucester Cathedral, earned high praise for his achievement as conductor-in-chief, and that Sir Hugh Allen is sharing with Sir Thomas Beecham the duties of conducting the great Leeds Festival.

HASLEMERE FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC

By E. VAN DER STRAETEN

This year's Festival was held from August 20 to September 1, and comprised twelve concerts apart from the unofficial morning performances. There has been much controversy with regard to the technical quality of the performances, which has been severely censured by some. The highest perfection, of course, lies in a combination of faultless technique and a clear understanding of the musical idea and the power to convey this to the listener. Where both together cannot be obtained, the latter is preferable to the former, and as Mr. Dolmetsch distinctly said that his object is to give a representation of the old 'Hausmusik' (music in the home), in this he has been fully successful. Most important of all, however, he has again made us acquainted with some beautiful

old works which cannot be heard anywhere else, and many of them were performed in a manner which reached a high standard of virtuosity. Admirable were all Mr. Rudolph Dolmetsch's harpsichord and gamba performances, Mrs. Dolmetsch's beautiful tone and rendering in gamba pieces, and Mr. A. Dolmetsch's clavichord- and Mr. Miles Tomalin's recorder-playing; and among the vocalists Messrs. Frank Phillips and Tom Goodey and Miss Annis Gray proved themselves to be artists of a high order. Very interesting was the revival, in the music for the dances, of the predecessor of the oboe, the *shawm* (which has a rough and screaming tone like the chanter of a bagpipe), and the *serpent*, the bass of the cornet family, which survived all the other members until it was superseded by the ophicleide about the middle of last century. Although it was very interesting to hear the tone of these oft-mentioned instruments, their disappearance cannot be much regretted. The *pochette*, or dancing-master's fiddle, was also used in the dances, and the power of tone of so small an instrument was quite surprising.

As on former occasions, four of the concerts were reserved for Old English music, including two for concerted music for viols and one for compositions by Purcell; two concerts were devoted to music by Bach, one each to Spanish and French, Italian, French, and Italian and German music; and two were composed of ancient dances interspersed by vocal and instrumental pieces.

Alfonso Ferrabosco's grand and solemn 'Four-Note Pavan' for four viols opened the Festival, and was played again at the end of the eleventh concert as a worthy conclusion of the instrumental programmes. There were some works for viols which we heard for the first time at these Festivals, viz.: Preludium and Fantasy (William Byrd) for five viols; Fantasy for three viols by Giov. Coperario (John Cooper); Suite for four viols, No. 1 in D major, by Matthew Locke; two Fantasies, 'Il Lamento' and 'La Ginandola,' by Thomas Morley, for two treble viols; four pieces for two lra viols by A. Ferrabosco and William Corkine; a pretty Cuckoo song for soprano, four viols, and recorder, by Richard Nicholson (*circa* 1600); some popular 15th- and 16th-century tunes for the lute; two Fantasies for the harpsichord, by Orlando Gibbons; and a Suite for two violins, gamba, and harpsichord, by Christopher Simpson. The latter is compiled from 'Twenty-one Pieces for two trebles and bass,' which I take to mean two treble and one bass viol, as I often had these very pretty pieces performed on viols at my concerts for ancient music many years ago; while admitting that they sound quite well on the violins, I still think that they were intended for, and sound better on, viols.

The Spanish-French concert brought, apart from repetitions from former Festivals, a fine Fantasy for five viols, by Cabeçon; 'Gavotte et six Doubles' for harpsichord, by Rameau; Musette for two gambas and harpsichord, by De Caix d'Hervelois; and the brilliant, very difficult, and effective 'Jupiter' for gamba, by Forqueray. The outstanding novelties of the Italian concert were the fine 'Concerto Grosso' in F minor, by Alessandro Scarlatti, which shows originality of thought as well as mastery of form and instrumentation; two harpsichord pieces by Giovanni Picchi; a Madrigal for a voice and viol by Sylvestro Ganassi, author of the 'Regola Rubertina'; and a 'Pass' e mezzo' (with voices) and 'Saltarello' for two violins, viola, tenor, and violoncello, by Horatio Vecchi—all very fine compositions, especially the latter.

The most interesting features of the two Bach concerts were the performance of the *Arioso* for bass, 'Betachte meine Seele,' the *Aria*, 'Erwäge, erwäge,' for tenor, both with two *viols d'amore*, lute, and gamba, and the *contralto* *Aria*, 'Es ist vollbracht,' with gamba obligato from the 'St. John' Passion. It was perhaps the first occasion on which this supremely beautiful music has been heard with the most effective original accompaniment since Bach's time. The cantata for bass, 'Amore traditore,' is another fine work heard for the first time at these concerts.

The other works, though always welcome, had been heard before, and need therefore not be discussed here. I cannot refrain from recording, however, Mr. A. Dolmetsch's exquisite performance of the Chromatic Fantasia which, perhaps, he never played better than on this occasion; yet I still hold that this work calls for ampler means of expression than the clavichord can give. In the French concert, Marin Marais figured largely in various charming works for viols, which showed, apart from his charming melodious invention, his astoundingly advanced harmonies, the wealth and daring of which manifest themselves in 'Le Labyrinthe' and in the beautiful and very chromatic Caprice for three gambas. The concert opened with Couperin's fine 'Concert Royal' in A, and on the recorders were played some delightful pieces by the same composer, which we had heard before. New, however, was a quaint and pretty 15th-century song with lute and viol.

The Purcell concert brought chiefly a welcome repetition of works heard at the previous Festivals, but also an interesting Chaconne, 'Two in one upon a Ground,' for three recorders (the two upper parts in canon upon a *basso ostinato*), which was exceedingly well played and had to be repeated. The songs, 'The Airy Violin,' for *contralto*, and 'Ye gentle spirits of the air,' for soprano, which Miss Cécile Dolmetsch had to repeat, both proved a great success. In the Italian and German concert we heard excellent performances of Handel's *Concerto Grosso* in G minor, and Chaconne for harpsichord in G major, Kühnel's fine Gamba Sonata in A, two Sonatas by Legrenzi for two violins, alto, tenor, and violoncello with harpsichord, and Corelli's 'Christmas Concerto Grosso.' In one of his characteristic little speeches Mr. Dolmetsch pointed out that in this work and in Bach's 'Passions' the music told the story of the Birth and of the Passion of our Lord far more clearly and vividly than even the words of the Gospels, as music could express ideas which exceeded the power of the word, and even revealed the hidden meaning of these events. The two evenings reserved for ancient dances and popular vocal and instrumental music proved a great attraction to crowded houses.

That wonderfully versatile artist, Mrs. Dolmetsch, had not only designed all the costumes, but even painted a most effective background, besides proving herself a graceful and agile dancer. An Intermedio by Caccini, and Balletto with a choral accompaniment by Horatio Vecchi, were particularly charming, and so were many of the vocal and instrumental interludes, including three part-songs by Henry VIII. and Nicolaus Laneare (Lanier), as well as a Dialogue by John Jenkins and tunes for recorders.

ORGANISTS' LONG SERVICE ROLL OF HONOUR

BY CHARLES W. PEARCE

Permit me to offer hearty congratulations to Dr. H. J. Edwards upon his remarkable record of sixty-two years' service at the fine old Parish Church of Barnstaple (Devon). May he be blessed with health and strength to continue his Church duty for a long time to come! I somehow confused the date of his appointment to the conductorship of the Exeter Musical Festival Society (1886) with that of the Parish Church organistship, to which he succeeded his father in 1866.

In List II. (No. 129), Mr. Theo Gmür should be credited with *fifty* (not forty-eight) years of service in the appointment he still holds; and in List III. (No. 210), Mr. F. A. Crate should have been described as the present organist of St. John's (not St. Thomas's) Church, Winchester. As to List III. (No. 247), Mr. W. Stone writes to say that his appointment to St. John's, Weymouth, dates from 1880 (not 1881); he must therefore be credited with *forty-eight* years' tenure. List III. (No. 206): Mr. A. A. Box's second Christian name is *Ashdown* (not Anderson). The Rev. E. A. Ingham, Rector of Willoughby, Leicester, writes

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to say that his father, Mr. Lawrence Ingham (List III., No. 221), was for forty years organist of Holy Trinity, Chester (not Liverpool).

Another instance of juvenile organ-tenure may be seen below in the case of Miss Alice Lean, who at the early age of nine, entered the ranks of duly appointed Church organists.

The many friends of Mr. G. B. Gilbert will sympathise with him for that incurable deafness which has incapacitated him from all professional work, including the dual position he held at West Ham Parish Church and Stratford Town Hall with such distinguished success for so many years. Prof. Percy C. Buck was one of his choir-boys at the Church.

And although Mr. George Riseley is, happily, still

capable of continuing his public work at Bristol as a most able conductor, rheumatic trouble, which seriously interfered with his phenomenal pedal-playing, caused his much-regretted retirement from the organistship at Colston Hall.

Again, in thanking those readers of the *Musical Times* who have helped me in the compilation of this Roll of Honour, may I solicit further favours from them in the future? I shall miss the kindly assistance of my old friend Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood, of Enniscorthy, Ireland, from whom I received a letter shortly before his death—which all of us deplore. Letters and post-cards containing *legibly written* particulars of long service should reach me not later than October 10 at 'The Paddocks,' Ferndown, Wimborne, Dorset.

LIST IV.—CATHEDRAL, COLLEGIATE, PAROCHIAL, AND OTHER ORGANISTS

(FOR NOT LESS THAN FORTY YEARS, CONTINUOUSLY, IN THE SAME APPOINTMENT)

No.	Name	Appointment	Years of Tenure
256	Baker, Miss Mary	St. Mary's Parish Church, Southfleet, Gravesend (Kent), 1884 (at present)	44
257	Charlton, James, M.A., Cantab.	Parish Church, Leigh (Lancs), 1869-1913	44
258	Cuzner, George	St. George's Parish Church, Beckington, Frome (Som.), 1865-1925	60
259	Ferrey, G.	Christchurch Priory (Hants), 1843-93	50
260	Fielding, Henry	Wisley Chapel, High Street, W. Glossop (Derbyshire), 1880 (at present)	48
261	Gaite, W. M.	St. John the Evangelist's Parish Church, Gt. Horton, Bradford (Yorks), 1882 (at present)	46
262	Gilbert, George Barnard, F.R.C.O. (retired)	W. Ham Parish Church, Stratford (London, E.), 1874-1924 (conjointly with thirty-one years as Borough Organist, Town Hall, Stratford, 1893-1924).	50
263	Gudge, Miss	Parish Church, Kimbolton (Hunts), 1869-1924	55
264	Hemstock, Arthur (died, 1924)	St. Mary's Parish Church, Diss (Norfolk), 1864-1915	51
265	Hiscock, W.	Christchurch Priory (Hants), 1788-1843	55
266	Lain, Walter (retired)	St. Stephen's Parish Church, Norwich (Norfolk), 1882-1928	46
267	Lean, Miss Alice (voluntary service)	St. Melyd's Parish Church, Melidon, nr. Prestatyn (Flintshire, N. Wales), 1876 (at present)	52
268	Nicholls, H. F., A.R.C.O.	Congregational Church, Victoria Road, Newport (Mon.), 1887 (at present)	41
269	Pearson, Arthur, Mus. Bac., Oxon.	St. Paul's Church, Huddersfield (Yorks), 1884 (at present)	44
270	Pyne, James Kendrick, M.A. (Manch.), Mus. D. (Cantuar.) (pupil of Dr. S. S. Wesley)	Corporation Organist, Town Hall, Manchester, 1877 (conjointly with thirty-three years at Manchester Cathedral, 1875-1908).	51
271	Richardson, Walter Henry, A.R.C.O.	Wesleyan Church, Derby, 1879 (at present)	49
272	Riley, Bradshaw	Wesley Church, Accrington (Lancs), 1863-1914	51
273	Riseley, George (choral and orchestral conductor)	Corporation Organist, Colston Hall, Bristol, 1870-1920 (conjointly with twenty-two years at Bristol Cathedral, 1876-98).	50
274	Simms, Samuel	St. Thomas's Church, Stourbridge (Worcestershire), 1810-64	54
275	Stevenson, William Robinson (died, 1925)	Upperthorpe Unitarian Chapel (rebuilt in 1914 as Unity Church), Sheffield (Yorks), 1882-1924	42
276	Thatcher, Edgar (voluntary service)	Christ Church, Nailsea (Som.), 1860-1917	57

KARG-ELERT

By ARTHUR HUTCHINGS

Are there any great modern composers for the organ other than Franck and Karg-Elert, supposing 'modern' to refer to the period since Mendelssohn and Rheinberger? There are, of course, the Frenchmen who, each in his own day, worked with the avowed intention of exploiting the resources of the modern organ for the contrast and colour

of the orchestra—and succeeded. But when we have discriminated between the best and the least good of Guilmant, Vienne, and Widor, the question still remains: What composer is there who is great, and modern, and, in the fullest sense of the expression, a master of organ idiom?

The organ, whether it be in church or hall, has a

religious dignity unique among media of expression which, it would seem, can only be attained by a composer who has entered into an inner shrine of devotion to the instrument, only to be described by such technicalities as 'organ idiom.' It is a full satisfaction of this demand that causes one to feel that Bach (but not Handel), Mendelssohn, and Rheinberger have, each in his turn, written for the organ of eternity. Of what modern composer can the same be said? One writes in a spirit of humble challenge to budding composers of to-day, for in my opinion the mantle of great organ-writing has fallen on Franck and Karg-Elert alone.

Franck was great wherever he turned, and the organ seemed to be an ideal means of expression for his restrained, mystical, but nevertheless intense genius. There is, of course, Parry, with his beautiful but limited tributes to the organ. Are they really 'modern'? Surely the constructional nature of the Chorale Preludes of Parry and Farrar makes them works of ability rather than genius, so that they are inclined at times to leave the listener just a little cold. Then what of Reger's more ambitious efforts? He is said avowedly to have attempted to be the modern Bach; but does the organist, after sweating to overcome the sheer technical difficulties of Reger, find his labours justified by the result? Not always. Though they may have grasped the full meaning of 'organ idiom,' the chorale-prelude writers are, at their best, somewhat of a retrogression from Franck; though here must be mentioned the notable exception of Vaughan Williams's 'Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn-Tunes.'

At first sight it would seem, then, that the only alternative to the limitations of chorale-prelude manufacturing is the giving to oneself the full rhapsodic licence of the modern orchestral tone-poem, as Herbert Howells has done in his Psalm-Preludes. It may be mere religious conservatism, but it seems to me that some restraining force is needed to satisfy that dignity required for organ idiom which I mentioned above, and about which Dr. Alcock spoke at an R.C.O. meeting last year. Franck found just sufficient of this restraining force in the subject-matter of his 'Three Chorals,' causing one to feel of them as Gray felt of the Grande Chartreuse—'not a cliff, not a mountain, not a precipice, but is pregnant with religion and poetry'; for that is the difficulty—to combine religious with poetic mysticism. From Franck one comes straight to the only other composer who has achieved the same object, being fully modern and yet offering a permanent work of devotion to the dignity of the organ—Sigfrid Karg-Elert.

In his 'Chorale Improvisations,' Karg-Elert, like Franck in his 'Chorals,' found just sufficient restraining influence. The title 'Chorale Improvisations' is significant, for rarely have they the severity of the old chorale prelude. It is as if Franck and Karg-Elert wrote their subject at the top of the paper, fell in love with it, and wrote an essay, the product in the case of Karg-Elert being more exuberant, though less finished. The familiar 'Marche Triomphale,' written upon the tune 'Nun danket alle Gott,' is a good specimen of his method of attack. Instead of following the tune laboriously, the composer becomes bound up with the spirit of the theme, and his essay is 'emotion

recollected in tranquillity,' embodying and expressing the feeling which all must have experienced when a service has finished and the spirit of a great hymn-tune lingers half-consciously in the mind. This is what makes the choral improvisation, rather than the choral prelude, so admirable as a concluding voluntary.

No one would be so foolish as to put Karg-Elert on a pedestal. Indeed there are blemishes—moments of overworked chromaticism and cheap modern effects. The dictionary says that Karg-Elert is, or was once, a devotee of 'tone-impressionism.' This is a wide term, and has meant different things to different composers. But in the 'Chorale Improvisations' there is hardly a work that is not of high merit. There are formal chorale preludes, such as the magnificent 'Sleepers, wake,' which, may I be bold enough to say, should live as long as Bach's similar work; on the other hand, there are simple melodies, simply harmonized, such as the delightful little Folk-Tune in G; there are the grandiloquent pieces full of bravura work, such as the 'Jerusalem' Improvisation; and, within each, one can find employed all the resources of modern harmony. There are whole-tone effects, and luscious passages of chromatic harmony and counterpoint, making the work sound, as some one has said of Delius, 'like a deep moving river.' There is often found the Holstian use of a striking succession of unrelated chords, and many other beauties the enumeration of which would be tedious. One can say of Karg-Elert's 'Chorale Improvisations' what cannot usually be said of the chorale prelude, that every piece is a poem—for poems cannot be written to order.

Then why does not Karg-Elert appear in greater abundance in recital programmes? How one welcomed Mr. Seats's article in the *Musical Times* of September, 1927, on the much-neglected master. Please, recitalists, may we not have more Karg-Elert?

Musical Notes from Abroad

HOLLAND

The celebrations of the fifty years' jubilee of the existence of the Netherlands Society of St. Gregory, held at Utrecht from August 26 to 30, showed a remarkably high state of Church music, at least so far as the choirs associated with that Society are concerned. Some of the performances by choirs of suburban and village churches, who had made a long journey at their own expense to take part in the Festival, were surprising. There was that, for instance, by a choir from Tilburg of the 'Missa Papæ Marcelli,' under its own local choirmaster, in which the building up of climax upon climax, the sustained emotional force of the recurring waves of sound, was worthy of much larger choirs from the best equipped centres. A new Mass by Jaap Vranken, one of the younger Dutch composers, was both as a composition and as a performance (by a village choir from the frontier between Limburg and Germany), more a technical *tour de force* than an emotional one, but it deserved the highest praise on this score. Vaughan Williams's Mass in G minor for soloists and double chorus, which I am told is in the regular repertory of the Utrecht Cathedral

Choir, was sung well on the whole, though the extremely delicate *pianissimos* and the fine balance between the parts were not always achieved. One of the big successes of the Festival was the glorious performance of Diepenbrock's great 'Te Deum,' by the local choral society and orchestra, conducted by Joh. Winnubst, the Cathedral organist. Although evidently not yet fully developed in the technique of conducting, and particularly of orchestral conducting, Mr. Winnubst showed very considerable powers, and in this work produced some remarkably fine effects. His performance of César Franck's Symphony was not so completely successful, but it displayed a careful and individual reading of the score. Even still more interesting was the large number of native works included in the programme, a list which suggested that the influence of Diepenbrock and the work of this and smaller societies is resulting in the formation of a sound, if not yet very original, school of Dutch Church composers. Winnubst himself and Vranken, Hubert Cuypers, Philip Loots, Willem Heydt, J. A. S. van Schaik, Antoon van Schaik, Jan Nieland, Willem van Kalmthout, and Jean Schryvers, all figured in the programmes as composers of long or short works, and in every case with excellent results. Besides these and the works of the old Italian and Netherlands schools there were sung many Gregorian melodies, each choir taking part presenting its own slight modification of a main method. There were also interesting and instructive lectures and demonstrations of all that pertains to Church music, by Mrs. Justine Ward, the head of the Pius X. Institute at New York (who had travelled from America, bringing with her seven girls, taken, for this occasion, from one of her high school classes), by Dr. Cæcilianus Huigens, founder and principal of the Utrecht School of Church Music, and others; and a couple of carillon recitals.

With the middle of September the season at Scheveningen comes to an end, and the climax of interest has been well worked. In this last month we have had no less than three performances of Beethoven's 'Choral' Symphony, one of Mahler's 'Lied von der Erde,' Saint-Saëns's 'Carneval des Animaux,' a programme of Russian works, a Johann Strauss concert, a single programme in which figured Richard Strauss's 'Serenade' for thirteen wind instruments, Rimsky-Korsakov's 'Caprice espagnol,' and Beethoven's Triple Concerto with the Budapest Trio as soloists, and a 'Huldigungs' evening for Prof. Schnéevoigt. The concert portion of this last was representative of Schnéevoigt's general policy, and included works by Johan Wagenaar and Alex Voor- molen, representing Holland, Sibelius representing Finland, Ravel ('La Valse') the mildly modernist tastes of a portion of his audiences, and Tchaikovsky ('Pathetic' Symphony) the semi-classical popular taste. After this concert a large number of Dutch musicians and music-lovers presented the conductor with a valuable antique Dutch chest, together with an album containing the signatures of the subscribers, besides which he received a number of other valuable presents on his retirement from the position and his departure for America.

A small but interesting point in the biography of Mozart has just been cleared up by the research of Mr. P. T. A. Swildens, who in *Cæcilia en de Musiek-college* has an article on the question whether, and on what date, the composer appeared publicly at Utrecht during his tour as a boy round Holland. Mr. Swildens has found a copy of the *Utrechtsche Courant* of April 18, 1766, in which Leopold Mozart advertised a concert by his two children on April 21, 'in the Music-room on the Vredeburg,' a room probably belonging to the then existent Guildhall, but now long disappeared. In this advertisement Leopold Mozart speaks of his 'zoontje [sonnie], aged nine years,' though he was actually at the time ten years and three months old! Another example of the 'business acumen' of Mozart *père*!

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE.

Music in the Provinces

(See also under 'CHORAL SOCIETY PROGRAMMES')

BIRMINGHAM.—Eight Symphony concerts will be given by the City Orchestra with Dr. Adrian Boult as conductor-in-chief, the first and last dates being October 4 and March 21. The programmes include Malipiero's 'Cimariosiana,' Schubert's Grand Duo in C, orchestrated by Joachim, Frank Bridge's 'The Sea,' Dohnányi's 'Ruralia Hungarica,' Prokofiev's Piano-forte Concerto in C (No. 3), Pfitzner's Overture, 'Christ-Elfein,' and the Choral Symphony. Sir Henry Wood will conduct on November 22 and Dohnányi on January 24.

BRADFORD.—Mr. Keith Douglas has arranged to give twelve concerts with the assistance of the Bradford Philharmonic Orchestra, the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, and the West Riding Chamber Orchestra. The works to be played include Delius's Piano-forte, Violin, and 'Cello Concertos, Reger's Variations on a Theme of Mozart's, Satie's 'Gymnopédies,' Deems-Taylor's 'Through the Looking-Glass,' the Scherzo from Scriabin's first Symphony, Sibelius's 'En Saga,' Dohnányi's 'Cello Concerto, and Mr. Douglas's 'Comedy Overture.'—The Bradford Subscription concerts include visits by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty and a performance of Kodály's 'Hary Janos.'

BURNLEY.—Four orchestral concerts will be given by the Municipal Symphony Orchestra besides those in which it is to co-operate with the Municipal Choir. Mr. Fred Myers is the musical director. Each concert will be in the hands of a different guest-conductor, and well-known artists have been engaged.

CAMBORNE.—The Cornwall Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Charles Rivers, will play Brahms's fourth Symphony at Camborne on November 4 and at Truro on November 5.

DERBY.—The thirteenth series of Municipal and County Chamber concerts will be given on October 12, November 9, November 30, and February 15, in each case with artists of the highest standing. During the season of 1927-28 over a thousand people took tickets for the whole series.

GLASGOW.—During the season from November 10 to February 9 the Choral and Orchestral Union will give concerts on every Saturday and Tuesday, all in the evening except the mid-day performance of 'The Messiah' on New Year's Day. A booklet containing the sketch programmes is obtainable from the Manager, at 193, Saint Vincent Street. The principal novelty is a Symphony for organ and orchestra by Marcel Dupré, to be performed for the first time.

LEEDS.—Three concerts are announced by the Leeds Symphony Society, an amateur orchestra under the direction of Mr. Harold Mason. The programmes include the Handel-Elgar Overture and the Prelude to Mackenzie's 'Colomba' (November 24); German's Welsh Rhapsody and the Sailors' Dance from 'Roderigo,' arranged by Cowen (January 26); Smetana's Overture, 'The Kiss,' and Mendelssohn's 'Italian' Symphony (March 23).

LEWES.—The fixtures of the Lewes Music Club include a concert-lecture by Mr. Armstrong Gibbs on 'The Relation of Verse and Music in Song-Writing,' a programme by the Virtuoso String Quartet, and a piano-forte recital by Dohnányi.

LIVERPOOL.—The conductors of the twelve concerts announced by the Philharmonic Society are as follows: October 9, Albert Coates; October 23, Sir Henry Wood (Sibelius's sixth Symphony); November 6, Furtwängler, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; November 20, Sir Hamilton Harty (Suite from 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme'); December 4, Sir Henry Wood (Wagner); December 18, Dr. Malcolm Sargent;

January 15, Karl Alwin ('Transvariationen,' by Clemens von Franckenstein); January 29, Sir Henry Wood ('Appalachia'); February 12, Pierre Monteux (Reger's 'Romantic Suite'); February 26, Sir Hamilton Harty; March 12, Sir Henry Wood (Vaughan Williams's 'Pastoral Symphony'); March 26, Sir Henry Wood ('Solomon').—The programme of the Liverpool Repertory Opera Company's fifth season includes: 'The Necklace, a Melodrama,' by James Lyon (first performance), 'William Tell,' 'Hugh the Drover,' 'The Immortal Hour,' 'The Golden Goose,' by Holst (first performance), and Stravinsky's 'The Soldier's Tale.'

MANCHESTER.—The Hallé Concerts prospectus (obtainable from Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, 126, Deansgate) gives particulars of twenty-two concerts from October 18 to March 21, all on Thursdays except the extra performance of 'The Messiah' on December 21. All the concerts are to be conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, except that of November 15, when a modern programme will be given by M. Ansermet. The outstanding items in the programmes are the 'Schubert Prize' Symphony by Kurt Atterburg, Kodály's 'Hary Janos,' and a 'new Concerto' for cello and orchestra by Schubert and Cassado.

MARGATE.—A Festival on the usual lines was held at the Winter Gardens on the evenings of September 9-14, the only unusual feature being the competition of prolonged summer weather. In spite of this, however, the Festival brought in good audiences, and its varied attractions, in music and in personal factors, were well appreciated. The guest-conductors were Sir Landon Ronald, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and Sir Frederic Cowen, who conducted his 'Fantasy of Life and Love' and 'The Butterfly's Ball.' Mr. A. W. Ketelbey also introduced his new Suite of 'Fanciful Etchings.' Among the works given under Mr. Bainbridge Robinson were Harold Rawlinson's Overture 'The Maid of Orleans,' Vincent d'Indy's 'La forêt enchantée,' and Kalinnikov's first Symphony. A popular cast of artists included Isolde Menges, Philipowsky, the three Harrisons, and a number of well-known singers.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The works chosen by the Test Valley Orchestra for performance during the season, under the direction of Mr. Frank Bartlett, are Beethoven's eighth Symphony, Haydn's Symphony No. 13 (in G), Brahms's Violin Concerto, and the Siegfried Idyll.

MANCHESTER PROSPECTS

Our Manchester correspondent writes:

The coming season will celebrate the establishment fifty years ago by the late G. Brand Lane of the Manchester Philharmonic Choir. His lamented death last spring deprived him of the opportunity of personal participation in the plans for a fitting celebration. His son, in continuing his father's work, has appointed Mr. Alfred Higson to the chorus-mastership, which will ensure the maintenance of the highest standards in the choir's work. His main business will be the preparation of 'Gerontius' for January 26, when Elgar will come to conduct; a touch of genius is manifested in the choice of Dame Clara Butt as soloist (along with Steuart Wilson and Harold Williams). Few people in England can have heard Clara Butt in this work, and the writer intends to add this experience to a long and varied one of famous singers of the Angel's music. The Lane series provides Manchester with many notable personalities: Paderewski, Pachmann, Cortôt, Casals, Kreisler, and Thibaud; Gerhardt, Chaliapin, and McCormack. The only fly in this precious ointment is the absence of any visit by outstanding orchestras—'Gerontius,'

'The Messiah,' and 'Merrie England' (the latter conducted by Sir Henry Wood) presumably utilising members of the Hallé Orchestra.

Any criticism of the seventy-first Hallé scheme would surely fasten on the fact that in a series of twenty concerts, averaging two and a half hours' duration—say, sixty hours music—orchestral works by native composers occupy an hour, to which must be added three choral items by Elgar, Delius, and Bax, making another hour's music. This bald numerical analysis carries its own condemnation. Can it be pure accident that the symphonic work of Holst, Bax, Vaughan Williams, or the later Sibelius again finds no place, or are we to assume that they come under the ban pronounced by Harty at the annual Hallé meeting in July, in the declaration that there was little music written in the last twelve or fifteen years worth the extra rehearsal necessary for its reasonably adequate presentation? Sir Hamilton on that occasion, and again more recently, made pretty vigorous use of his verbal shillelagh, but will he seriously contend that other societies producing and other men conducting these and numerous other works are *all* wrong in their judgments, or *all* know little or nothing about their job? In the absence of some such far-reaching condemnation the average concert-goer or critic is forced to the conclusion that individual predilections are in absolute control. Autocrat that he was, even Richter played works here upon which he set little value, for he recognised the rights of a public, limited to Manchester for its orchestral music, to hear such things occasionally.

And in concluding this argument for the fuller recognition of such composers, might one add the suggestion that the major works and (generally) the more recent ones should be drawn upon rather than the lesser, e.g., Vaughan Williams's 'Pastoral' or 'London' Symphonies represent him more worthily than do the 'Wasps' or the 'Norfolk Rhapsody.' The season as a whole sustains the symphonic splendour of the classics, and affords a first hearing at Manchester of the Columbia Graphophone Company's two-thousand-guinea Symphony by Kurt Atterburg (November 8), Kodály's 'Hary Janos' Suite (December 6), Variations by Hely-Hutchinson (December 13), Ph. Em. Bach's second Sinfonia in E flat (December 6), Eric Fogg's 'June Twilight' (January 10), Prokofiev's 'Three Oranges' Suite (February 21), and Turina's 'Sinfonie Sevillana' (February 28). Dohnányi's visit on January 17 is to afford us a performance of 'Ruralia Hungarica.' Somewhat off the beaten track at big orchestral concerts will be a performance of the rarely heard vocal numbers from the 'Rosamunde' music of Schubert (November 8), and Backhaus's playing of the 'Waldstein' Sonata on October 25, when the programme will include only three other items: Bach's Double Violin Concerto, Elgar's 'Falstaff,' and Brahms's B flat Pianoforte Concerto. There are four orchestral nights devoted solely to Symphonies. The choral nights abandon oratorio for Berlioz's 'Trojans at Carthage' (November 1); Bach, Elgar, Bax, and Delius constitute a remarkable evening on February 7: 'Sing ye to the Lord' and 'Now but the grace,' 'The Music-Makers,' 'Mater ora Filium,' and 'Sea Drift'; and 'The Flying Dutchman' at the final concert on March 14, this choice and the Berlioz 'Trojans' being justified in the official foreword:

'Whatever opinions may be held in some quarters regarding the propriety of performing operatic works on the concert platform, such a policy is surely justified in the case of great works which otherwise apparently never be heard at all in this country.'

Of 'The Flying Dutchman' the same introduction says, '... seldom, if ever, seen nowadays on our opera stage.'

Apart from Dohnányi, visits are to be paid us by Medtner (November 22) and Ansermet (November 15).

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

ERNEST GEORGE MEERS, at York, on August 20, in his eightieth year. He was born near Ashford, Kent, and educated at Faversham Grammar School. In 1871 he founded the business of Watts's Ltd., of which he was chairman and managing director at his death. He was a noted athlete, a mountaineer, a great traveller, and a born leader. His interest in music was great, and centred chiefly on the organ. A pupil of the late Dr. F. E. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Bridge, and Sir Walter Parratt, he took his Mus. Bac. at Oxford. He used his ample financial resources generously in the cause of organs and organ-playing, assisting promising students, and giving a helping hand to organ-building funds. He not only gave the organ in Maidstone Parish Church, but also maintained its upkeep. The organ in Borden Church, near Sittingbourne, is another instance of his generosity. Again, the fine three-manual that stood in his house at Chislehurst was offered by him as a gift to the town of Guildford—a gift that had to be declined owing to the lack of a suitable building for its re-erection. At the time of his death he was collaborating with Mr. H. F. Ellingford in a work called 'The Science of Organ Pedalling,' a subject to which he brought a degree of skill that few professional players could equal.

[We give below an Appreciation written by Mr. Ellingford.—EDITOR.]

In the passing of the late Ernest George Meers (Mus. Bac., Oxon.; of Warwick's Bench, Guildford; and formerly of Chislehurst) the musical world, and particularly that section interested in the organ, has lost a very keen enthusiast and patron.

Music was only a side-line, but in this side-line, as in his tennis and chess-playing hobbies, he was an extraordinarily capable exponent. In the late 'eighties he became the Amateur Tennis Champion of England, and he could play an excellent game of chess with the finest players.

Music, though a hobby, was to him a lifelong study. He held a few appointments as organist at some London churches, particularly St. Mark's, Lewisham, and gave the emoluments of these posts to the improvement of the status of the choir and its music. He also played the organ at the performance of Gounod's 'Redemption' at the old St. James's Hall, London, soon after its production at the Birmingham Festival of 1882.

He was the donor of some fine organs, notably that in Maidstone Parish Church. The voicing of organ pipes, particularly those of the string family, was of especial interest to him, and at his home at Guildford he had a complete voicing machine, where he spent many hours experimenting in that subtle and delightful art.

He had a magnificent organ at Chislehurst, which is destined to go out to Sydney Cathedral, arrangements for the transference being made during the short occupancy of that post by his old friend, the late Dr. Tom Haigh. The small two-manual organ in his house at Guildford is a charming little instrument. It was on this organ that he spent many enjoyable hours in his favourite pastime, viz., organ-pedalling, and the playing of Bach.

In middle life he had lessons in organ-playing for several years, under the late Sir Walter Parratt, at the Royal College of Music, and greatly enjoyed the fun (as he expressed it) of playing some of the great Bach works at the terminal examinations.

It is no exaggeration to say that there are very few organ executants, even amongst the most expert pedal-players, who are possessed of a more facile or cleaner pedal technique than that of Mr. Meers. He made it a study and a science, and his methods and reasoning on the ways and means of footing intricate

pedal passages were absolutely sound, and mostly irreproachable.

He was a man of great culture, charming, kind, and generous, and there are many students who will ever remember his practical readiness to assist them to continue their studies.

HERBERT F. ELLINGFORD.

FRANCIS EDWARD GLADSTONE, at Hereford, on September 5, aged eighty-three. He was a son of the Rev. J. E. Gladstone and a first cousin of William Ewart Gladstone. His first musical instruction was at the hands of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, to whom he was articled at Winchester; he took his musical degree at Cambridge. After holding the post of organist at Chichester, Llandaff, and Norwich Cathedrals, he was appointed to Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Subsequently he became a Roman Catholic, and at the time of his death was honorary organist to St. Francis Xavier's, Hereford. For twenty-seven years he was a professor at the Royal College of Music, and he also examined for the Universities of Cambridge, Durham, and London. He wrote a good deal of excellent church and organ music.

DANIEL MAYER, the well-known concert agent, in London, on August 23. Born in Westphalia on July 2, 1856, he was brought to England two years later, becoming, and remaining, a British subject. He showed talent as a pianist while still a boy, and was offered a scholarship at Cologne Conservatory. He preferred, however, to be trained as a civil engineer. At the age of twenty he gave up engineering for music-publishing, joining the firm of Weekes & Co. Later he became interested in the pianoforte trade, and became proprietor of S. & P. Erard. The inevitable contact with famous pianists and other artists led to the foundation in 1891 of the world-famous concert-agency with which he was identified during the remainder of his life.

HOWARD TALBOT, at Reigate, on September 12, aged sixty-three. His real name was Munkittrick, and he was born at New York, coming to England at an early age. After some training as a medical student at King's College, London, he entered the Royal College of Music, where he studied composition under Parry. He met with great success as a composer of light opera and musical comedies, among his best-known works being 'A Chinese Honeymoon,' 'Three Little Maids,' &c. He was also part-composer (with Lionel Monckton) of 'The Arcadians' and (with Paul Rubens) of 'Three Little Maids' and 'The Blue Moon.' For many years he acted as conductor at various London theatres.

EMMA CARELLI, Italian opera singer. She was killed in a motor accident, near Montefiascone, on August 19. Her debut at the Constanzi Theatre, Rome, when she was only twenty-two years old, was followed by a brilliant career in Europe and America, her most famous impersonation being that of Electra in Strauss's opera. She was director of the Constanzi Theatre from 1912 until 1926, when the theatre was taken over by the State.

W. H. MURRAY, at Glasgow, in his seventy-ninth year. For many years he was a visiting music-master in Glasgow and Govan Board Schools. He was one of the first members and a one-time President of the Scottish Singing-Masters' Association; he acted as local secretary for the Tonic Sol-fa College; and as honorary treasurer of the Glasgow Musical Festival did much useful work.

ARTHUR M. FRIEDLANDER, suddenly, at Brighton, in September. He was an authority on the ancient music of the Synagogue, and had contributed articles on that and kindred subjects to the *Musical Times* and other journals. For some time he was choirmaster of the Bayswater Synagogue; and he also composed and arranged music for the Jewish ritual.

GUILIO MORETTI, at Vedano Olona, aged seventy-eight. He was born and educated musically at Rome. For thirty-one years he was a professor of singing at Milan. In 1902 he came to London, and was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music. A few years later, however, he returned to Italy.

JAMES MADISON TRACY, at Denver, U.S.A. He was born in 1837, was a pupil of Liszt, and became well-known in the United States as a composer.

Miscellaneous

Admirers of Coleridge-Taylor will be interested to know that Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor is publishing, as a picture postcard, a reproduction of an oil painting by Lilian Canning of the music shed in the garden where the composer used to work. The artist is an exhibitor at the Royal Institution, the Paris Society of Women Artists, &c.

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